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THE

SECOND EMPIRE

AS EXHIBITED IN

FRENCH LITERATURE
1852—1863

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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THE SECOND EMPIRE

CHAPTER I.

MODERN FRENCH HISTORIANS.

NOTHING is more curious than the backward movement which has been going on in French literature during the past few years, and the disputes to which apparently well-recognised historical facts gave birth. The Reformation, the Renaissance, and the Great Century, could not be alluded to without at once entailing quarrels and abuse. One furious writer, who constantly rages against everything connected with modern enlightenment, boldly declared that Louis XIV. acted very wisely and rightly in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the friends and defenders of tolerance wrote most earnestly against him, as if they were defending a contemporary fact. On another occasion an *abbé* poured out his Dominical gall in a pamphlet, in which he demanded, in the name of his religion and Church, that the study of the old classics should be abolished from schools as godless rubbish, and at once a pen-and-ink warfare began, into which the whole of the French clergy were gradually drawn. Soon after began a dispute about the Middle Ages, which had

long been consigned to a literary limbo, and in which one party saw a model of development and government, the other only bigotry and reaction. But the explanation for this may be easily found. French authors are unable to write what they would wish with that freedom necessary for a satisfactory result, and they vent their spleen on M. de Persigny by attacking one another.

An interesting history might be written about French literature under the Empires and the Restoration. Before the Revolution authors were under strict police control. We must not forget that Father Daniel was accused of high treason, because in his History of France he omitted four of the Merovingian kings, and Fréret did penance in the Bastille for his daring assertion that the old Franks were not a nation, but a federation. The Revolution removed none of the obstacles in the path of historians, and the Empire, which, as Thierry wittily observed, held a state monopoly of history, ordered the official continuation of President Hénault's poor "Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France," and of the Abbé Velly's "Histoire de France." During the Restoration authors fared no better; and the censorship absolutely prohibited Augustin Thierry's treatise on the time of the Merovingians, under the pretext that he had maliciously lopped off five hundred years from the age of the French monarchy. But history could not be impeded by police regulations, and ere long it rent all the red-tape bonds that held it. Original memoirs and documents were sought out and cleansed from the dust that covered them; chronicles, poems, medals, portraits, all were

cross-questioned: in a word, a renaissance on a small scale commenced. The Middle Ages, so long contemptuously treated, regained their honour and repute, and the whole learned world went mad on Gothicism. Never during their existence as a nation have the French displayed greater reverence for their history, and perseverance in the restoration of monuments, than from 1818 to 1848.

Since the last revolution, however, great changes have occurred. The events of the years 1848 to 1852, which let the history of France slip from the straight path, and altered its apparently logical progress, embarrassed the historians, and they held their hand. A great change, too, has taken place in the nation. With the development of commerce and industry, a taste has been aroused in them for increased expenditure, though we fear that the publishers derive the least profit from it. The present state of literature in France is unparalleled. Such books as the Memoirs of Leotard, or of Rigolboche, are sold by thousands or tens of thousands, while a publisher turns with pious horror from any manuscript of respectable calibre. We will not assert that books do not appear; on the contrary, more are now produced in Paris than ever was known, but they are no food for strong men. History made easy, and immoral romances, such is the pabulum offered the rising generation of France. Under these circumstances we have thought it would not be beside the question if we cursorily ran through the list of historical writers, and showed our readers the nature of the works on which the next history of France will require to be based.

There was a time when Augustin Thierry could write, without fear of contradiction, that "France possessed no national history." The great question was who should undertake such a task, which demanded a combination of powers and qualities rarely found in an individual. Several distinguished men, therefore, divided the labour between them, the brothers Augustin and Amédée Thierry taking up the oldest period of French history, in which they made some valuable discoveries, while Guizot, Ampère, Villemain, and several others, undertook special departments. Bolder than these, Michelet and Henri Martin set to work writing the complete history of their nation.

MICHELET has now all but terminated his "Histoire de France," which he has constantly begun and left off again. The first six volumes (1833-1845) contain the history of the oldest period and the Middle Ages: they are written in the romantic style prevalent at the period, and may be regarded as the author's masterpiece. In the seventh volume, entitled "Renaissance," Michelet assumes a perfectly different tone, and speaks contemptuously of the Middle Ages. The liberal way in which Michelet confesses his error, certainly redounds to his honour; still, it is a pity that he did not adhere to his original plan. When he began his history he was not mixed up with the commotions of parties and journals, which took scarcely any notice of his work: he was regarded as a fanatic writer, and christened the "hierophant of historiographers." Aroused from his contemplative life by a dispute with the Catholic party, his passionate

temper hurled him into the bitterest polemics. His bold demeanour cost him many friends, and the minister of worship threatened to deprive him of his professorship at the College de France. This was pouring oil on the flames, and Michelet at once sought support from the extreme party. In his "Histoire de la Révolution Française," a painfully bitter tone is perceptible, and this was carried into the other volumes of his great historical work. Though his descriptions are always peculiar and lively, there is an exaggerated straining after effect, and he passes almost without transition from the most poetical style to the coarsest language. Indeed, he appears to have an indescribable delight in seeking out and employing cynical and improper language, as witness his characters of Mary Stuart, Marguerite de Valois, and Catherine de Médicis. We are bound to say, on the other hand, that he is most impartial in his abuse of Guises and Valoises, Catholics and Huguenots, Leaguers and Frondeurs; in short, all France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is morally guillotined. If Michelet complains against the harsh verdicts passed on him (as he does against the Doctrinaires, for instance), he ought to confess that he is measured by his own wand. At the close of the tenth volume he says plainly, "This history is not impartial;" and we might overlook this, were he not at times purposely and prematurely severe. His descriptions frequently do not agree with what he tells us in cooler blood about the same persons or others connected with them.

The eccentric medley of good points which easily de-

generate into faults, and of faults which often possess the charm of beauties, justifies the most contradictory opinions about Michelet. However much we may protest against his fashion of writing history, we cannot close our eyes to the fine thoughts, pointed remarks, witty suggestions, and admirable qualities scattered through his writings. The most striking thing about Michelet is, however, his individuality; his pen follows the changes of his temper, and appears to be governed by his digestion. This individuality is the spice of his writing, but it is also his greatest injury, for he pleases the reader or displeases him *personally*, just in the same way as we feel an instinctive attachment or revulsion for a person for which we are quite unable to account. When we have read the last six volumes of Michelet's history, we are full of the impressions the spectacle has left upon us: we have been present, so to speak, at the representation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the stage: the feasts of the Borgias, Savonarola's martyr death, the merry life at Fontainebleau, the gloomy apartments of the Escurial, the roof of the Sistine Chapel, Luther's writing cell, Albert Durer's workshop, the Parisian marriage of blood, the menagerie of Henri III., the murder of Henri IV., Richelieu's cabinet, Corneille's tragedies, the accouchement of Anne of Austria, the sleeping apartments of court ladies and nuns, under Louis XIII., all this we see vividly, and yet have no distinct general idea of those two centuries. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the League, and the Fronde

show us their stormy scenes, but do not reveal their mysteries.

Although Michelet fails in his general representation of history, he can describe in the most masterly manner concrete things; and that quickness of temper which renders him unfitted to contend with abstract ideas is most serviceable to him when he has to introduce a character, describe a landscape, or explain a work of art. In such instances he displays an astounding wealth, an inexhaustible store of images and parallels, which he dispenses with profuse liberality, but always with the instinctive tact of the true artist. It is just the same with the colours he employs: they are at times glowing and dazzling, but never false or offensive to the eye. As regards his portraits, we may safely assert that since Saint-Simon no Frenchman has drawn them so vividly and correctly. In his last six volumes we find them in every variety: full-lengths in gala costume, miniatures, and even profiles, drawn with a couple of bold strokes, but of all extraordinary similitude, because the characteristic feature is eagerly sought and brought out. An artist himself, Michelet has a fine feeling for works of art; and this picturesque, descriptive talent, and constant reference to domestic history, form the greater part of his originality, and render him worthy of a place among the first writers of the age.

Henri Martin has recently completed his "Histoire de France," in sixteen volumes, and the merit of the work consists in its being written after a regular plan;

and while containing the result of much personal research, has appropriated the labours of other historians. It is, in fact, merely a new edition of a former work, five times crowned by the French Academy, and which appeared completed; but the last volume had scarce come out ere the author determined to remodel it entirely. Henri Martin evidently rivals his master, Augustin Thierry, and has many of the qualities that go to constitute a good historian: morally regarded, his love of truth and desire for accuracy became in him timidity and passion. Though indefatigable in his researches, his conscience never appears satisfied, and his work is overladen with references, which is much like giving the reader the dross from which the gold has been extracted. Henri Martin is the produce of that mental movement which took place in French literature in 1820, and is in action to this day. The parliamentary age was certainly a glorious one for France, especially the first half of it, which produced so many orators and poets, philosophers and historians: men such as Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Augustin Thierry, Cousin, Thiers, Royer-Collard, Villemain, and Guizot. The French still live on these names, and through them maintain their literary reputation in Europe. Strangely enough, the same men whom the revolution of July tore from literary pursuits and introduced to a political life, the February revolution sent back from politics to literature. Deprived of all sympathy with affairs of state, they live in great retirement amid a very limited circle of friends: as silent observers of the present order of things, but by no means as idle

lookers on. On the contrary, they wield the pen diligently, and any mental movement still existing in France emanates chiefly from them. The events which deprived them of their honours and offices have fortunately left them their courage, their talent, and their love of work. After forty years have elapsed they again find themselves at the head of the literary world, as they were in the most brilliant days of the Restoration. Since the political system they sought to establish has been overthrown, they can only keep its memory alive in the histories they write. History, in short, is the consolation of these literary John Lacklands.

Like other ex-ministers of the July dynasty, GUIZOT sought solace for his enforced absence from the scene of splendour and grandeur in severe study, and obtained a compensation for his fall in continuing the labours of his life. Since 1848 he has continued one of his most valuable works, which he commenced in 1826, "Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre," and to the two first volumes has added four others, containing the history of this revolution from the death of Charles I. to the Restoration. Guizot was always attracted by English history, and derived from it that anti-Gallican, almost superstitious reverence for constitutional forms, which compose what we may call his state religion. A man who, like Guizot, regards the English and French revolutions "as two battles in the same war," cannot help anticipating the same result, and foreseeing a restoration across the water. Still, we must do him the justice of stating that if he entertain this opinion he has kept it to

himself, and in his description of the English republic and dictatorship strictly adhered to his functions as historian. His language is always masculine, serious, and effective; and though his views may not always be tenable, they are certain to be clever and sharp. Guizot has not yet completed his work, which he hopes to do with the deposition of James II. We shall then have a perfect history of the English revolution, and in it a fine and lasting memorial to modern French literature.

THIERS has completed his "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire." We are not aware whether it cost him any trouble, but he has certainly not poured out on the First Empire his wrath with the second: perhaps, though, he foresaw the same termination for both as a logical sequence. He treats his subject with a decided liking for it, and develops in its full power his world-renowned talent for bringing facts superficially together, and for explaining in a fluent, ready style (which has no other attractions than those qualities, however,) financial matters, strategic movements, diplomatic negotiations, &c. While Thiers, as historian, has not at all altered from the outset his descriptive manner, MIGNET, on the other hand, has, in his later works, greatly departed from his original style. His "Charles Quint, son Abdication et sa Mort à St. Yuste," is the most interesting of his works in the second manner. He has so admirably combined grave historical facts with epistolary gossip, politics with anecdote, while at the same time evidencing intense research, that his work reads exactly like memoirs left by a contemporary. We will not assert that Mignet

was the first French author that employed this method of treating history, but we claim for him the merit of having ennobled and almost appropriated it.

At the same time, Mignet employs the utmost pains to impart to his story of the ailing emperor all the dignity of history. Rarely have smaller things been produced in a grander style, or ordinary objects treated with a nobler pencil; in fact, like Murillo, Mignet has succeeded in throwing the brightest and most golden sunshine over common-places which are not often exposed to the brilliancy of daylight. So great is his art, that although Mignet details all the events of Spanish history from 1555 to 1558, the turmoil of the political arena does not cause the reader such excitement as the silence and solitude in Charles V.'s bed-chamber; and the news from Valladolid or Brussels, Fontainebleau or the Quirinal, appears almost insignificant compared with the story of the sickening emperor. Any one acquainted with Charles V.'s ordinary character from general history can easily imagine how he speaks of friend and foe, how he writes to the heirs of his kingdom, or how he receives the news of the defeat of the Spanish army, and a disadvantageous treaty of peace; but the majority have no idea of the real man, of the many details history necessarily leaves unnoticed, of his private friendships, his mode of conduct, his weaknesses, his whims, his contradictions, his absurd amours, his noble impulses, his incurable gluttony, and his few great and noble actions in private life and dressing-gown. What most fascinates attention, then, in Mignet's book is the sickly emperor,

speedily about to die; the kindly master of Chamberlain Quijada, and the faithful patron of the Jesuit Francisco; the tender father of Don Juan of Austria, and the equally affectionate brother of Eleonore of France; the timid sinner who says to his confessor, "Listen, brother; it is my firm will that you do not go from here without my knowing it, because I insist on you not leaving me for a moment;" the gouty and obstinate old patient, who amuses himself with clocks, has a superstitious faith in dates, ruins his digestion with fresh tunny, swallows quarts of ice-cold beer even in winter, and who receives as presents from Queen Cathèrine of Portugal sweet-smelling essences, Indian cats, and parrots; the pious old man, who has it made known by trumpet-sound throughout the land that no female is to come within two bow-shots of the monastery, under the penalty of two hundred lashes,—all this, we repeat, great and small strangely mingled, fascinates us in this description of the last years of Charles V.

The authors hitherto mentioned sufficiently testify that the culture of history developed under the July dynasty has been till very recently fostered and maintained. Instead, however, of obtaining a fresh impulse or progressing, it has at present remained stationary—perhaps even retrograded. A fashion grew up of selecting unimportant historical personages as a peg on which to hang piquant details, and the public grew tired of books which it has recently become the affectation in this country to call *monograms*. As Michelet very justly said, "We have evoked history, and now it is crushing us under its

weight." Fortunately some clever men hit on the idea of writing what we will call, if we dare, the romance of history, and as a necessary consequence the women of history resumed their proper place, and the great and most popular leader of this movement is COUSIN. Deserted or unhappy lovers, as a general rule, summon philosophy to their aid, and implore it for consolation or forgetfulness, but Cousin does exactly the opposite: he consoles himself with pretty women for the faithlessness of philosophy and politics, and, to be quite secure against betrayal and perfidy, he selects them at a distance of two hundred years. He is impassioned for the ladies of the Fronde, among whom he has chosen the Duchess de Longueville as the charmer of his heart. From the outset, rather the historian of philosophy than the founder of a distinct philosophical system, Cousin has thus fortunately entered his right element. In the lively and warm colouring which he spreads over his description of historical facts, in his talent to render archæological studies attractive to the general reader, and the fantastic glow with which he illuminates the cabals, quarrels, and scandal of a past age, he is unequalled. He is an historian *sui generis*, and he has been justly surnamed a seventeenth-century man, for in style and treatment his books seem written by a contemporary of Pascal, who might have been in correspondence with Madame de Sévigné, and written additions to the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz. His "Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres et la Société du XVII^e^ Siècle" consist of four female portraits—Madame de Longueville, Madame de

Sablé, Madame de Chevreuse, and Madame de Hautefort. He represents the ladies of the Fronde not only as historical, but as poetical personages; and his books possess, if not the certainty of thorough historical works, at any rate the attractiveness of historical romances.

The only fault we find with Cousin is that he has become the founder of a bad school. At the present moment France swarms with small historians, who, not having the talent to generalise, crowd the market with "mémoires pour servir." No personage is too insignificant to become the hero of such volumes; and the public buy them up eagerly as a pleasant way, we assume, of learning history. Voltaire alludes somewhere to the congregation of unimportant details, which he calls the "vermin of history;" and at the present moment France is terribly plagued with them. You see nothing but Bossuet and his age, Colbert and his age, Diderot and his age. This adoration of personality in history is a sign of the times; memoirs are said to be easier and pleasanter reading than history proper, and the most earnest men no longer venture to go thoroughly into a subject, for fear of wearying their readers. In a word, the superficiality, which has been growing the curse of France under the Empire, has fairly invaded her literature. Still it is difficult to find fault with a system to which such men as Mignet and Cousin have lent their powerful sanction.

Even from the earlier period of French history Amédée Thierry selected biographical details and collected them into a work, bearing the title of "Histoire d'Attila et de

ses Successeurs." Still, much has not been dug up from this poor soil, and the more fertile ground of the Reformation has been left to lie fallow; but, on the other hand, the age of the Reformation has been industriously turned up, and we have been favoured with full information about the League before all. On this important point two camps have long been formed; one party regarding it as the protector of the monarchical system, the other as a democratic movement emanating from the people. M. de Chalambert, in his "Histoire de la Ligue," stepped forth as defender of the first view, but with such weak arguments that his opponents very easily refuted him. It was found much more difficult, however, to put down the second and absurd notion, which is very popular in France. Michelet was the first to attack it with the whole weight of his eloquence, and at a later date Henri Martin coincided in his views. Both characterise the League as "a system of terror in the Hispano-Catholic interests." In no history is anything so fearful to be found as this mad government of monks, fencing-masters, students, and priests, in the pay of Philip II.; rapine and bloodshed preached from every pulpit, and proclaimed in every street and square; murder and arson, robbery and plundering going on in open day. Attempts have been made to persuade people that there was a political idea in this horrible chaos, but both writers we refer to declare that any "idea" must be sought at Madrid; in Paris only mercenaries could be seen, who performed their sanguinary task for the stipulated price, and killed men like dogs for a few sous. But we do not

agree with the two historians, when they try to draw a distinction between the days and nights of anarchy and popular fury in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, between the Leaguers and the Septembrisers. It is clearly proved by the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire, in his "Les Derniers Valois, les Guises et Henri Quatre," that the murderers of September are descended in a straight line from those of St. Bartholomew, just as the Leaguers of what is called the "day of the barricades" (May 12, 1588) are the lineal ancestors of our "Reds" of the July days. France still possesses her Leaguers, although, in the present state of things, they do not speak out so openly, and do not look for assistance from Spain so much as from Austria.

The impatiently awaited work of Mignet, in which his lasting fame will be established, "L'Histoire de la Réformation," could not appear at a more fitting time than the present. In the meantime people must content themselves with the history of the French Reformation, written by M. Puaux, a Protestant minister. The two volumes which have hitherto appeared bring the history up to St. Bartholomew's night. It is carefully and rather warmly written, and is remarkable among other respects for the avoidance of all polemical questions, as far as possible. Altogether, it is a work which should be better known in this country than we believe it to be.

A very peculiar bias taken by the most recent French literature is the preference displayed for what is called in that country "the Great Century." It is not so long ago when the French gladly recognised all that was good and noble in all nations and times; no heir of the

great human family was repulsed, neither the middle ages, Rome, Athens, nor the East; Shakspeare and Dante were esteemed as highly—perhaps more highly—than the old favourites of the nation, Corneille and Racine; Walmski stood by the side of Homer, Kalidasas with Virgil, Hafiz with Horace: a desire was entertained to love and honour all. The nineteenth century, it was proposed, should be a true Pantheon of centuries, where a man could wander among the manes of all the great immortals who have shed lustre on the power of the human mind. But this desire for universality was, after all, only a foreign fashion introduced into France, and after a while things grew as they were, like a bow of which the string has been loosened. The French are now as fully convinced as they formerly were that all foreign models, when compared with native, are as dwarfs to giants, and they believe that the seventeenth century is the ideal of human perfection in literature, art, mind, and character; in short the real *sæculum summum*. With many we allow that this is only an historic belief, but many, on the other hand, take the trouble to give it a critical justification, and excellent French authors display a peculiar zeal in this. Every page of their books testifies to a lively preference for an age, which certainly, from a certain point of view, has good points to recommend it. Taking the space occupied by a few years, and restricting ourselves to the court circle, it offers us a wondrous spectacle; characters, passion, talent, and minds, all bear a powerful impress of greatness and thoroughness; but on leaving the charmed

sphere, we find in other classes of society, oppressed, irregular, and sad relations, as bad as at any other epoch of history. While the small selection glistens with splendour, the mass of the nation lives in outer darkness. We can understand the admiration for the seventeenth century on the part of those who are of opinion that in the world anything great can only be effected by the few, and at the same time the views of those who believe that no permanent grandeur is possible in a state unless the majority co-operate in the government. Hence there are two ways of regarding the seventeenth century, and everything depends on our choice of the wider or the narrower. Most French authors now-a-days select the latter, and we cannot blame them for doing so, regard being had to the present state of matters in France. Men who feel an aversion from the existing rule only too gladly seek an elysium in a time of past glory. The Horatian "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" will long remain the favourite motto of a great number of patriotic spirits, who will select the seventeenth century as their gathering-ground, for it was the seventeenth century in which that motto was most brilliantly illustrated, and we have no cause to complain of this, for the reverence for the Great Century produces works which have their value after all. For instance, Cousin has raised himself, in his "Lives of the Distinguished Ladies of the Fronde," a monument which will longer protect him from oblivion than his philosophic works will do. The number of such biographies annually increases in France: their authors have more or less kept the celebrated model

before their eyes, and, thanks to the prevailing love of imitation, it seems as if everybody connected with that age will march past us life by life. The best memoirs of this description, however, have hitherto been produced by Oscar de Vallée and Amédée Renée.

Oscar de Vallée made his début as a political writer with a philippic against the Bourse mania, "Les Manieurs d'Argent," which produced a sensation, if not an effect. A conviction of the impotence of struggling against the spirit of the age probably led him to historical studies, and at present he holds a high place among the distinguished authors who have emigrated into the seventeenth century. His latest work, "Antoine Lemaistre et ses Contemporains," is no mere memoir, but a picture of the day, and throws a brilliant light on the satirical side of life and manners at that day. Other books have depicted this century at court, in salons, theatres, and the confessional, but De Vallée goes deeper, and mercilessly exposes the rottenness of the scaffolding on which the state building was erected.

Amédée Renée has lately become distinguished as author of several historical works, and not so long ago conducted the political department of the *Constitutionnel*, which, as the world knows, has been converted from a liberal Saul into a right-minded Paul. His volumes, "Les Nièces de Mazarin" and "Madame de Montmorency," prove how thoroughly Renée is up to his work. He seems really to have lived in the past, and been the confidential adviser and friend of the personages he introduces on the scene, and all this, too, without

parade of learning or attempted fine writing. Some years back Renée was entrusted with the completion of Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," and wrote the thirtieth and last volume, which has recently been brought out in a separate and improved form, under the title of "Louis XVI. et sa Cour." This volume forms a strange contrast to Sismondi's manner. The other volumes are Genevese; that is to say, full of information, but without colour, life, or warmth. The last is Parisian; that is, piquantly witty, at times even brilliant, always lively, and admirably written, for Renée is what Sismondi never was in the higher branches of literature. He also varies greatly in his mode of handling his subject: he is not a Protestant, like Sismondi, and consequently more free from the influences of the eighteenth century. With him history is before all personal, and he considers that enough has been done when correct likenesses of the characters are given.

From the Great Century to the times of Louis XV. seems but a step, and that step has been taken by M. de Capefigue, at the present day the most daring adulator of the eighteenth century, and author of a great number of historical works, which find a ready sale, at the expense of good taste and healthy discrimination. Capefigue treats history like a huge Bologna sausage, from which he cuts off slices to serve up on publishers' counters. His treatment of history is indubitably piquant and highly spiced, and his views are so strikingly novel that he stands alone among historians. This was specially the case in two of his recent works, one in a sky-blue

wrapper, entitled "La Marquise de Pompadour," the other in white, with a rosary upon it, and the title "La Comtesse du Barry." The interior of these books harmonises exactly with their exterior: that periwig age which persons have hitherto fancied concealed in a dense cloud of powder, M. Capefigue sees in the most brilliant light, and what ordinary mortals regard in this age as rouge, falsehood, and impotence, is in his sight nought but nature, truth, and energy. He very bitterly upbraids the immorality of all the historians who have treated of the reign of Louis XV. before him, and zealously attacks the philosophers, parliaments, Montesquieu, Dalembert, Voltaire, but, above all, Diderot, "the epicurean swine from the herd of Encyclopædists," who insulted the charming marchioness and countess, and deferred the hour of their canonisation. At the present time M. Capefigue is engaged in collecting materials for the lives of the French royal mistresses of the sixteenth century, having already produced those of the mistresses of the Grand Monarque in his "Mademoiselle de la Vallière." Alexandre Dumas *fils*, as dramatic author and writer of romances, is of mental affinity with Capefigue as historian, and they are both on the same road to immortality.

CHAPTER II.

A CENTURY OF LEGENDS.*

WERE quantity the sole criterion by which poetry should be judged, we would have no hesitation in saying that Victor Hugo is the first poet of his age—perhaps of any age. In addition to the many miles of verse he has already spun out, he has now produced two octavo volumes, containing eight hundred pages of poetry, and, worse still, promises two further instalments of the same length. Now that politics are shelved, we would recommend those ingenious gentlemen who periodically solve problems with reference to the circumference of the globe and various trade productions, to try how far the verses contained in these two volumes would extend.

Unfortunately, such a *copia verborum* must be imperfect: it is the necessity of humanity to be fallible, and Homer, we are told on good authority, sometimes nods. Victor Hugo is not free from this prevailing epidemic, and, while we find much in his volumes to admire, there is much again which we could see omitted without regret. Few poets, indeed, excel this author in his manner of blending pathos and bathos: you come across lines which

* La Légende des Siècles. Par Victor Hugo. Two Vols. Paris: 859.

stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet, and then your enthusiasm is damped by some common-place expression, which jars on the senses like the sound of Big Ben after he was cracked. No poet could so well bear being cut up into "specimens" as the gentleman we have now under notice, and we could cull from his voluminous verse a small volume of extracts which would obtain him his true position as a poet. As it is, we must take him with all his faults, and, regarded in that way, he does not fulfil all that the English reader more especially demands from the Vates, who, by the magic power of his verse, is expected to exercise a beneficent influence on humanity.

It is, however, hardly fair for an Englishman to criticise French poetry, for the conditions demanded in the two countries essentially differ. Where our poets appeal to the heart the French appeal to the senses, and even authors as Victor Hugo are satisfied with producing a flaunting bed of poppies, gratifying to the eye, where we desire the fragrance and sweetness of the violet. Then, again, there is an awful monotony in French versification: it seems to walk on stilts, and you fear every moment lest the performer should fall from his altitude—as indeed he too often does. The *ampullæ et sesquipedalia verba* are confined to the versifiers whom Horace objurgates. In England, too, great—perhaps undue—stress is laid on the correctness of the rhyme, and if a slipshod stanza be allowed to creep in, none are so ready as the English to raise the cry of "Cockney." In France this is disregarded; so long as the poet can produce a

rhyming jingle he is satisfied. Thus, one of the most successful pieces in the two volumes we have now under notice is "The Song of the Sea Adventurers," with its ever-recurring chorus :—

> En partant du golfe d'Otrante,
> Nous étions trente;
> Mais, en arrivant à Cadiz,
> Nous étions dix.

Here we have the fault to which we allude twice repeated: Otrante is not a rhyme to trente, nor is Cadiz to dix. We should not lay such stress on this vice, were it not continually occurring throughout the two volumes.

And now for the work itself, and its motive. In a purposely obscure preface the author tells us it is a beginning and an end, something perfect in itself, and yet forming part of a whole, which he exemplifies by comparing it to the peristyle of an edifice or to a tree in a forest. His object in composing it is, he tells us, "to reproduce the types of the human profile, date by date, from Eve, mother of mankind, to the Revolution, mother of peoples." These types are selected haphazard from barbarism as from civilisation, and are moulded on the mask of centuries. His choice of the legendary form he justifies by stating that the collector of legends occupies a certain distinct place in the history of ages: "while Herodotus writes history, Homer composes legends." In a word, his work is a "tentative towards the ideal," which he explains by saying that when his two other poems, now on the point of completion, "La Fin de

Satan" and "Dieu," are published, the reader will perceive the link connecting "La Légende des Siècles" to them. And here he becomes almost too grand: he proposes "to regard Being under its triple face—Humanity, Evil, and the Infinite—the progressive, the relative, and the absolute. . . . . The intention of the book is good: the expansion of the human race from age to age; man ascending from darkness to the ideal; the paradisaic transfiguration of the terrestrial hill; the slow and supreme germination of liberty; right in this life and responsibility in the other; a species of religious hymn with a thousand strophes, bearing in its entrails a profound faith and on its summit a lofty prayer; the drama of creation illumed by the countenance of the Creator—such this poem will be in its entirety when terminated." We really must stop a moment, after noting down those tall words, to try and find out their meaning. But no, the task is beyond us, and would even puzzle a Grotofend, though he could read cuneiform inscriptions as easily as his alphabet.

The first volume opens with the "Sacre de la Femme," which is strongly suggestive of the Book of Genesis and Milton strangely jumbled together. Still it contains some charming lines, as witness the following:—

Eve offrait au ciel bleu la sainte nudité ;
Eve blonde admirait l'aube, sa sœur vermeille.

Chair de la femme ! argile idéale ! ô merveille !
O pénétration sublime de l'esprit
Dans le limon que l'Etre ineffable pétrit !
Matière où l'âme brille à travers son suaire !
Boue où l'on voit les doigts du divin statuaire !

Fange auguste appelant le baiser et la cœur,
Si sainte, qu'on ne sait, tant l'amour est vainqueur,
Tant l'âme est vers ce lit mystérieux poussée,
Si cette volupté n'est pas une pensée,
Et qu'on ne peut, à l'heure où les sens sont en feu,
Etreindre la beauté sans croire embrasser Dieu !

Eve laissait errer ses yeux sur la nature.

Et, sous les verts palmiers à la haute stature,
Autour d'Eve, au-dessus de sa tête, l'œillet
Semblait songer, le bleu lotus se recueillait,
Le frais myosotis se souvenait ; les roses
Cherchaient ses pieds avec leurs lèvres demi-closes ;
Un souffle fraternel sortait du lis vermeil ;
Comme si ce doux être eût été leur pareil,
Comme si de ces fleurs, ayant toutes une âme,
La plus belle s'était épanouie en femme.

One of the few French critics who have ventured to notice Victor Hugo's book, says of these lines that they are utterly free from the taint of sensualism, or, at any rate, that the sensualism is "spiritual." The same apology might be offered for Mormonism. The next poem, "La Conscience," is also grand in its idea, but irredeemably spoiled by those platitudes to which we have already referred. A contemporary has justly pointed out the fault that, in describing Cain concealing himself in a cave to escape the All-seeing Eye—"il se fût assis sur sa chaise." But here is another image equally ludicrous. Tubal Cain, to conceal his father, builds him a city of bronze, and writes over the door, "Défense à Dieu d'entrer." This irresistibly reminds us of the universal notice on French railways—"Défense de circuler sur le chemin de fer." But the next poem, "Les Lions," amply makes up for such deficiencies of taste as these. The following lines are grand :—

Les loups qui font la guerre aux morts et les déterrent,
Les ours au crâne plat, les chacals convulsifs
Qui, pendant le naufrage, errent sur les récifs,
Sont féroces; l'hyène infâme est implacable;
Le tigre attend sa proie et d'un seul bond l'accable;
Mais le puissant lion, qui fait de larges pas,
Parfois lève sa griffe et ne la baisse pas,
Etant le grand rêveur solitaire de l'ombre.

Equally beautiful, though in a minor key, is the poem called "Booz Endormi," which makes us angry that the author does not always write in the same chastened style. Here are a few stanzas proving the justice of our remarks:—

Pendant qu'il sommeillait, Ruth, une moabite,
S'était couchée aux pieds de Booz, le sein nu,
Espérant on ne sait quel rayon inconnu,
Quand viendrait du réveil la lumière subite.

Booz ne savait point qu'une femme était là,
Et Ruth ne savait point ce que Dieu voulait d'elle
Un frais parfum sortait des touffes d'asphodèle;
Les souffles de la nuit flottaient sur Galgala.

L'ombre était nuptiale, auguste et solennelle;
Les anges y volaient sans doute obscurément,
Car on voyait passer dans la nuit, par moment,
Quelque chose de bleu qui paraissait une aile.

La respiration de Booz, qui dormait,
Se mêlait au bruit sourd des ruisseaux sur la mousse.
On était dans le mois où la nature est douce,
Les collines ayant des lis sur leur sommet.

Ruth songeait et Booz dormait; l'herbe était noire;
Les grelots des troupeaux palpitaient vaguement;
Une immense bonté tombait du firmament;
C'était l'heure tranquille où les lions vont boire.

A large portion of the first volume is devoted to the romances of Roland and his good sword Durandal. In

"Aymerillot" the author describes the efforts made by Charlemagne to induce his recreant knights, *de guerre lasse*, to take the city of Narbonne for him; but they all decline till the little page steps forward. The knights, though unwilling to fight, have no objection to talk, and make some terribly long-winded speeches, the most characteristic passage being the following, to which we fancy many a soldier returned from the Italian campaign will heartily respond "Amen!"

Je suis moulu. Car, sire, on s'échine à la guerre;
On arrive à haïr ce qu'on aimait naguère,
Le danger qu'on voyait tout rose, on le voit noir;
On s'use, on se disloque, on finit par avoir
La goutte aux reins, l'entorse aux pieds, aux mains l'ampoule,
Si bien, qu'étant parti vautour, on revient poule.
Je désire un bonnet de nuit. Foin du cimier!
J'ai tant de gloire, ô roi, que j'aspire au fumier.

In "Eviradnus" there is an exquisite song of two lovers riding side by side. Here, for instance, is a perfect idea:—

Mon cheval sera la joie,
Ton cheval sera l'amour.

Nous ferons toucher leurs têtes;
Les voyages sont aisés;
Nous donnerons à ces bêtes
Une avoine de baisers.

The legend of "Ratbert" we recommend for perusal to those who like to sup their fill of horrors, but to no others. In it the poet indulges to its full bent that awful cynicism and ferocious disdain of poor humanity, which was first openly preached by Lord Byron. Here and there, however, his better nature peeps out, and there is something ineffably touching in the description

of the toilette of Isora, when the simple old man dresses his grandchild with his own hands for the reception of the felon emperor, who is thirsting for her life-blood. From the same poem we select a philosophical passage, which appears but an amplification of the lines in Schiller's "Song of the Bell," where he describes the fury of man when roused. How run the words?

Schrecklich ist des Tiger's Zahn
—Doch der schrecklichste der Schrecken,
Das ist der Mensch in seiner Wahn.

Compare the following lines:—

Ah! le vautour est triste à voir, en vérité,
Déchiquetant sa proie et planant; on s'effraie
Du cri de la fauvette aux griffes de l'orfraie;
L'épervier est affreux rongeant des os brisés;
Pourtant, par l'ombre immense on les sent excusés,
L'impénétrable faim est la loi de la terre,
Et le ciel, qui connaît la grande énigme austère,
La nuit, qui sert de fond au guet mystérieux
Du hibou promenant la rondeur de ses yeux;
Ainsi qu'a l'araignée ouvrant ses pâles toiles,
Met à ce festin sombre une nappe d'étoiles;
Mais l'être intelligent, le fils d'Adam, l'élu
Qui doit trouver le bien après l'avoir voulu,
L'homme, exterminant l'homme et riant, épouvante,
Même au fond de la nuit, l'immensité vivante,
Et, que le ciel soit noir ou que le ciel soit bleu,
Caïn tuant Abel est la stupeur de Dieu.

Can this be an accidental coincidence? We fancy not, but we leave the point to our readers.

The portion of the second volume entitled "Maintenant" will, of course, be turned to with the greatest interest, but those who expect to find in it any political allusions will be disappointed. The poet has been too

sensible to keep his volumes from circulation in France, even though he decline to return himself, and bids his book go forth in the following touching words :—

Livre qu'un vent t'emporte
En France où je suis né !
L'arbre déraciné
Donne sa feuille morte.

One of the poems, called "Le Crapaud," is intended to read a lesson of humanity to the present age. The poor toad by the road-side is assailed by every passer-by :—

Un homme qui passait vit la hideuse bête,
Et, frémissant, lui mit son talon sur la tête ;
C'était un prêtre ayant un livre qu'il lisait ;
Puis une femme, avec une fleur au corset,
Vint et lui creva l'œil du bout de son ombrelle :
Et le prêtre était vieux, et la femme était belle ;
Vinrent quatre écoliers, sereins comme le ciel.
— J'étais enfant, j'étais petit, j'étais cruel ;—
Tout homme sur la terre, où l'âme erre asservie,
Peut commencer ainsi le récit de sa vie.

At length the poor brute, ill-treated and lacerated by man, is dying in the middle of the road, when a worn-out donkey, dragging a heavy load, refuses to trample upon it, in spite of the blows and curses of its ruffian master.

The next poem, "Les Pauvres Gens," is founded on a very beautiful idea. A poor fisherman's wife, entering a neighbouring cabin, finds two orphan children, and takes them home without the knowledge of her husband, who is absent at sea. Her doubts are finely described, equally so the manly compassion of the husband :—

L'homme prit un air grave, et, jetant dans un coin
Son bonnet de forçat mouillé par la tempête :

— Diable ! diable ! dit-il en se grattant la tête,
Nous avions cinq enfants, cela va faire sept.
Déjà, dans la saison mauvaise, on se passait
De souper quelquefois. Comment allons-nous faire ?
Bah ! tant pis ! ce n'est pas ma faute. C'est l'affaire
Du bon Dieu. Ce sont là des accidents profonds.
Pourquoi donc a-t-il pris leur mère à ces chiffons ?
C'est gros comme le poing. Ces choses-là sont rudes.
Il faut pour les comprendre avoir fait ses études.
Si petits ! on ne peut leur dire : Travaillez.
Femme, va les chercher. S'ils se sont réveillés,
Ils doivent avoir peur tout seuls avec la morte.
C'est la mère, vois-tu, qui frappe à notre porte ;
Ouvrons aux deux enfants. Nous les mêlerons tous.
Cela nous grimpera le soir sur les genoux.
Ils vivront, ils seront frère et sœur des cinq autres.
Quand il verra qu'il faut nourrir avec les nôtres
Cette petite fille et ce petit garçon,
Le bon Dieu nous fera prendre plus de poisson.
Moi, je boirai de l'eau, je ferai double tâche.
C'est dit. Va les chercher. Mais qu'as-tu ? Ca te fâche ?
D'ordinaire, tu cours plus vite que cela.
— Tiens, dit-elle en ouvrant les rideaux, les voilà !

It is a curious coincidence, that a Christmas number of the *Welcome Guest* contained a gem of a story by M. Sala, founded on almost the same motive. We recommend it earnestly to the notice of our readers, feeling assured that they will appreciate the rare tenderness and grace with which it is written. It seems to us that Victor Hugo has exaggerated the fears of the wife, and does not allow her to place sufficient confidence in the good heart of her husband. He makes her kneel by the bed-side, and tremble like one guilty of an evil deed, instead of a work of sublime charity. Could a woman, resolute for good,

S'enfoncer par degrés dans son angoisse intime,
Perdue en son souci comme dans un abime ?

This error of judgment apart, which we fancy was only committed to exaggerate what the French call the "peripétie," the remainder of the poem is admirable. Here are some glorious lines, in which we seem to sniff the sea-breeze:—

L'homme est en mer. Depuis l'enfance matelot,
Il livre au hasard sombre une rude bataille.
Pluie ou bourrasque, il faut qu'il sorte, il faut qu'il aille,
Car les petits enfants ont faim. Il part le soir
Quand l'eau profonde monte aux marches du musoir.
Il gouverne à lui seul sa barque à quatre voiles.
La femme est au logis, cousant les vieilles toiles,
Remmaillant les filets, préparant l'hameçon,
Surveillant l'âtre où bout la soupe de poisson,
Puis priant Dieu sitôt que les cinq enfants dorment.
Lui, seul, battu des flots qui toujours se reforment,
Il s'en va dans l'abîme et s'en va dans la nuit.
Dur labeur! tout est noir; tout est froid; rien ne luit.
Dans les brisants, parmi les lames en démence,
L'endroit bon à la pêche, et, sur la mer immense,
Le lieu mobile, obscur, capricieux, changeant,
Où se plaît le poisson aux nageoires d'argent,
Ce n'est qu'un point; c'est grand deux fois comme la chambre.
Or, la nuit, dans l'ondée et la brume, en Décembre,
Pour rencontrer ce point sur le désert mouvant,
Comme il faut calculer la marée et le vent!
Comme il faut combiner sûrement les manœuvres!
Les flots le long du bord glissent, vertes couleuvres;
Le gouffre roule et tord ses plis démesurés
Et fait râler d'horreur les agrès effarés.
Lui, songe à sa Jeannie au sein des mers glacées,
Et Jeannie en pleurant l'appelle; et leurs pensées
Se croisent dans la nuit, divins oiseaux du cœur.

With the remainder of the volume, called the "Vingtième Siècle," we will have no dealings; we would as soon read Dr. Cumming's prophecies. We need only state that the principal idea of the first poem, "Pleine Mer," is the *Leviathan* drifting on a stormy ocean filled

with all the murderous weapons of the old ages: guns, war, tyranny, scourges of every variety; it is the shipwreck of the ancient world—of the world of iniquity, violence, and hatred. In the other, "Plein Ciel," a colossal balloon (euphemistically called an aërostat), towing several others round it, like a planetary system, bears man to infinity. At length the poet himself grows alarmed at the altitudes into which he has soared, and exclaims, "Pas si loin! pas si haut! redescendons!" And he adds, enthusiastically:—

Où va-t-il, ce navire? Il va de jour vêtu,
A l'avenir divin et pur, à la vertu,
A la science qu'on voit luire,
A la mort des fléaux, à l'oubli généreux,
A l'abondance, au calme, au rire, à l'homme heureux;
Il va, ce glorieux navire,

Au droit, à la raison, à la fraternité,
A la religieuse et sainte vérité
Sans impostures et sans voiles,
A l'amour, sur les cœurs serrant son doux lien,
Au juste, au grand, au bon, au beau...Vous voyez bien
Qu'en effet il monte aux étoiles!

The last piece of all, "La Trompette du Jugement," we may simply describe as the Book of Revelations versified, and considerably injured in the process.

Such, then, is a necessarily imperfect analysis of this remarkable work, which will meet with as many enemies as it does admirers. It certainly proves the fecundity of Victor Hugo's genius, but we cannot say that it will augment his reputation. In our opinion, it does not equal the "Contemplations," and even that work is now confessed to be inferior to Victor Hugo's earlier poetry.

But it is very possible that those passages which may appear to a prosaic Englishman exaggerated, and *tant soit peu* inflated, may excite the liveliest admiration among French readers, for in that country more than any other the rule holds good that *omne ignotum* should be taken *pro mirifico*.

In conclusion, we will string together our "pencillings by the way," or those lines and isolated passages which struck us on perusal. Here, for instance, in the "Jour des Rois," are two grand lines :—

> Et maintenant, maisons, tours, palais spacieux,
> Toute la ville monte en lueur dans les cieux.

Again, in "Le Petit Roi de Galice :"—

> Les casques sont d'acier et les cœurs sont de bronze.

In the same poem we find this fine simile—the good sword Durandal has just cleft the Infant Pacheco to the chine :—

> Son casque, dont l'épée a brisé la charnière,
> S'ouvre, et montre sa bouche où l'écume apparaît.
> Bave épaisse et sanglante ! Ainsi, dans la forêt,
> La séve, en mai, gonflant les aubépines blanches,
> S'enfle et sort en salive à la pointe des branches.

In "Eviradnus," describing the Marquise Mahaud, the poet employs a fine idea :—

> Dame, elle a la couronne, et femme, elle a la grâce ;
> Une reine n'est pas reine sans la beauté.
> C'est peu que le royaume, il faut la royauté.

Further on, wishing to give a perfect notion of the emperor and the King of Poland, who are plotting to rob Mahaud of her throne, Victor Hugo writes two

withering lines, which have all the terseness of an epigram :—

Ils s'aiment ; l'un est fourbe et l'autre est déloyal ;
Ils sont les deux bandits du grand chemin royal.

Indeed, the legend of "Èviradnus" is the most perfect in the two volumes, and the story, apart from its poetical garb, is deeply interesting and tragic. In "Ratbert," to which we have already alluded, there are also many fine lines. Very perfect is the idea :—

Le roi brille, entouré d'une splendeur d'épées.

Such a line is, indeed, a picture in itself. Equally exquisite, though in a very different style, are these four lines :—

La mélodie encor quelques instants se traine
Sous les arbres bleuis par la lune sereine,
Puis tremble, puis expire, et la voix qui chantait
S'éteint comme un oiseau se pose ; tout se tait.

Here, too, is a grand idea, clothed in a grandeur of words :—

Tout homme ici-bas porte en sa main une chose
Où, du bien et du mal, de l'effet, de la cause,
Du genre humain, de Dieu, du gouffre, il sent le poids ;
Le juge au front morose a son livre des lois,
Le roi son sceptre d'or, le fossoyeur sa pelle.

Very fine is the catastrophe of Ratbert, when the felon emperor is suddenly beheaded by no human agency. No one can solve the riddle, but it was said that the primate of Lyons, while walking in the fields,

Vit, dans les profondeurs par les vents remuées,
Un archange essuyer son épée aux nuées.

In the description of the Régiment du Baron Madruce are two vigorous lines :—

Ils ont nommé, tuant, mourant pour de l'argent,
Trépas, leur capitaine, et Danger, leur sergent.

And again:

Le Mont-Blanc qui ne dit qu'à l'Himalaya : Frère !

But we might multiply instances proving that Victor Hugo's poetry has in many places the ring of the true metal. We think, however, we have done enough to send our readers to the volumes themselves; and if we have properly trained them as to what they should read and what leave unread, they will find a banquet of no common order awaiting them.

CHAPTER III.

NORTHERN AFRICA.

The visit of the Emperor of the French to Algeria was opportunely heralded by the publication of an interesting volume on Northern Africa, by M. Jules Gérard, the celebrated lion-hunter, which will form the basis of our present article. Apart from the temporary interest attaching to the subject for those who like to follow imperial progresses, and read of ready-made shouts of greeting, M. Gérard unconsciously adds fresh evidence to prove that the French have not the talent for colonisation, and that the retention of Algeria is rather to employ that country as a training school for recruits, than as a source of revenue. And yet, in any other hands, it would become a resource for great wealth, as we shall attempt rapidly to show.

The general aspect of the Algerian coast is wondrously picturesque; the chain of the Lesser Atlas borders the shore along the entire seaboard, and displays to the traveller a natural richness of vegetation unknown in countries situated to the north. The thing that most strikes the inhabitant of Provence, of Spain, or Southern Italy, upon landing in Algeria, is, to find there, as it were, a continuation of those countries. The Spaniard

meets the orange and citron growing in the open field, and attaining gigantic proportions; the Provençal and the Italian find again the olive and the oak, forming fine and great forests. The same similitude may be traced in the nature of the soil and the configuration of the rocks and mountains. Even more; it is also manifested in the domestic animals, and those that inhabit the woods, which seems to prove that Northern Africa once formed a portion of the European continent.

It is rare to find on the Algerian seaboard a mountain whose slope towards the water is not so abrupt and steep that men even accustomed to the country can rarely scale them without peril. It is only at the mouths of the rivers that the coasts are more accessible, or at those spots where the Atlas range does not come down completely to the sea. One of the greatest inconveniences in Algeria is the want of a navigable river. This arises partly from the slight distance separating the sources from the seaboard, partly from the manner in which rain falls in that country. The observations made since the French occupation show that the quantity of water falling from the sky is abundant: for the average days of rain during the year are ninety-five, and the quantity ninety centimetres. But, instead of falling as in Europe, throughout the year, it comes down in torrents from November to April. The result is, that during that period the rivers overflow, the smallest streams become impassable, while in summer there is hardly any water in them. For purposes of navigation and trade, Algeria is pretty well supplied, for although at the equinoxes

fearful gales prevail along the northern coast, during the other periods of the year the sea is tolerably calm. Still the government will have heavy works to make ere the ports afford secure shelter to vessels.

On leaving the coast the traveller has to cross the Atlas chain, and is struck with a panic of feeling on noticing the extraordinary nudity of the country. It is not that the soil is any worse, but the absence of trees in the valleys and on the plateaux forms a singular contrast to the European with the wooded heights that border the country to the north. At one time, however, the country was well wooded, as may be seen on a slight investigation; in the centre of an immense and perfectly naked plain rises an isolated mountain, covered from top to bottom with wood, while beyond the most denuded plains towers the great Atlas, with its forests of oaks and cedars, which are as grand as those of Lebanon. It is quite certain that, not so long ago, Algeria was one great forest, but the Arabs have cut down the wood with the usual carelessness of savages. Thus, for instance, the heights around Constantine are frightfully barren, and not a tree grows upon them, yet the mountain commanding the city is known as "The Mountain of the Stag." Some sixty years ago, M. Gérard discovered, from conclusive evidence, this mount was covered with green oaks, producing sweet acorns; that the inhabitants went there to cut down wood, and were obliged to drive their flocks home before sunset, if they did not wish them attacked by lions on the slope of the Kantara, scarce five hundred paces from the gate. The French, therefore,

would have no difficulty in restoring the forests, if they had time to think of anything but that doubtful glory gained in subduing the wild hordes of the desert.

Another fact, equally important for the welfare of Algeria, is the existence of several large lakes, situated in the interior, and principally on lofty plateaux. It is probable that these lakes, which now dry up during the great heats, retained a portion of their waters at a period when their banks were surrounded by forests, for this is the case with several wooded lakes, such as Tonga and Fidzara, some twenty miles from Boni. The latter lake is so celebrated for its fishing and shooting qualities that the government has recently taken it into their own hands. It is very evident, from the physical nature of the country and its peculiar temperature, that it contains large quantities of subterranean water, and, indeed, in the midst of regions apparently the driest and most sterile, travellers are astonished at finding considerable Roman ruins, and wells, dug by the sovereign people, still full of water. Hence it was that General Devaux, desirous of doing a great service to the country entrusted to his charge, ordered Artesian wells to be bored, not only in the vast plains that surround the great Atlas, but even in the Sahara. Everywhere, or nearly everywhere, water has come to the surface in sufficient quantities for the irrigation of the land and the creation of new oases.

While favoured so highly by its climate, Algeria is not less fortunate in its natural productions and the richness of its soil. Mineral waters are found there in

considerable quantities, and if we may judge by the traces left by the Romans, many of them must possess great curative qualities. The most important of all these is the Hammam Miskoutin, the largest sulphurous spring in the whole world, with a heat of ninety-six degrees. A military hospital was established there about ten years back, and the waters have been found admirable in the case of confirmed rheumatism and old wounds. An enterprising physician at Boni is making great improvements at this place, in the hope of attracting patients and tourists from all parts of Europe.

Again, the mountain districts of Algeria contain quarries of very splendid marble: one of them has been worked for several years in the vicinity of Philippeville. The mountains on the seaboard display on their surface immense quantities of iron ore, and near Boni this is worked on a large scale by a company. Further to the east, and near the Tunisian frontier, another company is working with great success a mine of argentiferous lead. In Kabylia and the province of Oran there are very rich copper mines, and there is not a mountain in the interior on which some useful metal may not be found.

The vegetable kingdom of the colony is not less important. For a long time Algeria has been described as a naked and barren country, in which trees were a rarity. This is true if the traveller land on the west coast, and proceed into the interior, but French Africa is two hundred and fifty leagues in length, and for more than half that extent the seaboard mountains are covered,

some with thuyas, others with oaks and magnificent cedars. And if, after quitting these fine mountains, you traverse an open and extensive district, perfectly barren, beyond it, you find once more the vegetation and resources of the sea-coast. The Sahara itself even offers trees, and these not only good for building purposes, but producing dainty fruits, which the European enjoys as much as the Arab. In this part of Africa, water alone is needed to convert a sandy plain into an oasis, and the digging of the Artesian wells is calculated fully to supply this want, and convert a nomadic race into one stationary, and consequently respectable.

The animal kingdom is represented in Algeria in a manner most advantageous for the future welfare of the colony. The barb, which serves to mount the entire French and native cavalry, is, through its character and good temper, the perfect type of a war-horse. Many French cavalry regiments have landed in Algeria with excellent horses, but within two years all had perished. It may be objected to this that the horses were not used to the climate and the exceptional nature of the warfare in Africa, but we may remark that during the Crimean war English, French, or German horses endured the same fate, while the barbs came back, very thin, we grant, but in good health, and ready to begin a fresh campaign. Still, it has been justly urged that these horses are not tall enough, and Marshal Randon, who has paid great attention to the subject of remounts, and has written a charming book on Arab horses, has introduced such arrangements that the barbs are becoming

vastly improved by in and in breeding. The result is, that nearly fifteen thousand colts and foals are dropped annually in the government shed-stables, without counting those born among the Arabs. But the marshal has done more: in order to stimulate the zeal of the breeders he has established races, in which the highest chiefs enter their horses, and he gives prizes for the finest specimens of horseflesh. It is indubitable that in this way, and by preventing the Arab exhausting his horse at too young an age, the height of the barb will be largely and speedily increased. Next to the horses rank the mules, which, though smaller than those in Europe, are strongly built, and carry enormous burdens with astounding ease. Never ill, although very badly fed, their gentleness is quite equal to that of the horse. As draught or saddle cattle, mules of the most elegant shape can be picked up cheaply capable of doing their thirty leagues a day. The camel, which is met with everywhere in Africa, is not only useful to the old inhabitants, but is called upon to render great services to the colonists. Up to the present time it has been employed by its master to carry his household goods and furniture when he makes a move, or to transport his crops to market; but when trade with the interior has attained greater extension, the camel will be the only possible mode of transport, for it is absurd to suppose that railways will ever be made in the Sahara, from the simple fact that they can by no possibility pay. The advantages of this mode of transport, too, are the greater, that the camel is the only animal that serves man without costing him anything.

All the useless and even injurious plants form the basis of its daily food, and it has a special predilection for thistles. These remarks refer solely to the common camel, or *djemil*, but the blood-camel, or *mahari*, employed by the nomadic Arabs as saddle-animal, and more especially as courser, is not so tall, and is of a more graceful shape. To guide it, a long rope is used, fastened to an iron ring passed through the right nostril. The saddle is a species of easy-chair, high before and behind, in which the rider sits in a crouching posture. The ordinary gait is a long trot, and the *mahari* can in a day do a distance of from thirty-five to forty leagues without stopping: it is probable that it might do even more, if the rider could any longer endure the jolting to which he is continually exposed. The Arabs who ride long distances on camel-back are cautious to fasten up their stomachs with several wide and tightly drawn girdles; were it not for this precaution they could not endure the animal's trot. The *mahari* has the advantage over the *djemil* of enduring hunger and thirst longer. The former will hold out for upwards of a month without drinking, while the other suffers if deprived of water for more than a fortnight, excepting during the cold season, when both varieties can go for months without drinking.

The *mahari* is first seen among the nomadic tribes that take up their winter quarters round the first oasis, but they become more numerous as the traveller advances south. Their number is very considerable, for independently of the services to which we have already alluded, the two varieties of the camel are in other ways

useful to the natives of Algeria. Their hair, which is cut every spring, is employed to make the ropes the men wear round their heads, while the tents are composed of camel-hair mixed with wool. Lastly, when the camel is accidentally wounded, or rendered unserviceable, it is slaughtered and eaten.

After these ships of the desert comes an animal often ill treated and calumniated even by those who employ its services, and that is the donkey. Though smaller and more elegant than the European variety, the African "neddy" is a brave diminutive of the mule. In the tribes it is employed by the women to carry the water-skins to the well and bring them back full—an easy task, which it performs willingly, and which secures it important privileges in the household. When the family makes its periodical flittings, it is Master Donkey who carries all the kitchen utensils. At times, the master, if he be too poor to keep either mule or horse, will do Donkey the honour of mounting its back, while holding his legs well up; and even if a friend wants a mount he will get up on the croup, and Donkey raises no objection. Thus, then, Donkey's existence among the nomadic tribes is a tolerably happy one, but it is not the same, unfortunately, in the cities. On seeing the barracks, the hospitals, hostels, and many-storied houses that decorate the Algerian towns, few travellers would suspect the important part Donkey has played in the construction of these great works; but it is the simple truth, that not a grain of sand employed in those buildings, but has been brought up by "neddy." Every European landing in Algeria

must have noticed the speed with which the operation is effected. An Arab leaves the town, shouting "Look out!" and preceded by a flock of donkeys, himself being generally mounted on the last animal. They proceed without a check to the quarry, or the stream that supplies the sand. In a second each beast is loaded, and they return at a hand canter. On reaching the building spot the donkeys are unloaded in a second, and start off again at a gallop as before. His toil begins with daybreak and ends with nightfall. As a reward, these good little animals obtain leave to go and seek pasture in the uncultivated fields around.

So far M. Gérard. But the present writer thinks he may venture to detail his own experience of camels and mules; he will say nothing of donkeys lest it might lead to odious comparisons. During his service with the unlucky Turkish Contingent, the P.W. had a vast experience of those interesting animals, and can safely say that they are a delusion and a snare. And, first, for the camels. Apart from the fact that no horse will approach them, and that their sudden turning of a Kertch street led to perils innumerable, the camel is the most unsociable beast in existence. If you get within its reach it is safe to take a mouthful out of your arm, or make a violent attack on your head. And then the weights it drags are simply ridiculous: the Tartars employed a species of wheeled sledge, with solid creaking wheels of the size of a soup-plate. On this sledge two tea-chests might find room if the Tartar driver condescended to grant so much space, and the two lazy brutes attached to the sledge undulated through the streets with a despairingly slow

motion, the very sight of which was strongly suggestive of maladie de mer. As for the fable about the last feather that breaks the camel's back, that is simply absurd, for you can never come within, say half a ton of it. The mules were considerably worse. We all read of the way in which they behaved to each other's tails before Sebastopol, but up at Kertch they were far cleverer. We had about six hundred of the fiercest brutes ever seen out of Spain, but their education had been sadly neglected: the muleteers had failed, *fideliter*, to teach them those ingenuous arts which would have softened their manners and forbidden them from being fierce. To each regimental surgeon two mules were allotted to carry the medical panniers, and, during the reviews, the way the mules behaved was a caution, to use an Americanism. So soon as they received their burden they deliberately lay down and rolled over and over until they had smashed every fragile article contained in the panniers. That achieved, they would rise again like virtuous citizens of the muline kingdom, and give an intense wink of satisfaction. Varying this with sundry boltings and bitings, the reader may form a fair idea of what a mule is worth in the battle-field. It is possible, though, that the French, with their organising talent, have discovered a way of taming both camels and mules, so we will take M. Gérard's word, and go on with our story, borrowed from his eloquent pages.

After the animals to which we have alluded comes the ox, an auxiliary no less useful because it is allotted the painful task of preparing the soil which nourishes its lordly owner. To furnish an idea of the number of the

bovine race to be found in the colony, it will be sufficient for us to quote the losses experienced by the natives of the three provinces during a rigorous winter: Oran lost 80,000 oxen, Algiers, 87,000, and Constantine, 116,000! The causes of this disaster, which is far too common, result from the carelessness of the natives. A summer warmer than usual burns up the pasturage; on this comes a wet or snowy winter, which finds the animals weakened and exposed to the air, and the Arabs calmly watch them dying, muttering the while, "God is great!" But, as this question does not interest the natives alone, government have interfered, and through the care of the officers in charge of the districts, the Arabs have been brought to build shelter for their herds, and provide for their wants in the event of drought or bad weather.

It is a curious fact that sheep are most prosperous in those parts of Algeria where cattle flourish least, and *vice versâ*. On the lofty plateaux of the centre and the west, considerable flocks and shapely animals are found. The wool is certainly not very fine, but the introduction of the Merino sheep by Marshal Randon has produced already a very marked improvement. The fecundity of the sheep is something extraordinary, for they not only drop two lambs a year, in spring and autumn, but frequently have two at one birth. As the present number of sheep and lambs is over twenty millions, and must be largely augmented with every year, there seems a probability that Algeria may, with time, supply France with all the wool needed for her manufactures. Goats are found at the northern and southern extremities of

Algeria, in the possession of the poor Kabyle and the nomadic Arab. They are of very fine quality, but here, as elsewhere, they are more injurious than useful in a colonising point of view.

To complete our sketch of the domestic animal kingdom, we will add a few words about the cats and dogs, which in Africa do not hold such a place as amongst ourselves. With the exception of the greyhound, which is the exclusive property of the noble Arabs, the dog, properly so called, forms a single race, and it is the same everywhere. About the size of our shepherd dogs, it is of a dirty white, or sandy colour, with long and tufted hair, and a magnificent tail. As it has to guard the Arab's tent, it converts night into day: and as its duty is to bark, in order to show that people are on the watch, it begins at dusk, and only leaves off at daybreak. If by any accident it feels weary, or bad weather compels it to enter a tent, a shower of blows very soon drives it out again. As each Arab possesses on an average from four to five dogs, and a *douar* is usually composed of eight to ten tents, this makes a concert of forty voices repeating the same chorus the whole night through, sometimes a few paces from you, at others over your head, for, in order to have a good outlook, these faithful guardians mount upon the tents.

There are two remarkable facts in the manners of these nearly ferocious animals; the first is, that in the battles they periodically wage, when one of them draws near an adjacent tent, the conquered dog is murdered by the whole band, and its body serves as a meal for its fellows,

almost before the life is out of it. Aged dogs all undergo the same fate, without their masters interfering in any way. The second fact—and a very curious one it is—is, that in spite of the constant vicinity of two tents, frequently sheltering the members of the same family, the dogs of these two tents remain enemies, and look on the dwellers in the adjoining tent in the same way. It will be seen from this how difficult it must be to approach a douar during the night. Still, in spite of these obstacles, most of the murders and thefts are committed during the darkness.

The social position of the cat, though not equal to that of its European brethren, is still preferable to that of the dog. As it lives with the women, who beat it moderately, its lot is endurable if it takes care to keep out of the way at meals. Sidi Bil Kassim, one of the most revered marabouts, had three cats, which were great favourites, and were, consequently, petted by the most religious Arabs, from the simple fact that they were in the good graces of a saint. As for their appearance, the Algerian cats have such a perfect similarity to ours, that it is easy to see that they came from Europe. Who knows whether they are not lineally descended from Whittington's famous cat?

We will now examine into those animals that live in a state of nature, at the head of which we must certainly place the lion. The natives of Eastern Algeria call it *seid;* those of western, *açad,* or *seba.* According to Dameïni, the African Buffon, the lion has a right to ninety-nine adjectives, or one less than Deity, to qualify

its nobility. The principal are: the valiant, the superb, the terrible, the roaring, the magnificent, the courageous, the powerful, the generous, the devouring. We will pass over the other ninety. This grand seigneur, who regards men of all classes as his vassals, is found in the forests of the east, centre, and west. The lion is rarely met with in Kabylia, because the inhabitants of that country have got few herds, and, besides, there is a large fly which prevents it sleeping. The countries the lion affections are those of Philippeville and Boni, and the circumjacent districts. The number of lions has greatly increased in Algeria since the administration of the forests has been placed on the same footing as in France. This may be easily explained. Before this protective administration, whenever a lion appeared the inhabitants hastened to burn its den, so as to send it further on. This process being continually repeated, the lion was constantly on its travels. The inspectors having stopped this good old custom, the dens are becoming more frequent, while in Tunis and Morocco the Arabs still continue burning the woods. The consequence is, that those douars which are near a forest suffer considerable daily losses.

Contrary to those of its family inhabiting Central Africa and Abyssinia, the lion of the Atlas rarely hunts, save by accident. For instance, if on getting up at nightfall it may notice a boar a short distance off, it will try to catch it. Walking at first with some speed, so soon as it can be heard it imitates the prudent and silent movements of the cat. In spite of its weight—

six hundred pounds—it contrives to hide the sound of its footsteps from the finest ear; even on wooded and stony ground, neither the rustling of its body against the bushes, nor the disturbance of a pebble, will betray its presence. If it arrives at the edge of the forest, and the boar is in the plain, it will take advantage of a shrub, a stone, or a tuft of grass to get within fifteen paces without being seen. On arriving there it crouches, takes its bound, and kills its prey instantaneously with one bite; but if the boar happen to wind the lion, and run off, the latter will not pursue it. What need to take so much trouble, when thousands of oxen and sheep await its pleasure?

M. Gérard has constantly been asked whether the lion is generous or dangerous to man, and he thinks it advisable to answer the question here. Like all animals belonging to the feline race, the lion is indolent and slothful when it is gorged, but alert and indefatigable when starving or excited. In addition to this, it is accustomed to sleep by day and live at night. According to our author's observations, he arrives at the conclusion that a lion meeting a man by day will not pay any attention to him unless itself attacked, for it is not in its normal condition. But if a party of men meet a lion at night, if it be hungry it will follow them, get before them, and try to isolate one if it can. If the lion has fed, it will look at men passing within ten paces without making a move. If an isolated man on foot meet a lion which has not dined, and at a place where cattle is scarce, it is certain that the lion will eat

the man: whence we conclude that in the opinion of the king of animals, the flesh of oxen, camels, sheep, horses, mules, and even donkeys, is preferable to that of our fellows. It is easy enough to see why accidents are rare in a country where lions are so numerous. In the first place, they always inhabit forests near villages, and next, the Arabs are very cautious never to go out alone after sunset. Hence men serve as food to lions principally in those districts where the douars are far apart. The average of these accidents is ten per year in the south-east of the province of Constantine, and of this number flying women comprise one-half. As for the losses the tribes sustain from this noble animal, they amount to about twelve thousand head of cattle a year. M. Gérard observes here, with the true spirit of the lion-hunter, "Apart from these inconveniences, which up to the present day have been regarded as most unimportant, French Africa ought to be proud of its lions, for neither those of Senegal nor of the Cape are comparable to them for their beauty of shape and richness of mane."

It is natural that M. Gérard, who feels an intense interest in the lion, should devote many pages of his new work to that fascinating subject, and we may therefore be pardoned for transferring his remarks to our pages. The description he gives of the lion's mode of life is worthy of quotation.

The plains and valleys situate at the foot of wooded mountains are inhabited at all seasons by a great number of natives possessing enormous flocks. These douars,

composed of ten to thirty tents or families, are erected in the vicinity of water, and form a circle, the centre of which constitutes the cattle-yard. A hedge, six feet high and two yards wide, surrounds the whole. During the summer the lion selects on the mountain a perfectly clean and well-protected ravine, with a stream in its vicinity: in winter, a spot sheltered against the northern winds, and well open to the sun. There the animal sleeps from daybreak to dusk: at the latter hour it rises, and performs its toilet on a neighbouring height, whence its eye can watch the return of the cattle to the douars. When it feels hungry, the lion quits the wood, and taking the first path leading to the plain, approaches the douar. It climbs over the hedge and carries off its dinner to the stream or spring, where the women will find the fragments when they come to draw water in the morning. At times, when accompanied by a lioness, it begs the lady to remain outside the douar; then leaping in, it drives out all the cattle for the greater delectation of its better-half. In that case the lioness kills on her own account, and so does the lion; and then, instead of one victim, there are several. In 1843, M. Gérard saw the carcases of seventeen oxen killed in less than five minutes, and left intact by the lion and lioness, which had carried off the eighteenth to the banks of a stream for supper.

It appears, too, that the lion, pressed by hunger, will rise at an early hour and proceed straight to its observatory, not to lose time in accidental searching. In that case, a horse, a donkey sporting with the dogs near the

huts, a camel feeding its young, or two oxen fastened to a plough—all is good to the hungry animal, and it goes to the nearest. It must not be supposed from the foregoing that the lion, when its meal is over, returns to its lair and goes to sleep. Beyond these plains there are other countries it must visit and know; or it hears the hoarse roaring of a rival. With its head aloft and mane erect, it marches with a proud and confident step along the path made by man, and which it considers made for itself. This is a habit peculiar to the lion of the Atlas; and it was this very contempt of man which induced M. Gérard to select his peculiar method of hunting the lion, which would be impracticable in any other country.

Struck by the heavy losses the natives sustained, M. Gérard proposed a crusade against the lions at the head of forty picked men; but the affair was put off. In the mean while, to keep his hands in, he set out with two practised sportsmen, who took all their gamekeepers with them. During a campaign of fifty days, twenty-five lions and panthers were shot at, and ten bit the dust. Had all the party employed Devisme's explosive bullet, not one of the animals would have escaped.

M. Gérard considers that with forty men, and by going out two hundred nights in the year, it would be very possible to kill one hundred lions every year. This number represents about one-half the leonine population of Algeria. Hence in two or three years the country might be freed from its plague, without reckoning that panthers could be killed during the day. It is true that both lions and panthers come from Morocco and Tunis;

but those that passed the frontier would soon be signalized by the natives, and would soon pay with their lives for the little injury they had been enabled to do; for the interior of the colony once freed from carnivorous animals, sportsmen would establish themselves on the eastern and western frontiers. The fate of M. Gérard's proposition is not decided yet, but, for all that, he continues his sport with his two friends, and has met with great success. Those, then, of our readers who desire a shot at a lion, we recommend to make haste, for M. Gérard is a determined man, with a mission to exterminate lions, and will not rest till he has accomplished his task. It would be better fun to take a trip to Algeria and join Gérard's peaceful band, than let off one's effervescence by helping Garibaldi to put down those mercenaries of whom Sardinia complains with sublime impudence, ignoring the fact that the great chieftain's volunteers are composed of precisely the same materials as the poor fellows captured at Spoleto.

The tiger, elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo are only found in the interior of the country situated beyond the most southern French possessions. Among the carnivora of the second rank Algeria possesses the leopard. There are two sorts, one of which M. Gérard conjectures to be the panther, which is found on the seaboard, while the larger inhabits the great Atlas and its spurs. The leopard is much taller than the panther, but not so stoutly built. Both varieties live in the densest forests, and prefer the vicinity of rocks. The wild boar is their staple food, and veal exceptionally. The leopard and panther rarely

make an attack on the village, but profit by the carelessness of the natives, who send their cattle to pasture under the charge of children. The losses these animals entail on the Arabs are not comparable to those produced by the lion, for the latter animal always insists on fresh meat, while the leopards feed for several days running on the same carcase. M. Gérard tells us that he has frequently found a quarter of veal or boar in the branches of an oak fifteen feet from the ground when following the track of the leopard to the foot of the tree. The character of these animals is crafty, timid, and false. Far from openly facing man and following frequented paths like the lion, they hide in the thickets, and rarely venture into the place even at night. When attacked, they fly at full speed, but if wounded they become furious, and employ the weapons nature has given them very skilfully. We may refer our readers for further details on this subject to a capital little book, "Le Tueur de Panthères," by M. Bombonnel, who is a worthy successor to Gérard in another department of the chase.

After the leopard comes the jackal, a species of bastard, standing between the fox and the wolf, the latter of which it resembles in instincts, shape, and habits. Next to the lion it is the most injurious animal to the colony, for it not only attacks cattle but injures the crops. Jackals are found everywhere in the vicinity of European towns, and they have become so insolent, owing to their security, that they are heard howling at the very gates of the villages. The foxes, while much less numerous, have different habits from those in Europe; instead of

inhabiting the forests, they keep among the rocks that border the places, or in holes in the places themselves. Smaller and redder than our variety, the Algerian fox lives principally on rats and mice. The species found in the north and the centre of the colony is not the same as that in the Sahara. The latter is not larger than a man's fist; it has very long ears and a handsome tail; it is a charming little animal, which might be made a domestic favourite were it not for the unpleasant smell that evacuates from it. The lynx, and several varieties of wild cats, inhabit the valleys of the Greater and Lesser Atlas. Numerous mangoustes may also be met with.

The hyæna, which M. Gérard classifies after all the carnivora, has a nature and habits perfectly differing from what is generally supposed. Its crafty look, its upstanding mane and capacious mouth, have caused it to be regarded as a ferocious and dangerous animal, and the government offer a reward for its destruction. But this is a mistake, according to our author, for, far from being injurious, the hyæna renders great services in a sanitary point of view by devouring the dead animals that during summer lie by hundreds round the douars and the filth thrown out of the town. There is not a more timid and inoffensive animal in creation than the hyæna. The only reproach that can be made it is, that when driven to extremities by hunger, it will pounce on a straying dog, or dig up the dead bodies in the Arab cemeteries. One peculiarity in its habits is, that in those countries where there are lions it only goes out by day or in the moonlight. This custom is justified by the

aversion the king of animals feels for it, for the lion snaps in two every hyæna it comes across, and hurls its body contemptuously out of its path. The hyæna inhabits deep holes, which it forms at the foot of a rock or in the sand; in the hot season it is driven away by the gnats, and retires to the woods. The Arabs capture it alive by throwing a burnous over its head, after which they gag it and drag it off to the douar, where it is stoned by the women and children. So great is the contempt the Arab feels for the hyæna, that he will never use his gun to kill it for fear of dishonouring it. It often happens that on digging out a hole in which one of these animals is hidden, a family of porcupines is found living under the same roof, and in good intelligence with it. The meat is savoury when freed from fat, and the Arabs employ the grease of the paws for breast diseases: curiously enough, they apply it indifferently to their wives and their cows! When the porcupine is met by the dogs in the woods they chase it eagerly, but as the animal is not adapted for running, it soon stops, and then the dogs may look out for squalls. M. Gérard tells us that he has often seen quills buried in objects to the depth of three inches, and if the point break off in the wound it is incurable. The panther kills the porcupine by watching it emerge from its hole and giving it a blow on the head, which is not protected by spines.

The wild boar is found in every part of Algeria: there are two varieties, those of the marsh and those of the woods, the latter being the larger and more savage. The forests of La Calle and Beni-Salah also contain deer much

resembling those found in Europe, excepting that the colour of the skin is brighter. In some parts they are chased with greyhounds, but, as a general rule, are stalked. Antelopes, too, are met with in great numbers: they are remarkably nomadic, and cover immense distances, according to the seasons. In the winter they retire to the Sahara. The Arabs chase the antelope on horseback with or without dogs; they only kill does and fawns in the first year. The wild sheep is only rarely met with on the southern slope of the great Atlas, and is very difficult to kill, owing to its suspicious nature. The gazelle is found in the mountains of Central Algeria and in the southern plains. Its greatest enemy, strange to say, is the jackal, which employs stratagem, as it could not hope to catch the antelope by fair running. The rascal lies down by the drinking places with its feet in the air, and pretends to be dead. Owing to their curiosity the antelopes come up to see what this strange-looking object is, and gradually collect, when the jackal flies at the throat of the fattest, and enjoys a hearty meal. The African hare is about half the size of ours; it is found everywhere, but is most abundant in spots remote from colonisation. The Arabs capture it with greyhounds and falcons. The latter is a curious sight for the European, for when the poor animal sees the bird hovering over it, it loses its senses, and runs between the horse's legs.

The feathered races of Africa do not at all differ from those found in Europe, excepting that they are richer in birds of prey, poorer in game. Thus the pheasant, partridge, and grouse are unknown there; but, in compen-

sation, the aquatic birds of the north hybernate by millions, as well as bécassines, bustards, and cranes. The quail and red-legged partridge are also found in large numbers. The stork forms its nest on the roofs of houses, and feeds its young on reptiles. As for birds of prey, they are innumerable, and every variety is represented. It is a curious sight to see a rock frequented by these aërial carnivora at the moment when the young are taught to fly. Each variety has its story, like lodgers in a house, and the greatest harmony constantly prevails among them, which is not always the case among men. The vulture and the hyæna are the two great scavengers of Algeria.

We have dwelt thus fully on the natural history of Algeria because it appears to be a country eminently adapted for the sportsman desirous of new sensations. We will, however, devote the remainder of our chapter to the future prospects of the colony, being compelled to pass over much other valuable matter, for which we refer the reader to the work itself.

According to M. Gérard's calculations, Algeria can offer colonists, after allowing an ample margin for the wants of the natives, six million hectares, or fifteen million acres of unwooded soil for cultivation. To this may be added other ten millions of scrubby land and desert, which might be easily rendered available for cultivation. Allowing ten hectares to every family of five persons, Algeria could receive a population of nine million Europeans without in any way injuring the natives. It is certain that if France understood her mission, she might convert Algeria into

one large farm, supplying all those articles to obtain which she now annually pays foreigners nearly twenty-three millions of pounds. No country is more favourable for the production of silk than Algeria, for the mulberry-trees grow to an enormous size, and the attempts already made to introduce the silkworm have proved entirely successful. The cultivation of cotton, which occupied fifty hectares in 1852, now exceeds 3000 hectares, and proves most profitable. Tobacco has undergone the same progression: in 1852 the planters only produced 300,000 kilogrammes; in 1857 they supplied 4,000,000 kilogrammes, with an average profit of from 800 francs to 1000 francs from each hectare. Hemp and flax grow excellently wherever it is possible to irrigate the soil: oils of good quality have already made their appearance at the French markets, and entire forests of wild olive-trees still await the hand that is to crop them. Mocha coffee and the sugar-cane succeed in the oases. Sorgho, another cane which produces a different spirit, is cultivated successfully in the north of the provinces, as well as hops. Green tea grows naturally in the mountains of the eastern provinces, where the inhabitants have employed it since the most remote period. Lastly, the cultivation of the grape and fruit-trees has succeeded wherever it has been tried. From all these facts it may fairly be assumed that Algeria might become the garden of Europe; let us try and find out what has prevented that consummation. The earliest attempt at colonisation was in 1832, when two small villages were formed near Algiers, and in 1858 there were two hundred "centres

of population," many of which were only half populated. In the same year the total European agricultural population amounted to seventy thousand souls. But even these are not all husbandmen: many are men removed from France from political reasons, while only a very few of those really competent to till the soil possessed the requisite capital. Such has been the result of the official colonisation as organised at the expense of the state; in a word, it has been a dead failure, for no capitalist has been induced to invest his money in Algeria, and capital is the great thing needed at present to put matters in working order.

An effort is, however, about to be made by the French government; a network of railways is to be drawn over the country, and the emperor has visited Algeria to see with his own eyes where the mistake is. We fear, however, that the French will never succeed, for they are peculiarly ill adapted for colonization. Still, it would be a glorious thing for them if they would turn their attention to solid commerce, for it would be a guarantee to Europe that they have given up their old dreams of conquest, and have inaugurated that era of peace for which all nations so ardently long.

We apprehend, however, that many years must elapse ere Algeria become profitable to the French government. It is occupied by a permanent force of sixty-five thousand men, and yet we constantly here of raids. The turbulent races will not endure foreign domination without an effort, and another Abd-el-Kader may yet spring up. We can hardly believe that the natives are solely

to blame in this matter. During the thirty years Frenchmen have occupied Algeria it has been one long contest; and we cannot but imagine that there is some inherent defect in the French system of managing a conquered country. Of course, M. Gérard ascribes the commotions entirely to Morocco, and insists that there is no prospect of permanent peace until that country is also held by the French; but that is going a little too far. We, for our part, put more faith in railways than in bayonets; and if the emperor were to pay greater attention to the material prosperity of the country than to hunting down the luckless Kabyles, Algeria might be rendered tranquil. But when we find a sensible man like Gérard shouting for more bayonets, and wishing to see that system borrowed from the old Romans by which soldiers first conquered a country and then civilised it, we shake our heads and fancy that France prefers that Algeria should remain in its present unhealthy position, in order that she may have a crop of bloody laurels ever ready to hand.

CHAPTER IV.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

In a previous chapter it was our painful duty to make some rather sharp remarks with reference to Madame George Sand's novel, "Elle et Lui," because we thought that she had stepped beyond the courtesy which authors should show to each other. Nor were we singular in our animadversions; the French press generally reprobated the growing evil of converting private grievances into printer's "copy," and we are glad to find that Madame Sand has accepted the warning in a proper spirit. Her latest novel, "L'Homme de Neige," is an attempt to imitate the thrilling romances of Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school; and, better still, the morality has been preserved. There is not a situation in these two volumes which might not be read by everybody; and they therefore offer an opportunity, rarely found, for studying the peculiar graces of Madame Sand's style.

The scene is laid in Sweden in the middle of the last century, and we are introduced to an old castle, which bears the reputation of being haunted, but in which a certain Christian Waldo and his servant, performers of marionettes, had been obliged to take shelter. They had been summoned to perform at the new castle belonging

to Baron Olaüs von Waldemora, but owing to the château being crowded with guests, they were compelled to pass the night in the haunted castle. On arriving there, however, they knocked in vain for the bailiff to open to them; he was very deaf, and nothing would have induced his son Ulph to go out in the dark, for fear of meeting ghosts. Hence the two strangers climbed the outer wall and entered the grand hall, where they found a fire already laid, but nothing to eat. Under these circumstances, Christian ordered his servant to go back to the other castle to obtain provisions, while he remained alone. While walking about the hall he noticed a door opening into a narrow passage, and, in a spirit of adventure, proceeded on a tour of discovery.

While thus engaged, another visitor made his appearance at the castle, in the shape of Herr Goëfle, an eminent solicitor, who had been summoned by the baron on urgent private affairs, and, not caring for festivities, had decided on passing the night at the old château, which he had often visited before. He, too, entered the hall with his servant, a little foot-page of ten, where he awaited the arrival of supper, while unpacking his clothes for the purpose of proceeding to the château, and paying his respects to the baron. The boy, though, was worn out with fatigue, and the good old gentleman conveyed him to the bedroom, where he put him to rest. But the boy could not bear to be left alone—he had heard so much of the ghosts—and so the lawyer kindly sat down by the fireside, waiting for him to sleep. In the mean while he drew some law papers from his pocket, and was soon so engaged with them that he forgot all else.

During this time Christian had returned to the hall, and was not sorry to find the lawyer's fur cloak and cap lying on a chair, for the fire had burned low. He had found on his tour the way to the pantry, and was just going to fall-to on the smoked salmon and reindeer tongue, when the sound of a sledge driving into the court-yard disturbed him. Before long a lovely young girl entered the hall, and addressed him as Herr Goëfle. He was too fond of an adventure to undeceive her, and, therefore, listened patiently to her story. Her aunt insisted on marrying her to the Baron Olaüs, and she had a repulsion from a man who, justly or unjustly, was regarded as the assassin of his brother and his family, who had all died suddenly and mysteriously. Christian promised faithfully to do all in his power to dissuade the baron, and the young lady returned to the hall somewhat comforted. With Christian, however, it was a decided case of love at first sight; he longed to join the fair creature, but how could he, a travelling mountebank, dare to venture among the haughty company, for whose amusement he had been summoned? While revolving these things, his eye fell on the lawyer's dress suit, hung across the back of a chair, and his resolve was promptly formed. He dressed himself rapidly, went to the stable, put-to the lawyer's horse, and hastened to the new château on the wings of love. But, here, a new difficulty beset him; he had no card of invitation, and without that he could not enter. Mechanically thrusting his hand in his pocket, he found the card belonging to the lawyer, which he handed to the major-domo with consummate impu-

dence, announcing himself as the nephew of Herr Goëfle, educated in foreign parts, and only just returned to Sweden.

The handsome young stranger excited quite a sensation among the primitive nobility, and he very skilfully worked himself into the good graces of the party, not excepting Marguerite's aunt, the Countess Elfrida. In fact, he soon so won on that lady that she made him the *confidante* of her schemes, and urged him to induce her niece to accept the brilliant offers made to her by the baron. We need not say how gladly he accepted the part offered him, and before long Marguerite and himself were on the most friendly terms. The young lady had alleged the excuse of a sprained ankle, to escape dancing with the baron; but she regretted it too late, when she noticed the charming cavalier who now offered her his arm. At length, the temptation was too great; a party of young people stepped away to a gallery whence the music could be distinctly heard, and were in the full swing of enjoyment, when they were caught in the act by the baron and the aunt. The baron again invited her to dance with him, and she could only stammer that she was already engaged. The baron looked black, and pressed to know who had thwarted him, when Christian sprang forward and confronted him. The baron gazed on him, uttered hoarsely, "It is he!" and fell back in a fit.

The confusion was great; Christian's new friends told him that he would have a merciless enemy in the baron, and urged him to fly at once. At first the young man derided all such hints, but on being told of the un-

limited powers Swedish seigneurs exercised in those days, and of the dungeons the castle contained, he thought it advisable to return to the old castle without beat of drum. He trusted to his incognito to preserve his secret, and besides, in performing, he always wore a mask. Worn out by excitement and fatigue, he dropped asleep very quietly in the great hall, where he was found the next morning by the worthy lawyer, who was much surprised at this unexpected company. But his surprise yielded to his annoyance when he noticed how coolly the stranger had appropriated his own dress suit, and he woke him up very unceremoniously. The worthy lawyer's wrath was, however, soon disarmed by the handsome apologies Christian offered him, and they became such excellent friends that the young man proceeded to tell him his life-history, as is usually the case in novels.

His earliest reminiscences were connected with Italy, where he was known by the name of Christiano del Lago. Some person, whether of high or low birth unknown, found it necessary to get rid of her child, legitimate or not, and for that purpose had let it down by means of a basket and rope into a boat. Thence, the infant was transferred to another country, equally unknown, and afterwards to Italy, where Christian's narrative assumed a tangible form. A mysterious stranger, poorly attired, brought the lad to the house of a Professor Goffredi, at Perugia, who adopted him as his own child. The only thing apparently attaching him to the outer world was a visit annually received by the family from a Jew in the town, who interested himself in the boy's

welfare. When the professor died Christian was turned out loose on the world, and proceeded to Naples, where he obtained an appointment as tutor to the nephew of a cardinal. Having had the misfortune, however, to kill a young nobleman, Christian was compelled to fly the country, and evaded the researches of the police by joining a performer with the marionettes. But his mission was botany and geology, and thus, after arriving safely in Paris, he formed the acquaintance of all the eminent savans, and, under their auspices, proceeded on a walking tour through Europe, to collect specimens. While in Bohèmia he was attacked by a band of brigands, headed by his ex-companion and showman, Guido Massarelli, and left for dead. On his recovery, he was only too glad to find his puppet-show once more under the charge of a certain Puffo, and with him he continued his botanical journey, giving performances to cover his expenses. In this way he at length reached Sweden, and the success he obtained at Stockholm induced the Baron Olaüs to summon him to his castle. This recital was hardly ended, ere the lawyer received a call to the château, where the baron was expecting him, and there he made confusion worse confounded by denying that he had any nephew.

In the mean while, Christian was preparing his puppets for the evening's entertainments, but was interrupted by the entrance of the deaf old bailiff, Stenson, who was much surprised at finding that the castle had been invaded by strangers without his cognisance. But his surprise yielded to a feeling of horror when Christian suddenly

stood before him, and he fled, uttering cries of mad alarm. The young man was much amazed that his appearance had twice produced such a sensation, but soon forgot it in his preparations. But he was in a very disagreeable dilemma: his servant Puffo had drunk so deeply with Ulph during the day, that he was quite incapable, and Christian must have an accomplice. Under these circumstances he induced Herr Goëffle to offer his valuable assistance, and they extemporised *à loisir* a new piece, depicting Christian's early life, and aided the effect by a drawing of the Castle of Stolborg, where they were then staying. While thus engaged, the lawyer found time to tell his new friend the suspicions attaching to the character of the nobleman before whom he was about to perform.

The Baron Magnus von Waldemora, better known as the Great Jarl, had two sons, the elder, Adelstan, quick, impetuous, and ardent; the younger, Olaüs, at this time known as the "Man of Snow," gentle, caressing, and studious. Adelstan had travelled through Europe, and brought home with him as wife Hilda von Blixen, of a poor but noble Danish family. At first, his father was angry at the match, but at length grew reconciled, though it was whispered that Olaüs had tried to fan the flame of dissension. The old man, however, died soon after, and Adelstan inherited his magnificent estates. The other brother proceeded to Stockholm, and Adelstan then fetched his wife, with her son, then a few months old, to the castle of Waldemora. Here they lived very happily for three years, until the baron was forced by business to

visit the capital. On his return home he was assassinated in the forests of Dalecarlia, and it was alleged that some poachers, whom he had treated severely, thus revenged themselves. Olaüs immediately came to console his sister-in-law, but on the night after his departure the young baron was seized with convulsions, and died. The baroness, maddened by her double loss, accused the Baron Olaüs of being the cause of them, and this accusation seemed so far-fetched, that she was pronounced to be mad from grief. However, she took a desperate step, summoned all the officials of the canton, and declared herself *enceinte*. Olaüs, thus deprived of his inheritance, did not utter a word of reproach; on the contrary, he proceeded to Stockholm, where he intended to await the auspicious event. Before long, however, he went to the court of Catherine II., and thus obtained the name of the "Man of Snow," because he had then iced his heart against all generous impulses. At this time, however, a report was spread of his death, as it was assumed, to tranquillise the Baroness Hilda, and prevent her proceeding to Stockholm *pour faire ses couches*. She fell into the snare, and just at the period of her supposed confinement, Olaüs made his appearance again in the neighbourhood. In her terror, the baroness retired to the old castle. From this point the story was never thoroughly cleared up: one thing, however, appeared certain, that the baroness had feigned her *grossesse*, for on her death-bed, three months later, she signed a confession that, in her hatred for her brother-in-law, she had intended to foist a supposititious child upon him. This confession was

publicly made known, and the Baron Olaüs succeeded to the estates without a suspicion being breathed against him.

The conversation which ensued between the two, and the remembrance of an apparition the lawyer fancied he had seen the night before, bearing a striking resemblance to the Baroness Hilda, suggested to him that he should cross-examine the old bailiff Stenson on certain points of the story, explanation of which only he could give. For this purpose he proceeded to the other side of the castle, and was much surprised to hear a stranger shouting menaces to Stenson that he would reveal a secret unless he came to terms with him. Stranger still, the conversation was carried on in Italian, which Stenson spoke slowly, but sufficiently well to be understood. As the visitor, however, could make no impression on the bailiff, he left him with a scowl, and the lawyer entered to try his fortune. But his efforts to pierce the mystery, were there one, failed. All the old man could do was to hand him a sealed box, which he made him swear not to open before his death.

On returning to Christian, the two friends put on their masks and went off to the new château, where the performance was to take place. While awaiting the moment for commencing, Christian fell back in a chair and slumbered. Suddenly he felt the string of his mask cut: he jumped up, and saw before him his old friend and would-be assassin, Guido Massarelli. A violent scene took place between them, in which Guido in vain tried to persuade Christian to accept his good services,

for he could aid him. But the young man repulsed him with scorn, and he left the room, vowing revenge. Shortly after, the play commenced, which was to try the conscience of the baron. Luckily or unluckily, the lawyer was so full of the thoughts the day's conversation had aroused, that, instead of calling the wicked uncle Don Sanchez, as had been agreed on, he said twice or thrice Monsieur le Baron. When the culminating point came, and the child was let down from a window in the castle of Stolborg (as presented on the stage), there was a disturbance in the hall: the "Man of Snow" was attacked by another fit, and had to be removed. We fancy we remember something like this in "Hamlet;" but never mind.

After the performance was over, Johann, the baron's major-domo, who had received his orders, and strongly suspected that the mysterious guest at the last night's ball was no other than the fantoccini man, made several efforts to see his face, and Christian consented at last. In the obscurity he lifted his mask, and Johann saw a masterpiece of ugliness—a very libel on the human face divine. The major-domo's suspicions were partly removed, and he began cross-examining Christian about the lawyer's pretended nephew, but, of course, got nothing out of him. Johann then proceeded to report to the baron, who had been cross-examining Guido in his turn, to draw from him the secret he offered for sale. After a long conversation, Guido was seized unexpectedly and cast into a dungeon, and having thus secured one of his enemies, the baron and his accomplice proceeded to

plot how they should entrap the others. These were the mountebank, the lawyer, who was evidently playing false, and Stenson, the bailiff, who knew too much.

The remainder of the evening was to be devoted to a masquerade and sledge expedition on the ice, and Christian and Goëfle determined to join it in disguise. The lawyer stated that there were plenty of dresses still preserved at the old castle, and they had only to pick and choose. Among others they found a grey silk dress, and in the pocket was a note, which the lawyer proceeded to read, in spite of Christian's remonstrances, who thought it a sacrilege. It certainly afforded grounds for thought: it had been written by the Baron Adelstan to his wife a few days prior to his assassination, and contained a distinct allusion to her approaching confinement. The lawyer carefully deposited the note among his other papers, and they then proceeded to the sledge procession.

The scene was magnificent: the snow-clad mountains were lighted up by huge fires, while the flashing of the countless torches on the gay dresses produced a dazzling effect. The lawyer entered for the sledge-race, while Christian remained behind seeking for his beloved Marguerite. He soon found her, and boldly avowed his real condition during the course of conversation, and caused her deep pain, for her young dream of love was rudely dissipated by the confession. A marriage with a nephew of an eminent lawyer was not quite impossible, but with a mountebank never. Christian, consequently, gained very little by his interview, and proceeded to join Herr

Goëfle, who, in turn, had been mistaken for him. After a ludicrous scene, they joined several officers, who had formed Christian's acquaintance at the ball, and to them he also confided his secret. They admired him for his boldness, and while warning him to be on his guard against the baron, promised to help him by all the means in their power. In the mean while, he was invited to join a boar-hunt in the Dalecarlian forests the next morning.

As was agreed on, the shooting party proceeded the next day into the forests, and to the house of a peasant on the Norwegian frontier, who had tracked a bear to its lair. Twenty miles were covered in a short time by the major's rapid ponies, and they pulled up at the door of the cabin, where breakfast had been prepared for them by the hospitable peasant. Here, to his surprise, Christian found that he comprehended several words of the Dalecarlian language, though he had never heard them before.* But his attention was soon attracted by a peculiar form of incantation held over him by the peasant's sister, who was generally regarded as a witch, in order to preserve him from the claws of the bear. Then he was equipped in the proper sporting garb, and they set out for the valley where the bear was enjoying its winter sleep. Did not our limits warn us, we should have pleasure in quoting the vigorous description our author gives of the hunting scene, and how Christian saves the peasant's life by killing two bears; but we must hasten to the catastrophe.

* This scene bears a suspicious resemblance to a similar one in "Guy Mannering."

Johann, while the baron was out hunting, had applied a gentle pressure to Guido, and soon drew from him his secret. He gave up a packet of letters, written by Stenson to the Jew Manassé, about the child that had been entrusted to the Perugian professor, and which he had obtained by murdering the Jew. He also affirmed that he recognised the mountebank as the young man he had known in Italy. Armed with these proofs, the major-domo sent off to the baron, and arranged measures by which to entrap the rightful heir. But as the baron hastened back, his sledge came into collision with that driven by Christian, and was upset. The first thing the baron gazed upon was the face that had so terrified him on the previous evening; he suffered a relapse, and was borne to the castle in a dying state, while Christian proceeded to join his friend, the lawyer. While they were consulting together, they were surprised by a visit from Marguerite and a young officer, who had overheard Johann arranging a plot with Puffo, by which a gold drinking-cup should be concealed in Christian's luggage, and afford excuse for his arrest. At the same time a band of ruffians was hurried off to arrest Stenson, and lay wait for the young man.

We need not describe all the ensuing scenes, or how virtue is at length triumphant. The peasant's sister, who had been waiting-woman to the baroness, revealed the scheme by which the child's life had been saved, and Stenson's papers supplied the gap. There was no moral doubt that Christian was heir to the barony, but his new-found relations were loth to give up the prize; and in

those days the Swedish aristocracy were omnipotent. The king decided against Christian, and the young man, declining to accept Goëfle's offer to make him his heir, joined the old Dalecarlian peasant, and hunted with him up to the confines of the Arctic Ocean. Growing weary of this, however, he decided on turning miner, and performed prodigies of virtue among his turbulent comrades. Here he was accidentally discovered by Marguerite and a party of friends, who were paying a visit to the mines, and learned from them that the lawyer was awaiting him at Waldemora. But even then he had a narrow escape; Johann had been suborned to kill him, and tried to hurl him out of the bucket. He was unsuccessful, and the miners soon took Jedburgh law on the assassin, by hurling him down the shaft. Of course, in the end, Christian's claim was recognised, and he married Marguerite. Wishing them all felicity, we will leave them here.

We have, of course, been able to give only the skeleton of this interesting story, but we hope we have proved that it deserves perusal. In the present practical age it is a very difficult task to write a romance of the good old school which will not fatigue the patience of the reader, but this is really a story not a page of which can be skipped. The interest is so capitally involved, and the sympathy with the hero is so artistically aroused, that, though the practised novel reader can easily foresee the catastrophe, this does not disgust him; on the contrary, he feels curious for the surprises which he is conscious are in store for him. But, even if the readers of "L'Homme de Neige" do not go so far as ourselves in admiring the

constructive ability of the writer, they must agree with us in awarding her high praise for her descriptive powers. The scenes in Italy are written with all her old sleight of hand, and she has attacked the icy North with such vigour, that you feel a strange desire personally to visit a country over which the consummate artist throws such a poetical and yet natural charm. We had marked several illustrative passages for extract, but the necessity we felt of keeping up a continuous narrative rendered us unable to introduce them. Altogether, the story of "L'Homme de Neige" has a pleasant smack of the best parts of "Consuelo," without any of that dubious morality which disfigured what was in other respects a masterpiece. That Madame George Sand may continue on her new path, and give up that wearisome heart-dissection, which has ended by estranging her most ardent admirers, is our most fervent aspiration. At any rate, so successful a commencement promises even better things for the future.

CHAPTER V.

GLIMPSES OF HAREM LIFE.

MADAME LA PRINCESS BELGIOJOSO is certainly a very bold lady; not from the mere fact that during the Russian war she wandered about, an unprotected female, through Asia Minor and Syria, winning the hearts of impracticable Arab sheiks, *à la* Lady Hester Stanhope, but because, in the books she has put forth of her wanderings,* she has made a deliberate attempt to destroy that halo of romance which we have all striven to keep up about the fabled East. In our hearts, any of us who have visited Turkey and seen with our own eyes the present state of the domestic institutions, perfectly agreed in the opinion the lady has formed, but we had not the courage to express it. After all, there is something peculiarly fascinating in the idea of dark-eyed houris, and all the sensual charms the Muhammadan paradise contains, of which the foretaste the true believers enjoy here is but of the earth, earthy; but even the last lingering trace of this sentiment Madame la Princesse sets strenuously about effacing. Just as with Peter Bell,

> The primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more;

* Asie Mineure et Syrie: Souvenirs de Voyage. Par Madame la Princesse de Belgiojoso. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1858.

so the princess persists in regarding henna as a dye, and rouge and blanc as the foundation of Turkish beauty. She even goes further: she strips off every external attribute which would distinguish the feminine sex, and bids us regard woman in Turkey as a mere toy for man, a being peculiarly adapted to please his fancy, but perfectly unable to play the more elevated part of a wife. But why should we delay with our own prosy remarks, when we have so much piquant matter in store for our readers, from which they can form their own opinion without reference to ours? We propose, then, to treat more especially with those parts of the lady's book which refer to harem life; not that the rest is not equally amusing, but because it is not so novel. In fact, who could write anything new about Asia Minor and Syria, as regards the scenery and country?

The princess had been residing for some time in the valley of the Ciaq-maq-Oglou (Son of the Flint-stone) at some days' distance from the important town of Angora, when, apparently, a great lady's fantasy assailed her, and urged her to travel to Jerusalem. She set out, in consequence, accompanied by a numerous escort, and the first day's journey terminated at the town of Tcherkess, where the lady descended at the house of a mufti, whom she had cured some months previously of intermittent fever. (It seems that she has been playing the Lady Bountiful on a considerable scale.) Here, of course, she was received with open arms, and takes occasion to speak very sensibly about Turkish hospitality, on which subject considerable delusions still exist. As she truly

observes, those authors who have praised the hospitality accorded them in Turcoman villages are perfectly wrong, for in those villages the worst reception is offered you. But with a Turk hospitality is the sole Christian virtue he thinks himself bound to exercise. A Mussulman would be inconsolable were he to fail in the laws of hospitality. You may turn him out of his house, leave him to kick his heels in the rain or sun; you may upset his carpets and pillows, eat him out of house and home, founder his horses, if you will, and he will not utter a word of reproach; he regards you as his muẓafir, or guest; Allah has sent you, and whatever you may do, you are and ever will be welcome. All this is admirable: but if a Mussulman can contrive to perform the strict letter of the law of hospitality without the outlay of a farthing, or even by gaining money in return, then good-by to virtue, and long live hypocrisy! Your host will overwhelm you with attention as long as you are in his house; but if, on your departure, you do not pay him twentyfold the worth of what he has given you, he will wait till you have quitted the house and put off the sacred character of guest, and be the first to throw stones at you.

The mufti's house, like all the better class residences in this country, was composed of a *corps de logis*, reserved for the women and children, and an exterior pavilion containing a winter and summer room, and some sleeping dens for the servants. The winter room was warmed by a capital chimney, covered with thick carpets, and decently furnished with divans, covered with silk and

woollen stuffs, arranged around the apartment. The summer saloon contained a fountain, round which cushions and divans were arranged, when necessary, on which to sit or sleep. The mufti, a man of ninety years of age, still in possession of several wives, the eldest of them thirty years of age, and children from the nurses' arms up to the sexagenarian, professed an extreme dislike for the noise, confusion, and dirt of the harem. He went there during the day, just as he visited the stable to admire his horses; but he always slept in one of the outer rooms according to the season. This was fortunate for the princess, for the old gentleman argued, *à fortiori*, that if he who had been used to it all his life could not stand the harem, much less could a lady fresh from all the delights of Franghistan. He therefore offered her his own room, which she gladly accepted, while he retired to the summer saloon, preferring the frozen fountain, the damp floor, and the draughts of air, to the warm but impure atmosphere of the harem.

"Possibly I may destroy some illusions by speaking with so little respect of the harems. We have read descriptions in the Arabian Nights and other Oriental stories: we have been told that these places are the abode of beauty and love: we are authorised in believing that the descriptions written, though exaggerated and embellished, have still a foundation of truth, and that in these mysterious retreats all the marvels of art, luxury, magnificence, and voluptuousness are combined. How far we are from the truth! Imagine walls blackened and cracked,

ceilings with the beams gaping and covered with dust and spiders' webs, sofas torn and greasy, *portières* in tatters, traces of tallow and oil everywhere. When I entered for the first time one of these charming places I was disgusted, but the mistresses of the house did not perceive it. Mirrors being very scarce in these countries, the ladies bedizen themselves in the strangest possible guise. They thrust a number of bejewelled pins into printed cotton handkerchiefs and then roll them round their heads. They pay not the slightest attention to their hair, and only the very great ladies who have visited the capital possess combs. As for the many-coloured paints, of which they make an immoderate use, they can only regulate their distribution by mutual assistance, and as the women living in the same house are so many rivals, the great object is to render them ridiculous. They put vermilion on their lips, rouge on their cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, white wherever there is a vacancy, and blue round their eyes and under their nose. Stranger still is the manner in which they paint their eyebrows. They are doubtlessly told that, to be beautiful, the eyebrow should form a large arch, and they have thence concluded that the larger the arch the more beautiful is the eyebrow, without inquiring whether its position is not irrevocably fixed by nature. This being the case, they allow their eyebrows all the space between the temples, and paint on their foreheads two immense arches, which, starting from the top of the nose, run across the forehead. Some young eccentric beauties prefer a straight line to a curve, and trace a broad black band across the forehead; but these are exceptions."

A deplorable effect is produced by this painting, combined with the indolence and want of cleanliness among Eastern women. Each feminine face is a very complicated work of art, which cannot be renewed every morning. Even the hands and feet, painted of an orange colour, fear the action of water, as injurious to their beauty. The multitude of children and servants, especially negresses, who people the harems, and the footing of equality on which mistresses and servants live, are also aggravating causes of the general want of cleanliness. We do not refer to the children alone as predisposing causes of dirt; but just imagine for a moment what would be the state of our drawing-rooms if our cooks and kitchen-maids came to rest from their labours on our sofas and easy-chairs, with their feet on our carpets and their backs against our walls. Add to this that window-panes are still a rarity in Asia, that the majority of windows are closed with oiled paper, and that wherever paper is valuable the windows are done away with, and the ladies content themselves with the light penetrating through the chimney, which is more than sufficient to smoke, drink coffee, and whip naughty children—the only occupation in which the mortal houris of Mussulman believers ever indulge. It must not be assumed, however, that these rooms are so very gloomy. As the houses are never more than one story high, the chimneys never extend beyond the roof, and, being very wide, it is often possible, by bending, to see the sky above them. The thing most wanting in these rooms is fresh air; but the ladies make no complaints about it. Naturally chilly, and unable to warm themselves by exercise, they stay for

hours crouching over the fire, quite regardless of the risk they run of suffocation.

The Mufti of Tcherkess, according to the princess, was an admirable specimen of a Mussulman. He did not appear more than sixty years of age; his back was slightly bent, but that was rather the result of condescension than of weakness, and he wore with as much grace as nobility the long white robe and red pelisse of the doctors of the law. His regular features, his clear and transparent skin, his blue and limpid eye, his long white and flowing beard falling to his chest, his broad brow surmounted by a white or green turban, would serve admirably for a model of Jacob or Abraham. The house was at all times surrounded by devotees of every age and condition, who came to kiss the hem of the holy man's garment, asking his advice, his prayers, or his alms, and who all went away satisfied, and singing the praises of their benefactor. When surrounded by his younger children, who climbed on his knees, hid their ruddy faces in his long beard, and fell asleep in his arms, it was a charming sight to witness him smile on them tenderly, listen to their little complaints, exhort them to study, and go through the alphabet with them. The princess was lost in admiration of this just man, and said to herself, "Happy the people that still possesses such men, and can appreciate them!" A conversation she had with the mufti rapidly disillusioned her, however, and we purpose to produce it *in extenso*, as a proof of the just stand-point from which the princess regards Eastern habits and morals:—

"The old man was seated, holding a young child on either knee. I asked him if he had several wives. He

replied, 'I have only two at present,' as if ashamed to be so badly provided; then he added, 'You will see them to-morrow, and will not be satisfied with them (here he made a movement of disdain); they are old women who have been beautiful, but it was a long time ago.'

"'What age are they?' I asked.

"'I cannot tell you exactly; but they are not far short of thirty.'

"'Oh yes!' here exclaimed one of the mufti's servants. 'His excellency is not the man to content himself with such females, and he will soon fill up the gaps which death has made in his harem. If you had come a year ago you would have seen a woman suited for his excellency, but she being dead, he will find others, you need not fear.'

"'But,' I asked again, 'as his excellency is no longer young, and has had, as it seems, several young wives, and only regards them as such to the age of thirty, I calculate that during the course of his long life he must have received a very considerable number into his harem.'

"'Probably,' said the holy man, without any emotion.

"'And your excellency has, doubtless, many children?'

"The patriarch and his servant looked at each other and burst into a loud laugh.

"'Many children' replied the master, when the fit of mirth had passed off, 'I really believe I have; but I could not tell you the number. Say, Hassan,' he added, addressing his servant, 'could you tell me how many children I have, or where they are?'

"'Indeed not. His excellency has them in all the provinces of the empire, and in all the districts of each province; but that is all I know, and I would bet that my master is not wiser than I am on that point.'

"'And how should I be?' said the old gentleman.

"I insisted, for my patriarch was losing my esteem rapidly, and I wished to open his whole heart. 'These children,' I continued, 'how are they brought up? who takes care of them? at what age are they separated from their father? where are they sent? what profession do they follow? what are their means of existence? and by what sign can you recognise them?'

"'Oh! I may be mistaken, like any one else; but that is of slight importance. They are all brought up by me, as you see. I am educating these two, until the age when they can take care of themselves. The girls are married, or betrothed, as soon as they have reached their tenth or twelfth year, and I never hear any more about them. The boys are not so precocious, they cannot walk alone until they are fourteen; but then I give them a letter of recommendation to some friend in business; he employs them himself or finds them a place, and, after that, I wash my hands of them.'

"'And you do not see them again?' I went on.

"'How do I know? I receive very often visits from people who call themselves my sons, and who may be so. I give them a kind greeting, and keep them for some days without asking any questions; but, at the end of that time, they see there is no room for them here, and nothing for them to do. Their mothers being dead,

they are strangers to me. Thus they go away, and never come back any more. Others arrive in their place, and behave in the same way. Nothing could be better.'

"I was not yet satisfied. 'But,' I went on, 'are these pretty children you are now caressing destined to undergo the same treatment?'

"'Certainly.'

"'You will separate from them when they are ten or fourteen years of age? You will not be anxious as to what becomes of them? You will never see them again, perhaps? And if they do come back you will treat them as strangers, and see them go away for ever without giving them one of those kisses of which you are so prodigal to-day? What will become of you presently in your desolate house, when the voice of your children no longer resounds through it?'

"I was beginning to grow animated, and my friend did not understand me. The servant, however, seizing the sense of my last words, hastened to reassure me as to the future isolation of his revered master.

"'Oh no,' he said, 'when these children are grown up his excellency will have others quite small. You may safely trust to him in that matter: he will not allow any failure.'

"Hereupon master and servant burst out laughing once more."

The old man had, however, remarked that the effect produced on his guest by this conversation was not to his advantage, and he was anxious to retain her esteem. Hence he commenced a long discourse about the incon-

veniences of too large a family, and the impossibility of rearing and bringing up thoroughly all the children born, especially during a life so long as his. The tone of this apology was perfectly serious, but the argument was so odious and absurd that the princess was repeatedly on the point of interrupting him. At any rate, she sang her mental palinode as thus: "Unhappy the people among whom such men are honoured as models of virtue!" The next day the princess received a visit from the principal spouse of the patriarch. She was a handsome virago, frightfully bedaubed with red and black; as for white, it was certainly there, but could not be detected. The princess returned the visit, and found the hostess surrounded by all the ladies of the town, who paid assiduous court to her, which she accepted graciously, as due to her position. Thus terminated their acquaintance, and the princess soon after set off on her travels once more.

At Cæsarea, the princess accepted the hospitality of a rich Armenian merchant, father of a numerous family. His eldest daughter, already a wife and mother, had come to reside with her parents during the absence of her husband on business matters. Several relations established in the province had assembled round the rich merchant to enjoy the last days of the carnival and the consequent pleasures. The three or four rooms that compose a house in this part of the world were crammed with women, girls, and children, dressed as if for a ball, from morning till night, and from night till morning, for no one in the East dreams of undressing to go to

bed. This is not so inconvenient for the rich, who can change their attire during the course of the day, but the effects are deplorable for the poor, who keep the same dress on for a month or more. The amusements took place on the roofs of the houses, which communicated with each other by small staircases or ladders, and thus formed a sort of public walk, where they were sheltered from any foreign invasion. The Armenian population of Cæsarea remained on the roofs from daybreak till nightfall in their handsomest clothes. The men display their luxury in the beauty of their furs, but the ladies have not such limited ideas. They wear, like all Oriental women, wide trousers, loose robes opening at the sides to make room for the puffing of the trousers, several bodices, put on one over the other, of stuffs and various colours, a scarf round the waist, a fez, their hair plaited and hanging, and coins embroidered over all. The Armenian ladies of Cæsarea are distinguished for the delicacy and harmony of the colours of their stuffs, the richness and good taste of the embroidery with which their bodices are covered, and the style of wearing their hair. They do not roll round their heads those frightful printed cotton handkerchiefs of which Switzerland sends thousands annually to Asia. The top of the fez and the tassel are embroidered in gold, and sometimes in pearls. The hair forms a dozen to fifteen plaits of equal length, but here the gold coins are not restricted to the end of the plaits; they are sown on a black ribbon which is placed on the plaits, half-way between the neck and the waist, forming

a brilliant semicircle, which contrasts singularly with the dark colour of the hair. A profusion of sequins also covers the front of the fez, falling on the forehead. Others are attached to the ears, or form a cuirass to the neck, chest, and arms. Other ornaments also find a place among these coins. Bouquets of diamonds are placed round the fez, or on the front bandeaux of the hair; brooches of precious stones, collars or chains of pearls are stretched across the bodice under the bosom, or pass beneath the chin from one ear to the other. The daughters of the rich are the most magnificently adorned, for they carry, in the form of jewellery, their entire dowry, which frequently amounts to very considerable sums. It is true, that after a few years of marriage the coins diminish in number, which leads the princess to believe that young ladies in the East do not have their fortunes tied down so securely as is the case among ourselves. And now for the amusement these ambulating jewellers' shops are indulged with:—

"There is only one dance through the whole Ottoman empire; it is the same for the Turks, the Arabs, for all the Mussulman nations scattered over its territory; it is the same for the Greeks and Armenians subject to the Sublime Porte: and this universal dance scarcely deserves the name of a dance. Two persons of the same sex, but always dressed as women, stand opposite each other, holding castanets, if they have them, or two wooden spoons to serve as such; sometimes nothing at all. But the movement of the fingers and the pantomime of the castanets are *de rigueur*. The two dancers

bend and extend their arms, move their hips rapidly, balance the upper part of the body more gently, and lightly sway their feet without raising them from the ground. While continuing these different contortions, they advance, fall back, turn on their heels and round their vis-à-vis, what time the music, usually composed of a tambour, a drum, or a shepherd's pipe, marks the measure as it grows more rapid. As for the gracefulness of this dance I can say nothing, but its indecency at once strikes the most inexperienced eye."

The princess had a terrible ordeal to undergo in passing through the Giaour Daghda, or Mountains of the Giaour, for the Pasha of Adana had told her that the bey of that country was a *mauvais sujet*. Still, not being easily intimidated, she would not alter her route, and found to her joy the peril greatly exaggerated. The bey behaved as a gentleman should, sent an escort to meet her, and gave her apartments in his own house. During her stay here, she had further occasion to study the peculiarities of harem life, and we shall borrow a few pages on this interesting subject without apology.

The word *harem* is of very varied significance. There are the harems of the poor, of the middle classes, of the great lord; the provincial harem, and the town harem; the harem of the young man and of the old, of the pious Mussulman who regrets the old régime, and of the young sceptic who admires reform and wears a frock-coat. Each of these has its peculiar character, but the least strange of all, and bearing the nearest affinity to the Christian ménage, is that of the poor countryman. The

peasant's wife, compelled to work in the fields and go to market, is not imprisoned within the walls of her harem, and even when the house is divided into two rooms (which is rare), one of which is theoretically reserved for the women, men are not rigorously banished from it. It is seldom that a peasant marries several wives, and it only happens in exceptional cases, as when an inferior marries his master's widow, an event which only occurs when the lady is no longer of an age to aspire to a more brilliant match. The servant, finding himself richer than of yore, and after some years of conjugal fidelity discovering that time has progressed more rapidly for his wife than himself, he profits by his fortune to give her a companion more to his taste. With this exception, the life of a Turkish peasant resembles that of a Christian peasant, and might often serve as a model to the latter. Fidelity being equal, the advantage rests with the Turk, for fidelity is not imposed on him by any religious or civil law, nor by custom, and he always treats his wife kindly. He loves his companion like a father and a lover; he never vexes her purposely and voluntarily, and he will put up with anything from her through the love he bears her. His wife rapidly ages through unhealthy and coarse food, and her numerous accouchements, in which she has no surgical skill to aid her. The following is a touching instance of the fidelity and affection to which we allude:—

"'You must love your husband dearly,' I said one day to an old woman, blind and paralytic, whom her husband, a noble old man, brought to me in the hope that I could

restore her sight and activity. She had come seated astride on a donkey, which her husband led. He had then taken her in his arms, and laid her on a bench at my door with all the care of a mother for her child. 'You must love your husband dearly?' I said.

"'I should like to have my sight,' she replied.

"I looked at the husband, he smiled sorrowfully, but without a shadow of ill-will.

"'Poor woman!" he said, passing the back of his hand over his eyes, 'her blindness renders her very wretched. She cannot grow used to it. But you will restore her sight, Beyzadéh?'

"When I shook my head, and prepared to protest my impotence, he plucked at my dress, as a sign to be silent. 'Have you any children?' I then asked.

"'I had one, but it died a long time ago.'

"'And how is it you did not take another wife, healthier and stronger, to bear you children?'

"'Ah! that is easily said; but this poor creature would have been grieved, and that would have prevented me from being happy with another, even if I had children. You see, Beyzadéh, we cannot have everything in this world. I have a wife I have loved for nearly forty years, and shall not make another choice.'"

Let us now enter the harem of a bourgeois, or small country gentleman. This is generally situated on the first floor over the stables, and is reached by a worm-eaten and filthy staircase. It consists of four rooms, one of which is occupied by the lord of the house with his Cynthia of the hour. The other rooms are given up

to what is here called the family. Women, children, guests of the female sex, slaves of the master or mistress, compose the population of the harem. In the East there are no beds properly so called, nor rooms specially devoted to rest. Large trunks contain during the day the piles of mattresses, cushions, and carpets. At night, each inhabitant of the harem takes out what she wants in the shape of bed-furniture, which she lays down in any odd corner. When one room is full, the late comers establish themselves in the others, and those who cannot find shelter elsewhere go to the corridor on the staircase. Nothing is so unpleasant to European eyes as to see these ladies rise in the morning with their clothes all crumpled and hair dishevelled. The principal object of a Turkish husband being to have the largest number of children possible, all his domestic life is subordinate to this consideration. If a woman remain childless two or three years she is straightway dismissed; her husband substitutes for her a more fruitful companion. No one pays any attention to the grief and jealousy of the deserted fair one; but we are bound to add that if, instead of weeping and lamenting, she thinks proper to get rid of her rival in any way, no one will trouble about the fate of the latter. Hence, there are no creatures more degraded than Turkish women of the middle class, and their character is betrayed by their faces. It is difficult to pronounce as to their beauty, for their cheeks, lips, eyebrows, and eyelids are disfigured by thick layers of paint applied without taste or stint; their shape is ruined by the ridiculous cut of their clothes, and they

conceal their hair under a piece of goat-skin painted dark orange. The expression of their face evinces at once stupidity, coarse sensuality, hypocrisy, and harshness. There is not the slightest trace of religious or moral principles. Their children occupy and weary them at the same time; they care for them as the stepping-stone by which to gain their husband's favour, but any idea of maternal duty is strange to them; the proof of this is found in the frequency of miscarriages, which these women bring on without concealment whenever the birth of a child does not meet their views. Here is a case in point:

"About a fortnight before my departure for Angora (writes the princess) the chief of a brotherhood of dervishes, established in a small town not far from my residence, came to ask me for medicine for his daughter, who was attacked by certain weaknesses which appeared to me so many symptoms of grossesse. I expressed my opinion to the venerable personage, who replied with a graceful smile that his daughter *did not wish* to have a child. 'Whether she wish it or no,' I replied, 'she will have to put up with it.' 'Impossible, my dear lady,' said the old man; 'her husband has gone to join the army, and my daughter is quite determined not to have any children before his return.' I immediately told the dervish I did not understand him. The old gentleman appeared embarrassed, and while scratching his ear, began some explanation; when one of my people, who was present to act as interpreter if required, said angrily to the old man, 'Did I not tell you to be quiet

about such matters to my mistress? the Christians of the West will not lend themselves to such arrangements, and you will gain nothing.' These words having enlightened me, I assured the old gentleman he was wasting his time, and that he might as well ask me for poison; but I had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of him. He continually returned to his great argument, that his son-in-law had joined the army, and, besides, that his daughter's resolution was known and approved by her husband. Fortunately for him, and perhaps for myself, the excellent father did not understand the remarks I made; so he quitted me after giving me his blessing, assuring me of his tender friendship, and begging me to reflect over the matter he had asked of me. Such transactions occur daily, and do not offend anybody's conscience."

If the mothers do not experience any true tenderness for their children, the latter care very little for it. The boys regard their mothers as servants; they give them orders, reproach them for their indolence and ugliness, and do not always confine themselves to words. As for modesty, that virgin charm of early youth, it exists neither for the children nor those who surround them; all these women dress and undress before their youngest sons, and the most improper remarks are made in their presence. The children despise their mothers; and this life in common, which causes them to lose the respect for their parents, is a sad preparation. The rivalry for power agitating the mother is a source of animosity, envy, malice, pride, and anger for the children. "My

mother is more beautiful—more rich—younger—she was born at Stamboul!" Such are the boasts of these children when they wish to humiliate those they call their *brothers*.

The family of the Constantinopolitan Turk, who associates with Franks or has visited Europe, does not offer the same repulsive instance of immorality and *naïve* turpitude; but with only very few exceptions, the silk and brocade too often conceal a hideous skeleton. The ladies in the first-class harems do not wear their tumbled dress for a week or month. Each morning, on quitting their sumptuous couches, they doff their garments and put on fresh ones. Their robes, their trousers, and their scarfs are of Lyons manufacture, and though only the refuse is sent to the East, it produces a very brilliant effect when surrounding the magnificent form of a Georgian or Circassian. But now a word about the fair denizens, of whom the princess gives a very different account from that hitherto accepted.

"A word here about the two races that represent to our inexperienced imagination the prototype of feminine beauty. Tall, strong, of good shape, with a brilliant complexion, masses of black and glistening hair, a noble and massive brow, an aquiline nose, immense widely-opened black eyes, vermilion lips, modelled like those of the Greek statues of the best age, pearly teeth, a rounded chin, and a perfect facial colour—such is the Georgian woman. I really admire the women of this race; then, when I have admired them sufficiently, I turn my head and look at them no more, for I am certain to find them

whenever I please, exactly as I left them, without a smile more or less, without the slightest variation of face. If a child be born to them or die, whether their lord adore or detest them, whether their rival triumph or is banished, the faces of the Georgian women never give a sign. Only years can produce an alteration in this face of marble. The Circassian woman has neither the same advantages nor the same defects. She is a northern beauty reminding me of the blonde and sentimental girls of Germany; but the resemblance does not extend beyond the exterior. The Circassians are generally blondes: their complexion is deliciously fresh, their eyes are blue, grey, or green, and their features, though delicate and graceful, are irregular. While the Georgian is stupid and haughty, the Circassian is false and crafty. The one is capable of deceiving her lord, the other of causing him to die of *ennui*."

The most revolting feature connected with Turkish domestic institutions is the miniature harem of sons of great houses. These children, lads of nine to twelve years of age, possess little slaves of their own age, or nearly so, with whom they parody the manners of their fathers. These young victims here pass a horrible apprenticeship to the life that is reserved for them, for nothing is more cruel than a badly educated child, and the brutal depravity of a debauched old man is found at the other extremity of life. Our authoress assures us that she has seen these embryo pashas beat, kick, scratch, and maltreat a whole flock of little girls, who hardly dared to cry, while the young tiger licked his lips and smiled a

peculiar smile. Strange to say, though, the natural Turk is a very different animal, and this cruel child will probably become a very respectable man when he attains the age when he can play his part without too much exertion. With these preliminary remarks we are sufficiently *au fait* to the subject, to accompany Madame la Princesse into the harem of Mustuk Bey, Prince of the Mountains of the Giaour.

The hierarchy is always respected in the harems, and though Mustuk Bey might be a Sardanapalus, and might be deeply in love with some other one of his wives, he could only hold his levees in the room of the first wife (in date). She was a curious object, according to the princess's account, and bore a striking resemblance to a retired tight-rope dancer. This sultana had been very beautiful, and the beauty had not entirely disappeared: her complexion offered a curious mixture of sunburn and a series of layers of paint, beneath which the original skin was not visible. Her large sea-green eyes looked like reservoirs placed below the lachrymal gland to receive the torrents destined to pour from them. Her mouth, large and well modelled, displayed teeth still admirably white, but too far apart, and her gums were unhealthily red. She apparently disdained the goat-skin covering for the head, and wore her own hair, dyed of an orange red. Her dress was carefully arranged, and formed a striking contrast with that of her children, who were dressed like little beggars. As long as her husband was present she seemed as timid as a newly-married bride, covering her face with her veil or her

hand, or anything within reach, and only replying in monosyllables. She turned her nose to the wall, and suppressed little nervous bursts of laughter: she seemed ready to cry at any moment; in short, performed all the manœuvres by which Eastern husbands are so flattered. The bey soon quitted the room, and then the lady talked without reserve, and began making pertinent inquiries about Frankish manners and customs, which caused the princess to suspect she was not so stupid as her husband made her out to be. The conversation was interrupted, however, by the entrance of the bey's three other wives: two of them appeared to be sisters, and had a swarm of children at their heels: the third deserves a more detailed description:—

"Behind these two women a face remained humbly in the shade, on which my eyes were at once fixed, and remained so in spite of the manœuvres executed by the other sultanas to distract my attention. I never remember to have seen so beautiful a face. This woman wore a long trailing robe of red satin, open at the breast, which was lightly veiled by a chemise of silk gauze, with wide sleeves hanging below the elbow. Her head-dress was that of the Turcomans, and to form an idea of it you must imagine a complication, an infinite multiplicity of turbans placed one above the other, and rising to an inaccessible height. There were in it red scarfs rolled six or seven times around, and forming a tower after the fashion of the goddess Cybele; handkerchiefs of all colours crossing the scarfs, rising or descending without any settled purpose, and forming quaint arabesques;

yards of fine muslin enveloping with their transparent whiteness a part of the scaffolding, carefully framing in the brow, and falling in rich and light folds along the cheeks, round the neck, and on the chest. Chains of gold, or small sequins run on a string, or again, diamond pins, were visible between the folds, and gave them a certain stability which it would have been unreasonable to demand of such slight stuff. Little feet that seemed chiselled out of marble appeared and disappeared under the long satin robe, while arms and hands, such as I had never seen before, shook an infinite number of bracelets and rings, whose weight could not be trifling. All this formed an *ensemble* at once strange and graceful, but all disappeared suddenly after noticing the face of the wearer. It was so singularly beautiful that I despair of being able to describe it, for how could I give a person who has not contemplated it an idea of such a charming *chef-d'œuvre* of nature, such a ravishing mixture of grace and timidity?"

The princess noticed that this lovely lady was not accompanied by her children, and soon turned to ask why she had not brought them? She made no reply, but the others told her, with evident satisfaction, that she had none. The princess returned to the charge, and presumed that the fair Turcoman's children were dead; but the three harpies shouted, with a loud burst of laughter, "that she never had any." The tears rolled down the unhappy girl's cheeks, for nothing is so spurned, despised, and desolate as a barren woman in the East. It is doubtlessly mournful to have children and lose

them, but others may come to take their place. Besides, a mother who has lost her children is not the less a great lady; her social and domestic position remains the same: she is respected, admired, perhaps loved; she has no cause to blush. But not to give birth to children is a true misfortune, one of the greatest that can happen to a woman; let her be beautiful, let her be charming, let her be adored—even if she have brought her husband the money he is squandering, if imperial blood run in her veins and her husband be only a porter—so soon as her sterility is established, an Oriental woman is ruined without redemption. Better for her to die than live the life of humiliation, insult, and neglect that awaits her.

During the whole period of the princess's stay in the harem, she could not induce the poor girl to reply to a single question; nor was it till she was on the point of leaving that she came up to her and said, "Lady, remain yet a while, for I love you greatly." The princess hardly knew how to account for her reserve, whether to ascribe it to timidity or stupidity; but she evidently rather inclines to the latter, and from the opinion she was compelled to form of Turkish women from her intercourse with them, we can hardly blame her. On returning to the bey, the princess paid him some florid compliments, after the fashion of the country, on the beauty of his wives, more especially distinguishing the Turcoman lady; but he, too, in his turn, condemned her by saying, in a confidential tone, "She has no children."

Our self-appointed task is ended; for, after leaving the mountains of the Giaour, Madame la Princesse

entered Christian society, and we obtain no more revelations of harem life. To those of our readers, however, who would like to know more of her travels—how she was cheated by consuls, how she lay sick of a fever, how she fell among thieves, how she visited Jericho beyond Jordan—in short, how she went through the stereotyped experiences of all travellers in the East—we can only say, Procure the book for yourselves, and take our word that the time devoted to its perusal will not be thrown away.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRIMEVAL RACE.*

THE newly-discovered traces of human abodes under the Swiss lakes are quite as important factors for the primeval history of the European nations as are the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii for Roman, and those of Nineveh for Assyrian, antiquity. In such relics of pre-historic times the usages of the men who inhabited them thousands of years ago are brought so vividly and perfectly before us, that entirely new perspectives are opened to us about the past, and a civilization which has long died out. From the recently published work of M. Troyon, a French-Swiss, we propose to select those portions most interesting to our readers, as evidencing the historical results of this valuable discovery.

In the winter of 1853 the water was extremely low in the Lake of Zurich, and the population took advantage of the circumstance to carry the dyke farther out into the lake, and thus obtain fresh arable land. The workmen engaged on the dyke discovered in the vicinity of the village of Obermeilen, and under a

* Habitations Lacustres des Temps Anciens et Modernes. Par F. Troyon. Lausanne.

stratum of mud about eighteen inches thick, posts, charcoal, stones blackened by fire, bones, and all sorts of instruments. On hearing about this, Professor Keller, of Zurich, at once investigated the remains, and soon after made the result known to the scientific world. Since this period several French and German savans have examined the insulated spots in the Swiss lakes, as well as the mud-banks, carried out similar researches in the lakes of Italy, the French Jura, and Savoy, and their collection of historical evidence has daily been increased since then. In Switzerland alone they have already discovered one hundred and fifty sub-aqueous villages, and their number appears to have no limit. In the more important towns of Switzerland, enormous quantities of antiquities are exhibited in public museums, and in the private collections of savans. At the village of Concise nearly five-and-twenty thousand articles have been taken out of the Lake of Neufchâtel, and in all probability the researches will be more productive, as the antiquities are contained in a long stratum of diluvium which is three feet in thickness.

We can easily comprehend why the pre-historic population of Helvetia built their villages for choice on the lake-islands: prior to the Roman epoch, bears, wolves, boars, &c., ranged about the mighty forests of the Alpine valleys; but more terrible still were the various tribes which carried on sanguinary feuds. The first business was, therefore, to find a shelter protected by nature; in mountain regions, the deep grottos, which could only be reached by climbing up precipitous slopes,

offered security; in well-watered regions, they settled on peninsulas formed by the confluence of two streams, or in the bends of meandering rivers, while in lacustrine countries, such as Switzerland and Savoy, they quitted the mainland and built their huts in the middle of the water, at a certain distance from the bank. Here they were safe from any sudden hostile attack, and could easily reach any point of land in their canoes, while the huts served at the same time as storehouses for fish. Perhaps that irresistible longing for water, which affects nations in their childhood, was the guiding principle in this choice of an abode, for in all periods of history and in all parts of the world, the necessity of defence, convenience of fishing, and the picturesque sight of the expanse of water, have ever combined to make tribes build their cabins of branches and reeds upon the water. Herodotus tells us that the Pœonians, in Thrace, built their villages upon piles driven into the shallows of Lake Prasias, and the Malays and Chinese still do the same thing in Bangkok and on the coasts of Borneo. When the Spaniards discovered the lagunes of Maracaybo, they saw, to their surprise, a village built upon piles—a Venice built upon a small scale—which still bears the name of Venezuela.

But let us now return to the lacustrine abode of prehistoric Helvetia. Here the piles can be clearly distinguished under water, driven into the ground either in parallel lines or in irregular groups, and the charred beams between the piles generally formed the flooring of the cabins a few feet above the surface of the lake.

Remains of plaited branches and lumps of fire-hardened clay evidently belonged to the walls, while pieces of reed, straw, and bark are relics of the conical-shaped roofs. The stones that once formed the hearth have fallen perpendicularly to the bottom of the lake, and now lie beneath the exact spot which they formerly occupied. Among the household utensils found in the mud are clay vessels, sherds, leaves and moss employed as beds, and hunting trophies in the shape of stags' antlers, and bull skulls. Near the piles may be seen the remains of hollow trees, which were used as canoes, and a row of piles indicates a former bridge which connected the water village with the mainland. The largest of these villages contained from two hundred to three hundred cabins, each from nine to fifteen feet long—sufficient space for a family which merely sought a shelter in their residence. These cabins, projecting from the surface of the water, must have produced a most picturesque effect; on the desolate shore a few domestic animals might be seen grazing in the verdant wood glades; lofty trees spread out their green branches over the entire landscape, while the deepest silence brooded over the forests. On the lake, however, all was life and motion; the smoke from the huts rose spirally in the air; the canoes came and went from one group of huts to another, or from the village to the strand; while in the distance the fishing-boats and vessels of war rode at anchor. Water seemed to be the true element of man. Soon after the first discovery, the Swiss archæologists proved that these lacustrine villages could not all belong

to the same epoch. A more careful investigation led them to divide the primeval history into the three ages of stone, bronze, and iron. Scandinavian antiquaries had already established these three epochs for their own country: but these ages are not synchronous in the two states. At that date civilisation moved very slowly from spot to spot; centuries passed before a social progress passed from the South of Europe to the northern regions, and the customs of a land were only altered in consequence of lengthened wars, or distant national migrations. In German Switzerland remains of buildings and villages belonging to the stone age are principally found. West Switzerland also possessed large lacustrine villages, such as the one at Concise, near the southern outlet of the Lake of Neufchâtel; but the Lakes of Zurich and Constance appear to have been most fully populated. At the former emerge from the water the pile works of Obermeilen, which were the origin of all later discoveries, and from the relics found here, as well as on the banks of the Lake of Constance, we are enabled to form a rough outline of the mode of life of the lacustrine population, and make a few general, though tolerably certain, remarks about their history. What most surprises us in these primeval buildings is the immense amount of labour expended, for which the men had no instruments but flint-axes and burning charcoal. Tall and straight trees certainly grew in abundance in the woods, but, in order to fell, lop, sharpen them, and drive them several feet into the ground, they could only employ stone and fire. Even

more difficult than cutting the woodwork into piles was the cleaving of the trunks into beams—with stone axes! —and it must have taken immense time and trouble to fell an oak tree from thirty to forty-five feet in length, and hollow it out for a canoe. Many villages that lie here in ruins rest upon at least forty thousand piles! This must have necessarily been the work of a succession of generations, and presupposes incessant labour from each of them. Moreover they dug ditches round the pasture ground of their herds on shore, to protect them from wild beasts, erected tumuli and other monuments on elevations, carried on works, hunted and fished, cultivated the soil, and did all this with bone and stone tools. And what patience, too, the preparations of these instruments demanded; for the stone could only be cut with stone, and it is almost impossible to comprehend how they managed to give a point and an edge to the hardest stones, for they only selected such.

The axe played a great part in this primitive industry, and hundreds of them are found under the ruins of the old cabins. This hunting and war implement was also employed for the most varying domestic operations, and in all probability the owner constantly carried it in his hand or his belt. The Swiss axe, generally made of a block of serpentine, is much smaller than the one used in Scandinavia during the stone age, and on the average only measures from one and a half to two inches. The mode of fastening these axes to handles varied, but most usually they were attached by means of ligaments, to a crooked piece of wood or a stag-horn.

This national weapon called into activity the artistic feeling or inventive faculty of its possessor; each warrior changed its shape according to his taste, and adorned it with feathers and other ornaments after the fashion of the American Redskins. They had also arrow-heads of flint or bone fastened to bulrushes; these arrow-heads resemble those found in England, France, and on the banks of the Mississippi, but are not so long as the Scandinavian. They were also, in all probability, familiar with the use of the sling, and employed stones as projectiles; at any rate heaps of sharp-edged pebbles lie in the mud near the piles, and, as they are too small to be manufactured into weapons, they can have had no other purpose but the one which we have stated. They were also acquainted with the use of a sort of fire-ball, made of charcoal and clay, and provided with a hole, which facilitated the throwing. Made red-hot in the fire these were cast on the roofs of the enemy's cabins; the dry straw caught fire, and the roof was speedily a mass of flames. In this way did the Nervians fire Cæsar's camp; so inventive was man in the art of destruction even in the cradle of his history!

Among the instruments of that period we also find cutting or toothed blades, made of flints, which were used as knives and saws, as well as hammers, anvils, grindstones, awls made of bones or stag-horn, pincers and needles. The pottery, sherds of which have been frequently found, was made of coarse clay, with which grains of quartz are mingled, and generally produced by hand the vessels reveal the infancy of this art, and

rarely display signs of ornamentation, though some of the finer pottery is polished and dyed black with plumbago. At Wangen on the Lake of Constance, and at Rabenhausen on Lake Pfäffikon, mats of hemp and flax, and even real linen, have been found, as well as baskets, bearing a great resemblance to those from the old Egyptian tombs. The inhabitants of the lacustrine villages also made ropes and cords of the fibre and bark of various trees. Like all savage nations they were also very fond of finery; they wore bone pins in their hair, rings on their fingers, clumsy bracelets, and chains, made of stag-horn and stones, upon their necks; and also bears' teeth, doubtless as amulets, which were supposed to impart to them the strength of those wild beasts and guard them against witchcraft. They used large stone quoits as a relaxation after their hard day's toil, while the threaded nuts, found in various parts of the mud, may possibly have been employed by mothers as rattles for their children.

Other discoveries supply a proof that agriculture was considerably advanced among these tribes: it is true that hunting and fishing supplied them with the principal staple of their food, as we are taught by the position of their huts in the middle of the water, as well as by the partially-gnawed bones of the bison, stag, elk, goat, and wild-fowl, which have been found partly in the peat-beds, partly in the mud, under the lacustrine villages. The forest growth also supplied their tables with many an extra dish, for among the ruins of the kitchen have been found pine-cones, mast nuts, hazel nuts, and

berries. Still, they had large herds of cattle and sheep, goats and pigs, and employed dogs to guard these domestic animals; they made a species of cheese, in vessels provided with holes; they cultivated several varieties of fruit trees, such as the apple, the cherry, and the plum, and stored up grain for winter consumption. In the ruins of a village on the Lake of Constance, Löhle discovered a primitive granary, containing about a hundred pecks of barley and wheat, in seed and in the ear, and he even found a real loaf, made of ground wheat and pollard, which has been preserved through carbonisation. With the exception, therefore, of poultry and eggs, the bill of fare of the primitive Helvetians did not differ greatly from that of the present day.

"Ceres' golden gifts," that most valuable acquisition of humanity, would be by themselves speaking witnesses that these nameless tribes of the stony age had already a long succession of centuries of progress behind them, had not a close investigation of the lacustrine villages produced the certainty that their primitive inhabitants carried out what is termed the division of labour on a very vast scale. Many localities—for instance, Moosseedorf, Obermeilen, and Concise—offer such an abundance of finished and half-finished implements, that they may be regarded as the real manufacturing towns of the epoch. Each, too, had its specialty, which indicates a division of labour, and a system of mutual barter. A very considerable trade must also have been carried on with remote countries, for among the remains are found objects which are not natural products of Switzerland.

The rocks of the neighbouring mountains, stags' antlers, and the bones of savage animals, certainly supplied material for nearly all the tools, but the flint missiles could only come from Gaul or Germany. They also obtained coral from the Mediterranean nations, they purchased amber on the shores of the Baltic, and the costly nephrite was imported from the East. If we concede to the savans, who refer all nations to an Asiatic origin, that the dwellers on the lakes brought a considerable quantity of nephrite with them, how did they obtain coral and amber except by barter? Nomadic nations are not afraid of a journey, even though it may last weeks and months: for instance, long before the arrival of Europeans, the Indians of the Great Lake kept up an uninterrupted communication with those of the Lower Mississippi, and for purposes of barter, or to form an alliance against their neighbouring foes, dauntlessly undertook long marches through the savannahs, the forests, and across mighty rivers.

In addition to a knowledge of agriculture, handicraft, and trade, which gives this primeval nation a high rank in civilization, we have also the noblest expression of mental development in their religion, which speaks most favourably for them. Like the Celts, the dwellers on the lakes appeared to have adored God in nature, on mountains, beneath the mysterious shadow of groves, or upon the water. Most inquirers do not hesitate to ascribe to them the erection of the great majority of what are called Druidical stones, and the largest tumuli of Switzerland evidently belong to this stone age, as not a trace

of metal is visible on them. These mounds, some of which attain a height of eighty or ninety feet, testify to a deep reverence for the dead: they rest in the grave with their arms folded on their breast, and their knees drawn up to their chin, and this posture, which resembles that of an infant before birth, was probably intended to typify that the deceased had returned to the lap of the universal mother. Not so long back an affecting custom took place at burials in some of the communes of the Alpine valleys: when the grave was closed, several nursing mothers walked up, and allowed a few drops of milk to fall upon the newly turned up soil. The origin of this custom must be sought in the stone age. But not one of the remains discovered in the tumuli leads to the supposition that the primitive inhabitants of Helvetia offered men to the manes of their deceased, and this gruesome sacrifice, which the Swiss performed in the following iron age, was entirely unknown to the lacustrine villagers.

In what century of history, however, should this stone age be laid? this chronological question next offers itself to the inquirer. Troyon at first attempted to solve it, by studying the peat formation at the site of the various lake villages: and in the same way as a botanician decides the age of a tree by the number of its rings, he proposed to settle the age of the implements by the centuries which the peat stratum lying over them required for its formation. Unfortunately, however, peat is formed at some places quicker, at others more slowly, by virtue of laws as yet unknown, and

hence Troyon was obliged to seek another mode of estimating, which the excavations in the lacustrine villages of Western Switzerland at length offered him. In the deposits formed by the rivers that run into the Lakes of Neufchâtel and Geneva, several groups of piles were discovered, evidently belonging to the stone age. Similar remains have been also found at Villeneuve, which is situated about five hundred yards from the present eastern bank of the Lake of Geneva. Traces of villages belonging to the same age were also found in the alluvium of the bed of the Lake of Neufchâtel, more especially in the swampy valley of the Orbe which runs to the southward of Yverdon. In order to decide the age of the piles sunk in the alluvium it is only necessary to measure the difference between the present and the old bank, and find a third point between these two parallel, or rather concentric, lines, whose age is known, and then approximatively calculate the progressive growth of the river deposits. Now, such a point exists in the valley of the Orbe, in the shape of the dune which bears the ruins of the ancient Gallo-Roman town of Eburodunum. Between this dune and the space which the modern Yverdon partly covers, there is not a trace of Roman antiquities, whence it may be concluded that at the commencement of our era the lake-bank was much nearer to this dune. If we assumed, then, that the lake still washed the walls of Castrum Eburodunum, it would have required at least fifteen hundred years to form the belt eight hundred yards in width, which now exists between the ruins and the lake-bank. It is, however,

extremely probable that the retirement of the water did not take place so rapidly, for the Celtic name "Eburodunum" indicates an ante-Roman settlement. At any rate, if the above figures be too low, we see that an interval of eighteen hundred years was needed to fill up the space of one thousand metres, which separates the dune from the old pile buildings to the south, at the foot of Mont Chamblon; and in this way we are carried back to the fifteenth century before our chronology. At this period, though probably at an earlier date, the growing peat and deposits of the Orbe expelled the inhabitants of the lacustrine village near Chamblon. In order to attain the period of its foundation we must go back a few more centuries: for it must have taken many years ere the lake was filled up between the village and the old bank, which can still be perfectly traced. Without adhering to mathematical precision, then, Troyon arrives at the conclusion that the lacustrine village of the primeval Helvetians may be referred to 2000 B.C. The objection might be raised that the level of the lake has sunk during the historic era, and that the marsh of Yverdon was thus drained, but, as the old bank is exactly as high as the present one, the height of the water must have remained the same during the last four thousand years.

The result to which M. Troyon has attained by this investigation of the alluvial strata of the valley of the Orbe must be counted among the greatest triumphs of geology. By this science, which reveals to us the relative age of fossil plants and animals, we are enabled

to decide with tolerable accuracy the chronology of the human races which succeeded each other on the surface of the earth. When historical monuments and written documents begin to fail us, the geologist steps in: he examines the fluviatile deposits grain by grain, brings to daylight gnawn bones, potsherds, fragments of every description, which are deposited in the archives of the world's strata, and an examination of these things enables him to drag from oblivion long-departed nations. Owing to these investigations the history of man in Western Europe has become two thousand years older; moreover, it is a fact acquired by science that eight or ten centuries prior to the Trojan war a nation of hunters, agriculturists, and craftsmen lived in Helvetia, and maintained communications with the tribes in Germany and on the coasts of the Baltic. At the same time the field of natural history has been enlarged: long after the mammoths and other antediluvial creatures had disappeared, the aurochs, the buffalo, the giant elk, the wild goat, and the beaver inhabited the forests of Western Europe. Finally, we discover a most important fact connected with the history of the globe, that the climate of Helvetia has but imperceptibly changed during the last four thousand years; the trees and plants that grow there now grew there at that age; the same grain served as food for man, and the only difference, which is proved by an examination of the stone age, is that the water caltrop and the lily, which have now disappeared from the Swiss lakes, must have grown there at the period to which we refer in great abundance.

Towards the close of the stone age some slight acquaintance with the metals is perceptible, as is shown by a few relics found at Obermeilen and Concise; still, the perfection as well as rarity of the objects prove that they were introduced from a foreign country, either by means of barter, or in consequence of martial events. Most absurd is the supposition, however, that the primeval Helvetians discovered the manufacture of bronze, for they did not know the use of copper and tin, and the appearance of metallic mixtures can only be accounted for by the fact that a new nation with a new civilization came upon the scene. In Hindostan, Central Asia, and America, the stone age was followed slowly, and step by step, by the copper age, which was gradually swallowed up in the bronze age. In Helvetia, however, as in the whole of Western Europe, the copper age is not at all represented, and bronze follows stone immediately. Two races came into collision, and in nearly all the lacustrine villages the border line of these two epochs is sharply marked by fire and murder. The new comers, who probably belonged to the Celtic age, swung their metal axes, and the superiority of these weapons gained them a very easy victory over the poor natives, who probably fell back in terror before their foes, just as the Indians in Mexico and Peru behaved to the first Spaniards, who dashed about like centaurs on their impetuous steeds, and hurled death at a distance. The lacustrine villagers of Eastern Switzerland seemed to have suffered the most in this invasion; the majority of the villages were evacuated, and from that

date their ruins lie buried in the waters; traces of fire are also visible on the piles of Western Switzerland. Some villages, like Steinberg, in Lake Biel, were rebuilt on the old site, but others, after the destruction, were removed farther into the lake, in hopes to be safe from incendiary missiles. Lastly, several villages rose on the deserted isles of the lakes. At the beginning of the bronze age the lacustrine population appear to have left their dwellings *en masse*, in order to get away from their foe, who had by this time seized the whole of Eastern (or now German) Switzerland. On taking refuge in what is now French Switzerland, the dwellers on the lakes were so fortunate as to repulse all the attacks of the enemy, and at the same time discover all the trade secrets introduced from the East. Through this contact with a more civilized race, a new era of prosperity seems to have sprung up for them; the population increased in a marked way, and greatly surpassed in numbers that of the preceding age, for in the marshes of the Dyle, between the Lakes of Biel and Neufchâtel, the lacustrine buildings are so numerous, that they constitute a regular mine of firewood for the population.

The more or less worn condition of the piles is a tolerably sure sign whether the villages belong to the stone or the iron age. Nearly all the piles of the elder age, namely, are driven down into the lake-bed by the action of the water, while on the other hand, those belonging to a later period project several feet above the bottom. Hardly any change is perceptible in the con-

struction of the huts, probably because the national customs remained unaltered; still, according to Troyon, several were built on rafts, and others, again, like the hanging huts of the Bosphorus, at different heights, upon crossed piles, driven obliquely into the ground. Once in possession of metal, trade takes an impulse higher in proportion to the former period, while making no change in the type and shape of its productions. The axe still remains the faithful companion of the warrior, and the artisan employs all his skill in decorating it; but to these martial weapons were added fresh instruments of death, such as the bronze sword and the stone club, but arrows became rarer—a proof that instead of fighting at a distance, like their forefathers, the natives had grown accustomed to attack their foes foot against foot, but they had not lost the use of incendiary missiles. Among the relics of the artistic productions of this age we find knives, scythes, mill and grindstones, needles and pins, weavers' shuttles, fish-hooks, quoits, children's rattles, earrings, crystal ornaments, lumps of amber, and necklaces of glass and agate beads. The articles of pottery, although resembling in shape those of the earlier age, display marked progress in shape and ornamentation: in all the larger villages potteries were established, as is proved by several specimens spoiled in the firing. There must have also been special factories of bronze articles, for at Morges a graceful model for an axe has been found, and real foundries discovered at Echalles in the Vaudois, and at Dovaine on the Lake of Geneva. Besides, a bar of tin, brought up from

under the piles at Stäffis, proves that bronze was not imported from foreign countries already mixed. As we have seen, during the stone age the Alpine valleys were an entrepôt between the Baltic and the Mediterranean shores, and in the next age they procured the native tin by barter from the Cassiterides. Agriculture also progressed hand in hand with trade, and the country probably was indebted to the abundant food it produced for the marked increase in the population. Finally, cattle breeding spread greatly, and horses, of which race the stone age hardly displays a specimen, were now numerously represented.

No extensive change, however, appears to have taken place in the religious views and customs corresponding with the material progress. The priests who entered the land after the Celtic invasion, faithful to their habits, rejected metals which were introduced by barbarous nations, and exclusively employed stone instruments as before. Among the venerated blocks of stones, employed as altars, may be reckoned the Hof-stein, in the Lake of Geneva, below Lausanne, the rocks which form small islands no great distance from Geneva, and the Rock of Marriage, now called Stäffis, on which betrothed people used to take an oath of fidelity so late as the last century. If, however, the religion of the lacustrine villagers does not appear to have altered during the bronze age, their growing relations with the neighbouring Celts certainly weakened to some extent their earlier veneration for their dead; in the second age the tumuli were not raised so high, and the corpses

were placed in the graves either in a sitting posture or horizontally. The burning of the dead, a custom which the Celts brought with them from the East, was never introduced among the dwellers on the lakes. To judge from the thickness of the ruins and the great sinking of the piles, the duration of the lake villages in the bronze age was great; but their destruction must have been effected precisely in the same way as the previous one, for the remains undeniably bear traces of plunder and arson. A new nation, armed with iron swords, poured over the wide undulating plain that extends between the Jura and the Alps, and seized, after a longer or shorter campaign, the wooden fortresses in which the lacustrine population had sought shelter. The desolaters did their worst, for, out of seventy to eighty villages, eleven alone display traces of the following age, and but three of these signs of a lengthened residence, Steinberg and Grasern, in the lake of Biel, and La Téne, in the Lake of Neufchâtel. Probably a few families among the conquered entered into marriage alliances with the victors, but it is just as probable that the great mass of the primitive inhabitants was destroyed, or compelled as slaves to accept the habits of the Helvetic conqueror. The nation disappeared, and history has not even recorded the period: on the site of the lacustrine villages, which had been for centuries the abode of a powerful race, were erected poor huts, in which fishing families earned a precarious livelihood. The remains of coarse pottery, dating from the Roman era, prove that these villages were inhabited at the commencement of the Christian era.

As the destruction of the lacustrine villages corresponds with the commencing use of iron, the time of the invasion can be almost laid down. The Phoceans of Massilia and the Belgic Kymri, who emigrated to Northern Gaul, brought iron with them, the former in the sixth, the latter in the fifth century B.C. In this way, therefore, the dwellers on the lakes may have obtained some iron articles by barter, but as they still universally kept up the use of bronze weapons, they necessarily succumbed in an unequal contest with a far better equipped foe, who could be no other than the Helvetians, from Gallia, or Southern Germany. All the testimony collected by antiquarians proves their Gallic origin; as, for instance, the celtic names of localities; their weapons, which exactly resembled those which the Gauls employed in their march upon Rome, under Brennus; the crescents, which they employed as armlets; and, lastly, the custom of burning the dead. From the material side of civilization the Helvetians were certainly far superior to the primeval population of the country; no artistic production found among the relics of the first two ages holds comparison with the thousands found on a battle-field near Bern, which belongs to the Helvetic period. They not only forged iron swords, which are considered masterpieces at the present day, but made glass and enamel, produced richly carved ornaments, and—if we may believe Roman authors—they knew how to read. But this nation, so far advanced in industry, had an awful religion, and they left traces of human sacrifices in many parts of Switzerland.

In a valley near Lausanne stands a tumulus, in which four clay vessels, filled with human ashes, have been found; a cavity under the urns contained the charcoal; and the remains of burnt animals, among which a dog, an ox, and a horse have been recognised. Farther on was an irregularly-shaped bed of large rough stones, on which four human skeletons, lamentably shattered, were evidently dragged by force; and the remains of feminine ornaments indicate the sex of the unhappy victims, who must have been young, to judge from the undeveloped state of the wisdom teeth in the jaw. Two hundred yards from the tumulus still stands the altar, on which the wives of the deceased chief were doubtless sacrificed; and in another tumulus belonging to the same epoch, and about six thousand paces distant, are the skeletons of twelve young men, whose skulls were battered in with clubs. After a stay of several centuries in the valleys of the Alps and the Jura, these restless, change-loving Helvetians left the mountains to settle in the plains of Gallia, where they appear for the first time in history, for Cæsar, who defeated them terribly at Bibracte, mentions them to us. By the aid of the later excavations in different parts of Switzerland we can trace back the stream of ages to the well-head, give a general idea of the history of the Helvetians up to the fourth or fifth century B.C., and at the same time throw a brighter light upon the history of the aborigines, whom they destroyed or rendered slaves.

But who were these aborigines? To what race did they belong? To the Finnish, Siculan, Iberian, or

Pelasgian, or must we transfer the cradle of this race to the plateau of the Jura? One thing appears certain: they were of short stature; rather active than powerful; the span of their bracelets indicates small joints, and the short hilt of their swords was not made for the sturdy fists of the Helvetians. Still, such indicia are too weak for us to draw any certain result from them: the form of the skull would be an important argument for the solution of the question; but, unfortunately, all those hitherto found in tumuli and pile-buildings are in too injured a condition to admit of any comparative anatomy. It is a strange contrast! Of many nations whose customs have remained a secret to us we know the history, wars, migrations, and even the genealogy of their kings; and here we have a nation whose entire domestic life lies before us like an open book, and yet its name is in the deepest obscurity. The productions of this race are preserved in museums; we are even able to form an approximativly correct idea of their numbers; and yet we cannot connect them by blood with any preceding or succeeding race. Let us hope, however, that within a short period the methodical investigation of European antiquities, and the collection of all the fossil remains which the earth still begrudges us, may enable savans to give the dwellers on the lakes their right position in the history of nations, and follow their migrations and record their stations. It has already been proved by recent researches that they also inhabited the lakes of Savoy and Upper Italy, and we have no doubt but that ere long we shall know how far their territory extended

during the various pre-historic epochs, and obtain full information about their domestic, mental, and moral life.

In the meanwhile, and until this desirable end is attained, we must not forget to thank the learned investigators of the Swiss lakes for their careful and fatiguing collection of the modest relics which have remained so long under water. These unpretending relics speak no less proud a language than the monuments of the Roman conquerors; for the savage and barbaric hordes who have escaped the transient recollection of their descendants, did their allotted task, and exercised a deep and permanent influence over their successors. Ten years ago, before the pile-buildings were discovered beneath the Swiss lakes, nothing was known of a nation which for nearly twenty centuries prepared the earth for our present civilization, fought with wild beasts, rooted out forests, cultivated the soil—in a word, performed the great work of first settlement, which the Greeks attributed to demi-gods. The primeval heroes of the Alpine valleys do not bear the glorious names of Hercules and Theseus, but have an equal claim to the world's gratitude, for a fair share of the boasted civilization of the present day must be attributed to the nameless tribes of the stone and bronze ages.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

SINCE the publication of "Tolla," Edmond About has made marked progress in the art of the novelist—even greater progress, perhaps, than he has made in the political field. In spite of the extraordinary amount of wit contained in his two works about Rome, the reader cannot refrain from noticing a certain hollowness in them, and a tacit acknowledgment on the part of the writer that he does not care the slightest for the cause which he is defending. Judging from his books, we should be inclined to regard About as a thorough man of the world, showy, witty, and superficial, but incapable of feeling any strong emotion; and even when his feelings are more than usually aroused, as, for instance, in the controversy about his pictures and the hissing off the stage of "Gaëtana," the main object of his retorts seems to be not so much to convince his readers as to display his own cleverness in repartee. We can convey our meaning best, perhaps, by offering our readers an exact counterpart of About's controversial powers in Mr. Thackeray's "Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," prefixed to the second edition of the "Kickleburies up the Rhine," in which the author shows himself to be remarkably witty,

but does not satisfactorily disprove one of the charges which the reviewer has brought against him. But a defect of this nature becomes a quality in the novelist, and as such About is inferior to but few of his countrymen in the present day.

The last of his tales which we reviewed at some length was "Rouge-et-Noir:" that story was wild enough in all conscience, but is utterly surpassed by the one which we have now under consideration,* for About has here selected an utterly impossible subject, but has treated it with such art, that the reader does not say till he reaches the last page, "Why, how utterly absurd it all is!" In fact, the anecdote will not bear a moment's consideration; but it is a masterpiece of conception, and cannot be better described off-hand than as a comic Frankenstein. A young civil engineer, of the name of Léon Rénault, returns home from Russia to Fontainebleau, and as his father desired to have some relic of the great Humboldt, who had just died, his son purchased a mummy of a Jew, falsely stated to have belonged to the naturalist. When he reaches his penates he is welcomed by his betrothed, a wealthy young lady of the name of Clementine, and, to amuse her, shows her the mummy, the sight of which produced an extraordinary effect on the young lady. The story which Léon tells of the body is certainly of a very surprising nature. Professor Meisen, a celebrated German naturalist, had an idea that life could be held in a state of suspense in human bodies

* L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée. Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette.

for an indefinite number of years by a system which he had invented. In 1813 he had the opportunity of trying the experiment on a French colonel, and we will record the facts from his own narrative.

The professor, when near the point of death, drew up a will, in which he left the sum of 375,000 francs to Colonel Pierre Victor Fougas, at present in a desiccated state, but still living, and marked in his catalogue as No. 3712. The professor met this unhappy young man for the first time in 1813, when he was captured by the Prussians, while bearing important despatches for Napoleon, and sentenced to death as a spy. While waiting for execution in a cell he was frozen and supposed to be dead, and the professor found an opportunity for attempting his long meditated scheme. The details are of too professional a nature for these pages: suffice it to say that the professor succeeded in removing every drop of water out of the colonel's body, and thus reduced him to a weight of about forty pounds. He had intended to restore him to life after the peace of 1815, but he had deferred the matter from week to week, until death surprised him. He therefore left detailed instructions that his heir should call in the first ten physicians in Prussia, read to them his plan for recalling the colonel to life, and at once make the experiment. The heir, however, poohpoohed the whole affair, as did the faculty; indeed, sold the mummy for a trifle, and seized the whole fortune left by his uncle. Thus it was that Léon was enabled to buy the body of the dried colonel at Berlin, under the impression that it had once belonged to Humboldt. We

must add, that while he was exhibiting the body to Clementine, he accidentally broke off a piece of the ear, which gives the title to the book.

Clementine, strange to say, felt an ever-glowing interest in the colonel, who was but four-and-twenty years of age, although in reality seventy, and pressed her betrothed so eagerly to try and restore the mummy to life, that the piece of ear was sent to a most eminent physiologist in Paris, who declared positively that it belonged to a living man. The matter was hereupon laid before the Académie des Sciences, who appointed a committee to go and make the experiment at Fontainebleau. Again are the details too scientific for the general reader: we need only say that the water is forced again into the colonel's system, and he gradually swells into life. All at once, as a military band passed along the street, the colonel started up on the sofa, and shouted, in a thundering voice, "Long live the Emperor!" The description of his resurrection is in M. About's best style. We must premise that the room is filled with eager spectators:

"'Sacrebleu!' Fougas said, springing as if moved by clockwork, 'these scamps will stifle us if we do not smash them.' His attitude, his flashing eyes, and, before all, the prestige of the marvellous, formed a space around him. It seemed as if the walls had moved away, or the spectators entered into one another. 'Get out, all of you!' Fougas exclaimed, in his finest voice of command. A concert of cries, explanations, and arguments, arose around him. Fancying that he heard threats, he seized the first

chair within his reach, brandished it like a weapon, pushed, struck, and knocked down citizens, soldiers, functionaries, savants, friends, the curious, and the police commissioner, and poured the human torrent into the street with a fearful uproar. This done, he closed and bolted the door, returned to the laboratory, saw three gentlemen standing round Madame Rénault, and asked the old lady, as he lowered his voice, 'Come, mother, shall I get rid of these three, like the rest?' 'For Heaven's sake, no!' the lady exclaimed. 'My husband and my son, sir. And this is Dr. Nibor, who restored your life.' 'In that case, honour to them, mother! Fougas was never false to the laws of gratitude or hospitality! As for you, my Æsculapius, here's my hand.' At the same moment he noticed that ten or a dozen curious persons had raised themselves from the street to the windows of the laboratory. He walked straight up to them, and opened the window with a fury which made them leap down. 'People,' he said, 'I smashed a hundred Pandours, who respected neither sex nor weakness. If any of you are dissatisfied, my name is Colonel Fougas, of the 23rd. Long live the Emperor!'"

It was a very difficult task to make the colonel understand the true state of affairs, for, even when they had worked hard to make him comprehend they were in the year of grace 1859, his ideas were upset again by hearing a barrel-organ play "Partant pour la Syrie." Then, when he was told that the imperial prince was a pretty lad, his natural reply was, "What! a pretty lad! and you have the face to tell me that we are in 1859!"

"In truth, this young man must have possessed a strong and well-tempered soul, for he learned in forty minutes all the misfortunes which fate had spread over eighteen years, from the first abdication up to the death of the King of Rome. Less happy than his comrades n arms, there was not an interval of rest between these terrible and repeated blows, which all struck his heart at the same spot. Fears might have been entertained that poor Fougas would die in the first hour of his life, but this demon of a man bent and straightened again like a spring. He shouted with admiration on hearing of the glorious combats of the campaign in France, and he yelled with pain on hearing the farewell at Fontainebleau described. The return from Elba illumined his handsome, noble face, and his heart followed the last army of the Emperor to Waterloo, and broke there. Then he clenched his fists, and said, between his teeth, 'If I had been there, at the head of the 23rd, Blucher and Wellington would have seen something.' The invasion, the white flag, the martyr of St. Helena, the white terror in Europe, the murder of Murat—that god of cavalry—the death of Ney, of Brune, of Mouton Duvernet, and so many other men of heart, whom he had known, admired, and loved, threw him into a succession of outbursts of passion; but nothing crushed him. On listening to the death of Napoleon, he swore to eat the heart of England; and the slow death of the pale and charming heir of the Empire inspired him with a desire to rip up Austria. When the drama was ended, and the curtain fell upon Schönbrunn, he wiped his eyes,

and said, 'It is well; I have lived in one moment the whole life of a man.' M. Rénault tried to explain to Fougas the history of the Restoration, and of the monarchy of 1830, but his mind was elsewhere. 'What do I care,' he said, 'that two hundred gossiping deputies placed one king in the room of another? Kings! I have seen so many on the ground. If the Empire had lasted ten years longer I could have had a king as my shoeblack.'"

This Frankenstein was a terrible fellow: and to see him at his first supper was a surprising sight; but then, remember, he had eaten nothing for forty-six years. All the while his jaws were at work he was picking up useful knowledge about the wars which France had waged since his desiccation. The Crimean affair and the alliance between England and France quite got over him, as he said, "I can understand giving the Russians a thrashing, for they made me eat my best horse; but the English are a thousand times worse. If that young man (the Emperor Napoleon III.) does not understand this, I will tell him. No quarter is possible after what they have just done at St. Helena. Had I been in the Crimea I would have begun by beating the Russians thoroughly, and after that I would have turned on the English and kicked them into the sea, which is their element." Equally puzzled was he with the Italian campaign, and the signature of peace at Villafranca, for, in his opinion, it was not possible to sign a peace anywhere except in the capital.

"Truth compels me to confess that Fougas became

intoxicated at dessert. He had eaten and drunk like a hero of Homer, and spoken more copiously than Cicero in his best days. The steam of wine, and meat, and eloquence rose to his brain; he became familiar: he tapped some on the back, and abused others, and poured forth a torrent of absurdities sufficient to turn forty mill-wheels. His intoxication, however, had nothing brutal or ignoble about it; it was merely the overflow of a young, loving, vain, and unregulated mind. He proposed five or six toasts: 'Glory;' 'The extension of our frontiers;' 'The destruction of the last of the English;' 'Madame Mars, the hope of the French stage;' and 'Sensibility, that fragile but dear tie which unites the lover to the object of his love, the father to his son, and the colonel to his regiment.'"

Still, the colonel was not one of the degenerates of the present day, whom a bottle upsets: he conducted Madame Rénault to the drawing-room with perfect gravity, and, on being invited to do so, told the history of his life. It was that of most soldiers of the Empire, and we would call particular attention to the admirable way in which M. About reproduces the language of the epoch. Thus, the colonel talks of his Chiron and his Mentor, who fed him on the strong lion's marrow of Rome and Athens, while their lips distilled in his ears the perfumed honey of wisdom, of the pale olive branch of peace, and the fields on which Mars cuts down heroes with his scythe. The most important thing to us is, however, that, while quartered at Nancy, he fell in love with a brewer's daughter, and became a father before

he was a husband. It was a perplexing situation, for this son, were it a son, would be old enough to be his father. When on the point of marrying the young lady he was called away by Bellona, and, before he could return, he was desiccated in the way we have seen. He did not know what had become of his Clementine, or whether the child she had announced to him were alive or dead; but he would go and see. At this moment Léon's Clementine came into the room, and the colonel shouted, "Why, there is my Clementine! just as I left her. Come to my arms, upon my heart, beloved! Ah! what was it you fellows were telling me? Napoleon is not dead, and the world is not forty-six years older, since Clementine is still the same!"

Here was a pretty situation for Léon, who shouted in his fury, "The lady is not your betrothed, but mine; she never was the mother of your child, but I expect that she will be the mother of mine." It was all of no use; the colonel had taken the thing into his head, and insisted on becoming the husband of "his" Clementine. He declared that, if she married Léon, he would give her his malediction, and so strange were the girl's feelings towards this man who had just returned from the grave, as it were, that she solemnly promised not to espouse her lover without the colonel's sanction. He offered to lead her home, and on the way they met a colonel of cuirassiers, M. de Marnet, who made pretensions to Clementine. At the breakfast which the 23rd gave him, Fougas picked a quarrel with this colonel, and they had an Homeric contest with sabres on horseback,

in which Fougas gained the day. After this, he had a disturbance with the Rénaults, borrowed five hundred francs of the colonel of the 23rd, and resolved to go to Paris and see the Emperor. We must not omit to state that Clementine, before he left Fontainebleau, sent him all her savings, which amounted to twelve hundred francs. In the train he was horrified by finding himself among Englishmen, and hurriedly left the carriage, "to purge his eyes of an enemy of the Emperor;" but in the carriage he entered he fell among Legitimists. Their conversation is worth an extract:—

"He found himself alone with two young gentlemen who had not English faces, and who spoke French with the purest Tourangeau accent. They wore rings with their coats of arms on their fingers, so that no one might be ignorant of their quality as gentlemen. Fougas was too plebeian to enjoy the society of gentlemen much; but, after leaving a compartment peopled with Islanders, he was glad to meet with Frenchmen. 'My friends,' he said to them, with a cordial smile, 'we are children of the same mother; health to you; the sight of you does me good.' The two young men opened their eyes widely, bowed slightly, and began their conversation again, without otherwise responding to Fougas's advances. 'And so, my dear Astophe,' said one, 'you saw the king at Frohsdorf?' 'Yes, my dear Americ, and he received me with the most touching grace. 'Vicomte,' he said to me, 'you belong to a blood known for its fidelity. We will bear you in mind on the day when Heaven re-establishes us on the throne of our

ancestors. 'Tell our brave nobility of Touraine that we recommend ourself to their prayers, and will never forget them in ours.' 'Pitt and Cobourg!' Fougas muttered, 'here are two little scamps conspiring with Condé's army. But patience.' He clenched his fists and listened. 'He said nothing to you about his policy?' 'Only a few unimportant words. Between ourselves, I believe that he does not trouble himself about it; he is awaiting events.' 'He will not have to wait long; the Empire will not last six months; Monseigneur de Montercau said so last Sunday at my aunt's the canoness.' 'Well, I give him a year, because the Italian campaign has strengthened him with the lower classes. I did not hesitate to tell the king so.' '*Sacre-bleu!* gentlemen, that is too strong,' Fougas interrupted. 'Is it in France that Frenchmen talk thus of French institutions? Return to your master, tell him that the Empire is eternal, because it is founded on the popular will, and cemented by the blood of heroes. And if the king asks you who told you so, you will reply, 'Colonel Fougas, decorated at Wagram by the Emperor's own hand.' The two gentlemen looked at each other, and the vicomte said to the marquis, with a smile, 'What is that?' 'A madman.' 'No, dear—a mad dog.' 'Nothing else.' 'Very good, gentlemen,' cried the colonel; 'speak English, you are worthy to do so.' And he changed his carriage at the very next station."

On reaching Paris, Fougas asked for a directory, and selected the Emperor's tailor, hatter, &c., and ordered a new suit, but he found enormous difficulty in inducing

the tradesmen to dress him in the style of 1813. Still he insisted, and the matter was settled, and he dined copiously. After dinner he went to the opera, and saw Charles VI. When the patriotic chorus struck up—

> Guerre aux tyrans! Jamais, jamais en France,
> Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera—

he sprang up, and stretching out his arms towards the stage, cried, "No, never! Let us swear it all together on the sacred altar of the country! Perish, perfidious Albion! long live the Emperor!" To his great surprise a police commissary requested him to leave the theatre, and he did so indignantly. The next morning he dressed himself in his new suit, and went to call on "that young man," and of course was arrested as a maniac when he stated that he had served under the first Emperor. Luckily, on the road to Charenton, he met with an old comrade, who released him and procured him an interview with the Emperor. His account of the audience, as described in a letter to Clementine, is wonderful:—

"I am intoxicated with joy, gratitude, and admiration. I have seen him, I have spoken to him; he offered me his hand, and made me sit down. He is a great prince, and will be master of the world. He gave me the medal of St. Helena, and the officers' cross. I must not think of promotion yet; as prisoner of war in Prussia, and in a triple coffin, I must re-enter the army with my rank! so decrees military law. But within three months I shall be brigadier-general, that is certain; he deigned to promise it me himself. What a man! a God on earth! no prouder than he of Wagram and Moscow, and father

of the soldier like him! He wished to give me an order on his treasury to re-equip myself, but I replied, 'No, sire! I have money to recover at Dantzig; if the debt be paid I shall be rich; if not, I can live on my pay.' Upon this—oh, goodness of princes, thou art not a vain thought!—he smiled cleverly, and said, as he curled his moustache, 'You remained in Prussia from 1813 to 1859?' 'Yes, sire.' 'Prisoner of war under exceptional circumstances?' 'Yes, sire.' 'The treaties stipulated the restoration of prisoners?' 'Yes, sire.' 'In that case they have been violated with you?' 'Yes, sire.' 'Well, then, Prussia owes you an indemnity, and I will have it claimed diplomatically.' 'Yes, sire. Oh, what kindness!' That is an idea which would never have occurred to me. To get back money from Prussia, who showed herself so greedy for our treasures in 1814 and 1815. Long live the Emperor! beloved Clementine! Oh, may our glorious and magnanimous sovereign live for ever! Long live the Empress and the imperial prince! I have seen them! the Emperor presented me to his family. The prince is an admirable little soldier! He deigned to play the drum on my new hat, and I wept with tenderness. Her Majesty the Empress, with an angelic smile, told me that she had heard of my misfortunes. 'Oh, madam,' I answered, 'a moment like this repays them a hundred fold.' 'You must come and dance at the Tuileries next winter.' 'Alas! madam, I never danced save to the sound of cannon; but I will spare no effort to please you; I will study the art of Vestris.' The Emperor

deigned to tell me that he was happy to find again an officer like myself, who had gone through the most splendid campaigns of the age, and had preserved the traditions of the old war. This praise emboldened me, and I did not fear to remind him of the famous principle of the good times: to sign peace in capitals. 'Take care,' he said; 'it was in virtue of that principle that the allied armies twice came to sign peace in Paris.' 'They will not return,' I exclaimed, 'unless they pass over my body.' I insisted on the inconveniences of excessive familiarity with England, and expressed a wish to begin shortly the conquest of the world. In the first place, our own frontiers; next, the natural frontiers of Europe, for Europe is the suburb of France, and it could not be annexed too soon. The Emperor shook his head as if he were not of my opinion. Can he conceal pacific designs? I do not wish to entertain that thought, for it would kill me."

The rest of Fougas's adventures may be rapidly passed over. First he went to Dantzig to recover the money left him by his desiccator: the money was paid him, he got intoxicated as usual, the wicked heir threw him down a well, and, of course, he got out again and touched his money. His next step was to find the child of his beloved Clementine, and sad trouble did he get into while doing so; following up the trail of the family name, he incessantly insulted respectable females by asking importunate questions, and many Homeric contests were the result. At length the poor colonel, who seemed only re-born to trouble, philosophically resolved

that if he had a son, his son might find him, and went his way back to Fontainebleau and his betrothed. Of course we need not insult our readers' perspicuity by telling them that Léon's Clementine was the colonel's granddaughter, and hence he consented to her marriage with her betrothed. He settled the million francs he had recovered from the Dantzig banker upon her, and intended to live quietly and dandle his great grandchildren, but.

At the marriage festival the colonel was enjoying himself heartily, till a gendarme brought him in a letter from the minister of war. It was to the effect that, in making out his commission as brigadier-general, the minister met with an insurmountable difficulty. By law no brigadier-general could be appointed if older than sixty-two; while Fougas, by his baptismal certificate, was born in 1789, and was then seventy years of age. Hence the minister was compelled to the fatal necessity of placing him on the half-pay list as colonel. Fougas, in a word, was not able to accept any post, not even enter the army as private, owing to his age, but, added the minister, "though the law is inexorable, steps would be taken to modify it if resurrections occurred in any considerable number." The colonel went home to his hotel, sadly, and would not be comforted. Worst sign of all, he refused to drink. The next morning Léon received a telegraphic despatch addressed to Fougas, which he opened by mistake. It was from the colonel's old comrade, and contained these few laconic lines: "Left Emperor's cabinet. You, brigadier-general as foreigner for present.

Later legislative corps modify law." Léon hurried with this happy news to the colonel, and found him dead in his bed. It was stated in Fontainebleau that M. Nibor opened him, and found grave disorders produced by desiccation. Some persons, however, declared that Fougas committed suicide, and it is certain that he left the following will: "I leave my heart to my country, my memory to Nature, my example to the army, my hatred to perfidious Albion, and 200,000 francs to the 23rd of the line. Long live the Emperor, still the same.—FOUGAS."

So ends this wild story, of the wit of which we are afraid that we have furnished but a poor idea. From the first page to the last the book is full of the most polished sarcasm, and M. About spares nobody. It is, in fact, a very clever political squib, in which the third Empire is glorified at the expense of the first: but apart from that, the character of Fougas is so thoroughly maintained, that the reader forgets the improbability, and really fancies that he has to deal with a hero of the great army. Throughout the story M. About is careful to avoid offending the prejudices of the French soldier, and though the "Dead Alive" may now and then appear absurd in our eyes, he is never ridiculous. Altogether, the book has produced us in the perusal an effect which cannot be represented in our scanty space, and the only thing we can do is to recommend our readers to turn to its pages for themselves, and judge whether our eulogium has been in the slightest degree exaggerated.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

M. DUMAS *père*, has collected, in two volumes and under the suggestive title of "Les Morts Vont Vîte," various *à propos* biographies of eminent men, which have up to this time remained buried in the *feuilletons* of newspapers. We believe that this is the first occasion in which Alexander the Great has attempted what may be termed contemporary biography, and his treatment is so eminently characteristic that we feel disposed, with our readers' permission, to give a few extracts.

The first on the list is Chateaubriand, and Dumas manages to institute an ingenious parallel between him and the elder Napoleon, because both heroes were born in 1769. The following sentence will prove the treatment: "One was destined to be emperor by the sword, the other king by thought: one was to reconstruct overthrown society, the other was to find again a religion that was lost." In 1791 the youthful poet proceeded to America, but we need not dwell on the episode of his travels, for every one who has read his works—and who has not?—must know them by heart. We are all aware by this time that Dumas has no objection to

make "copy" of extracts from published works, and in the present volumes he has abused that faculty. It is curious to remark that almost at the same time when Chateaubriand was all but lost at Niagara, a young lieutenant of the name of Napoleon Buonaparte had a narrow escape from drowning while bathing in the Saône. Again, on the self-same day when the poet went aboard the vessel that was to bear him back to the aid of his king, Napoleon, leaning against a tree, was looking at the same king, showing himself on the Tuileries terrace in a Phrygian cap. No sooner had the young poet reached France than he married. Great changes had taken place, and Chateaubriand's feelings revolted at the sight of the men who now ruled affairs: he resolved to emigrate, but unhappily, he had no money. With great difficulty he borrowed twelve thousand francs of a lawyer, but was induced by a friend to gamble, and lost ten thousand five hundred francs. He placed the rest in his pocket, and went home; but when he felt for his pocket-book, it was gone: he must have left it in the hackney-coach. Luckily a priest had hailed the vehicle after Chateaubriaud had got out, found the pocket-book, and returned it to him the next day. Whereupon the poet and his brother made the best of their way to Brussels. Chateaubriand, who had once on a time been captain of the Royal Guards, was glad to march to the siege of Thionville as a private. As he marched along he met a horseman, who asked him, "Where are you going?" "To fight." "What is your name?" "M. de Chateaubriand. And yours?" "Frede-

rick William." It was the King of Prussia, who said, as he rode away, "There I recognise the nobility of France."

The poet was not born to fight: he was wounded, received a bullet which lodged in the manuscript of "Atala," which he carried in his breast, and lastly was attacked by small-pox. As he walked along the streets of Namur, trembling with fever, a poor woman threw an old blanket over his shoulders; it was the only one she possessed. Says M. Dumas, "St. Martin, who was canonized, only gave the poor man half his cloak." On quitting Namur, Chateaubriand fell into a trench, and was picked up by some compassionate soldiers, and deposited at the gates of Brussels. "The Belgians, who did not guess that one day the piracy of the works this young man would publish would enrich three or four 'bookaneers,' closed their gates against the poor wounded man." He was on the point of death when his brother came to his aid, and gave him one-half the twelve hundred francs he possessed. He also proposed to remove him, but fortunately our poet was too ill to follow him. He went to a barber's where he recovered; his brother returned to France, where the guillotine was awaiting him. When convalescent, Chateaubriand proceeded to England, where the doctors warned him that his fighting days were over. He took up his pen, wrote his "Essais," and sketched the plan of the "Génie du Christianisme." At the same time, for a bare livelihood, he translated books, for which he was paid at the rate of twenty shillings per sheet. It was during this period that he

was assisted by the Royal Literary Fund, to which he so eloquently alluded on a later occasion. In 1800 Chateaubriand returned to France, and dedicated to the First Consul an edition of the "Genius of Christianity." Of this dedication, which is very rare, Dumas supplies the following copy :—

"TO GENERAL BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

"GENERAL.—You have been kind enough to take under your protection this edition of the 'Genius of Christianity.' It is a new proof of the favour you grant to the august cause which triumphs under the protection of your power. It is impossible to refrain from seeing in your destiny the hand of that Providence who selected you for the accomplishment of her prodigious designs. The peoples regard you: France, aggrandized by your victories, has set her hopes on you since you began to support on religion the basis of the state and of your prosperity. Continue to hold out your hand to thirty millions of Christians, who pray for you, at the base of the altars you have restored to them.

"I am, with profound respect, general, your very humble and most obedient servant,

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

As a reward for the dedication, Chateaubriand was appointed to accompany Cardinal Fesch to Rome. In 1804 he returned to France, but on hearing of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, he tore across his appointment as *chargé d'affaires* to the Valais and sent it back

to the First Consul. He then began his travels in the Holy Land, the narrative of which is familiar to all of us. "Les Martyrs" appeared in 1809; and Napoleon, on returning from Spain, found Chateaubriand's name on all lips. In 1802, the Emperor had established a decennial prize for the greatest literary work produced during that period, and he ordered the Academy to send in the report. Unfortunately Cæsar had forgotten to express his object, and the academicians, aware that Chateaubriand was in disgrace, sent in a report, in which the "Genius of Christianity" was distinguished by its absence. Napoleon ordered this to be rectified, and, moreover, Chateaubriand was appointed to the Academy, *vice* Marie Joseph Chénier, deceased. Unfortunately, the new academician had to write the panegyric of his predecessor, and employed such strong language, that the Emperor prohibited its utterance.

After the defeat of the Emperor, Chateaubriand made his appearance in the political arena, with his pamphlet "De l'Empereur et des Bourbons," which Louis XVIII. declared to be worth an army to him. As a reward he was appointed ambassador, but had not time to proceed to his post ere Bonaparte returned to France. He proceeded to Ghent with Louis XVIII., and when they came back to Paris together, he was made peer of France and councillor of state. This double favour he requited by publishing his "La Monarchie selon la Charte," which occasioned his immediate dismissal for introducing the memorable sentence, "Hors la charte, point de salut." He was compelled to sell his house and books,

just one year after the return of that family to which he had devoted his sword in youth, his pen in riper years. With the proceeds of the sale he established *Le Conservateur*. In 1822 he was appointed French plenipotentiary to the Congress of Verona, and on his return entered the ministry. But he would not surrender his independence, and thus, one morning, found himself "discharged, like a lacquey," to use his own words. The king, however, was terrified at his own ingratitude, and sent him as ambassador to Rome.

After the revolution of 1830, Chateaubriand quitted France and went into voluntary exile at Lucerne. Here M. Dumas tells us that he visited him: "I had never seen him before, and it was impossible to be more simple than he was. He appeared to have completely forgotten the world; but it is so easy for us to forget the world when the world remembers us." It was during this exile that he wrote the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." On July 4, 1848, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the great poet, the magnificent historian, the upright minister, the regretted ambassador, and honest man, died at his rooms in the Rue du Bac, in a state approaching to want. By his own wish he was buried on a granite isle, in front of the town of St. Malo, and the only inscription on his tomb is "*Ci-gît un Chrétien.*" But one day, M. Dumas prophesies, France will fetch his body, to place it in the Pantheon, as it placed Napoleon's in the Invalides, and that will be the last resemblance between the poet and the Emperor.

Passing over the chapter devoted to the Duke and

Duchess of Orleans, as containing little new, we come to Hégésippe Moreau, the unhappy poet, who died at the early age of twenty-eight, known as number twelve. He was a natural son, and left an orphan at an early age. Madame F—— took charge of him, and placed him at school at Avon, near Fontainebleau. And here let our author speak for himself:—

"In 1824, when I was composing 'Christine,' I went to visit the country of Avon, in which the Queen of Sweden's lover and victim lies buried. I was kneeling in front of a stone hidden beneath moss, on which is engraved the short inscription, '*Ci-gît Monaldeschi*,' when M. Jamin, pointing to a youth dressed in black who passed, said, 'That boy will, in all probability, be a great poet.' 'What is his name?' I asked. 'Hégésippe Moreau.' He was already some distance from us, and I never saw him again. Strange thing is destiny! Had I spoken to him on that day, he would probably have remembered my name: in the hour of supreme misfortune he might, perhaps, have come to me, and had he done so, with his splendid verses in his hand, I say openly he might have died in my house, in my bed; but, at any rate, he would not have died in an hospital."

After leaving school, Hégésippe was apprenticed to a printer, and obtained eventually a situation in the house of Firmin-Didot. Like Béranger, he had only a garret; but like Béranger, too, he was only twenty. "My room is small and cold," he wrote to a female friend, destined to be his only love; "but at night I place round my neck a handkerchief which has touched yours, and

I no longer feel the cold." During the Revolution of 1830, he procured a musket and fought on the popular side, but in the midst of the smoke he saw a man fall at whom he had aimed. He threw down his firelock in horror, and, on returning home, he wrote to her whom he called his sister, "Oh, my sister, my sister! I have killed a man, but I swear to you that I will save another." And on the very next day he gave his only coat to a wounded Swiss, and went home in his shirt-sleeves. But he need not trouble himself about that: it is so warm in July, and it would be a long time ere December came. From this moment poor Hégésippe began his vagabond life, for which he was so severely reproached when he begged a crust of bread; but he could not avoid it: the printers were on strike, and would not allow any one to work. Hence Hégésippe resolved to become a tutor. For three months he slept in an outhouse, but was detected, and turned out. Hence one April morning, when the sun shone brightly, he resolved to leave Paris, and started in the direction of Provins, determined to walk so long as his legs would carry him. At the first house in the village he fell, utterly exhausted, and Madame Guérard, a farmer's wife, gave him shelter. It was to this lady he addressed his lines, "La Fermière," of which we give the opening and concluding strophes:—

"Amour à la fermière: elle est
Si gentille et si douce!
C'est l'oiseau des bois qui se plaît
Loin du bruit, dans la mousse.

Vieux vagabond qui tend la main,
  Enfant pauvre et sans mère,
Puissiez-vous trouver en chemin
  La ferme et la fermière !

* * * * *

Ma chansonnette, prends ton vol !
  Tu n'es qu'un faible hommage ;
Mais qu'en Avril le rossignol
  Chante et la dédommage !
Qu'effrayé par ses chants d'amour,
  L'oiseau du cimetière
Longtemps, longtemps se taise pour
  La ferme et la fermière !"

While at Madame Guérard's a gleam of hope burst forth for the young poet: some kind friends aided him to start a newspaper, and obtained him eighty subscribers. But some innocent lines gave umbrage to a powerful functionary, and a challenge was exchanged between the poet and a young relative of his host's: he was forced to quit this dear shelter, and returned to the Hades which he fancied he had escaped from. From this year up to 1838 his life was a long series of misery, want, and despair, rendered only the more terrible by the recurrence of a few hours in which misfortune seemed weary of pursuing him. Once he fancied he had secured a situation of one thousand two hundred francs a year—a very fortune for the devourer of cabbage-stalks and lettuce-leaves picked up at the corners of the streets. Shortly before his death, he wrote to his sister, his Beatrice :—

"The want of money has ever paralysed my literary efforts. To gain, capital is necessary. If I were the son of respectable parents, instead of being simply Hégé-

sippe Moreau, I believe that I should have made a reputation long ago. M. de V., a gentleman I only saw once at Madame Ferrand's and who played a political part under the Restoration, has just addressed to me an epistle of four hundred verses, in which he compliments me very highly. These people will let me die of hunger or grief, after which they will say, 'It was a pity!' My sister, my kind sister, forgive me for writing so much about my own troubles, but misfortune renders a man slightly egotistic. If you were here, I could not keep from laying my head on your shoulder and weeping like a fool; and I am behaving as if you were here, except that I write, instead of speaking."

In the following winter, Hégésippe asked as a favour to be allowed to spend it in the hospital. Shortly before death, he wrote some verses addressed "A mon Ame," from which we extract a most touching strophe:

"Tu veilleras sur tes sœurs de ce monde,
De l'autre monde où Dieu nous tend les bras;
Quand ces enfants à tête franche et blonde
Auprès des morts joueront, tu souriras:
Tu souriras lorsque sur ma poussière
Ils cueilleront les saints pavots tremblants;
Tu souriras lorsqu'avec mes os blancs
Ils abattront les noix du cimetière."

On the 20th December a nurse came to tell the only friend Hégésippe had that number twelve was dead. Such was all the excitement occasioned by the death of a man whose verses had inspired Henri de Latouche with such admiration that he said: "At last, Béranger, I have found a greater poet than yourself!"

The character, memoirs, and poetry of Béranger have been already so amply discussed that we need not dwell for any length on the essay Dumas offers us. Still, we will venture to cull a few anecdotes, and chiefly those which Dumas gives us from his personal knowledge:—

"In spite of his glorification of wine, I always suspected Béranger of boasting unfairly on two points —the bottle and Lisette. I was well acquainted with Béranger, and after a great service he did me I called him my father, and on those days when he was satisfied with me, he called me his son. Well, here is an anecdote in support of my negation. In 1845, when I lived at St. Germain, Béranger came to see me. It was in the summer, and I told my servant to bring a bottle of champagne. When he returned with it, the author of 'Le Dieu des bonnes gens' asked: 'What is that?' 'You see, dear father, that it is champagne.' 'Do you suppose that I drink champagne?' 'Why should you not?' 'I am not rich enough.' My son went up to him, and asked: 'From what barrel, then, do you draw the wine you drink in your songs?' 'From the pump at the corner of the streets, you young scamp!' Béranger answered."

It is plain that Dumas did not feel the exquisite satire conveyed in these replies, else he would hardly have made room for this anecdote. The service which Béranger rendered Dumas was as follows: When "Henri III." was brought out, Dumas was deprived of his office in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He went to Béranger, who took him to Laffitte's, and ten

minutes later the banker advanced him two years' salary on his author's rights in the tragedy.

In conclusion, we are glad to find Dumas make a sharp attack on Pietri's decree relating to Béranger's obsequies, in which an extract from the poet's letter to his publisher was given, expressing his desire to be buried quietly. He adds, "Yes, M. Perrotin, it is a recognised fact that you were the friend, the kind friend the dear friend of Béranger; you rendered him great, enormous services; without you our great national poet would have died of hunger, like Malfilatre, or in the hospital, like Gilbert. We know it, Paris knows it, France, all Europe will know it. You will have the Cross, which Béranger did not have: you will belong to the Academy, which he refused to join."

In describing Dumas's Memoir of Eugène Sue, we should be merely repeating what has been already often told, One anecdote, however, may be allowed us, referring to the origin of the immortal Pipelet in the "Mysteries of Paris":—

"When I brought out 'Henri III.' (writes Dumas) at the Théâtre Français, De Leuven and Ferdinand Langlé, anticipating the success the pièce would have, asked my authority to parody it, which I of course granted. This parody, written for the Vaudeville, was called 'King Petaud and his Court,' and followed my piece scene by scene. Now, at the end of the fourth act, the parting scene between St. Megrin and his servant was parodied as between the hero and his porter. In this scene, which was really most tender and affecting,

the hero asked his porter for a lock of his hair to the tune of 'Dormez donc, mes chères amours,' which was very fashionable at the time, and most appropriate to the situation. Three or four days after, we—that is to say, Eugène Sue, Desforges, De Leuven, Desmaresc, and myself—dined at Véfour's. At the end of the dinner, which was very gay, and in which the famous chorus.

'Portier, je veux
De tes cheveux !'

had been sung, Eugène Sue and Desmaresc resolved to give a reality to this dream of the imagination, and going to No. 8, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, where they knew the porter's name, they asked that worthy man whether he were not M. Pipelet. The porter answered in the affirmative, and then they asked him so pressingly for a lock of his hair on behalf of a Polish princess who had fallen in love with him, that, in order to get quit of them, poor Pipelet gave them one, though his head was not very bountifully covered.

"From the moment he did this imprudent deed, poor Pipelet was a lost man. On the same evening three more locks were requested of him on behalf of a Russian countess, a German baroness, and an Italian marchesa, and each time the request was made, an invisible chorus sang beneath his windows,

'Portier, je veux
De tes cheveux !'

"On the next day the joke went on. Everybody sent every one of his friends to ask a lock of hair of Master

Pipelet, who pulled the latch-string in agony, and had removed, though in vain, the notice, 'Speak to the porter.' On the following Sunday. Eugène Sue and Desmaresc proposed to give the poor devil a grand serenade; they went into the yard with guitars and began the persecuting air. But as it was Sunday, the family had gone to their country-house, and the porter, suspecting that his day's rest would be poisoned, had warned all the footmen. He closed the street door, gave the signal agreed on, and the valets ran to his help; so that the troubadours, forced to convert their instruments into defensive weapons, only got away with the pieces in their hand. No one ever knew the details of this terrific combat, as the parties kept them to themselves, but it was known that it had taken place, and henceforth the porter was put under the ban by literary men. His life became an earthly inferno: even his night's rest was not respected, and every belated author was obliged to take an oath to go home through the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, even if he lived at the Barrière du Maine. This persecution lasted three months. At the end of that period, as a new face presented itself to make the accustomed request, Madame Pipelet, all in tears, stated that her husband had just been taken to the hospital with an attack of brain fever. He was quite mad, and incessantly repeated the infernal chorus which cost him his reason and his health.

In our literary experience we hardly know any more malicious attack than this on the original powers of a *confrère;* but, indeed, the whole memoir is full of

similar pen pricks. Dared we think it of so great a man, we should venture to hint that Dumas was jealous of the enormous popularity of Sue's works. Still, we are bound to add that his appreciation of their literary merits is warm and correct. The last sentence of the memoir is thoroughly Dumas-esque: "Heaven, which had given Sue so agitated a life, gave him at least the consolation of dying with his hand in one of the most honest and steadfast hands in the world. Thanks, Charras." But, then, this sentence was written when Dumas was brooding over his wrongs at Brussels; would he print the same of the Republican colonel now?

The next chapter, which the author calls a study, is devoted to Alfred de Musset. The opening is so thoroughly dramatic that we give it in its entirety:—

"About the beginning of 1831, we were invited to spend the evening with Nodier. A young man of two-and-twenty was to read passages from a volume of poetry he had just published. This young man bore a name as yet almost unknown in letters, and for the first time that name was to be made public. As we never missed a summons from our dear Nodier, we were all punctual. By all, I mean our ordinary circle of the Arsenal: Lamartine, Hugo, de Vigny, Jules de Ressiguer, Sainte-Beuve, Lefèvre, Taylor, the two Johannots, Boulanger, Francis Wey, Jal, and so on. To these must be added a number of young ladies, flowers in the bud, who are now lovely and good mothers of families. About ten o'clock, a young man of the ordinary height, thin, blond, with small moustaches, and his curling hair

parted on one side his forehead, entered the room with a great affectation of ease, probably intended merely to conceal a real timidity. It was Alfred de Musset."

At the beginning of his reading all the poets present gave a quiver, for they recognised a brother. His poetry was neither after Lamartine, Hugo, nor De Vigny, though a flower from the same garden; it had a scent of its own, and an undeniable after-taste of Byron: but at that period Byron excited a powerful influence over French poetry. What separated De Musset from the poets of his age was his sensuality. As Dumas justly remarks, "Byron himself, who destroyed so many prejudices in his poems, never reached the nudity of De Musset's pictures. In Byron, some magnificent purple veil, some splendid Oriental scarf, is thrown so cleverly over the heroine, that, like the drapery of the painter, it conceals what should be concealed." Still, De Musset borrowed nothing of either the ancients or the moderns: his sole example was Byron. And even that was an unconscious imitation, for when De Musset was accused by the critics of plagiarizing on Byron, he was justified in declaring that he had done nothing of the sort.

It might be more truly said of De Musset that he was sick of the world, even at the age of twenty-one, when he was rich, young, and admired, and he thought at times of suicide. His worst fault was that he had no reverence for women, and if we look through his heroines, we find that they are utterly vampire-hearted. First, we have Portia, the adulterous wife, and only that; next we have Carmago, the jealous ballerina, and

when she begins to be affected by jealousy, something still palpitates in the woman's bosom. Then we arrive at the woman with the heart of bronze, to be succeeded by the marble-hearted woman, and, last of all, the woman who has no heart at all. All his heroines are of the same family: there is Portia, who sings when her husband has been dead but an hour; Marco, who dances, though her mother died the day before; and Belcolor, who invites the murderer of her lover to supper, while that lover is still quivering in agony. And, says Dumas, "the misfortune of all this is, that the tares sown produce a crop—twenty years later, Marco produces the Filles de Marbre; Belcolor, Dalila." We wonder what was the origin of the "Dame aux Camélias," by the same rule? Still, the comparison our author draws between Béranger's females and those of De Musset is appreciative and correct. In Béranger, the Frétillons and Lisettes have some redeeming point, but with De Musset an egotistic sensuality is the predominant characteristic.

When we mention that of the hundred odd pages consecrated to De Musset upwards of eighty are devoted to extracts, explaining Dumas's theory, we need offer no apology for the paucity of our material. With the best will in the world, it is impossible to bring much of his poetry before an English reader, and his prose is, perhaps, more salacious.

In 1850, De Musset produced his last volume of poetry, and for the last six years of his life, when he should have been in the plenitude of his power, his harp

remained unstrung. Poor De Musset! you were fated to have enemies even after death. George Sand made a bitter attack upon you, but it was not so malicious as that of the man who would have been proud, he tells us, to call you friend.

The last memoir we have to notice is that of the actress Marie Dorval, which is, in every respect, the best in the volumes, for it is evidently a labour of love. It is dedicated to "*ma grande amie*" George Sand, who, with her "dove-like heart and eagle pen," had given in her memoirs some details as to the last moments of Marie Dorval. The lady's daughter, Caroline, married René Luguet, and bore him a son, christened, in memory of Madame Dudevant, George. He was a marvel of beauty and intellect, and his grandmother became so fondly attached to him that she adopted him and kept him till his death, at the age of four years and a half. Strange training this child's, even according to Dumas's showing: he so constantly went to the theatre to witness his grandmother's triumphs, that, when she left him at home in bed, he would remain awake to greet her return with the cry, "Bravo, Dorval! bravo, Dorval!" Then she would take her Bible, and read little George to sleep. Many were the disappointments the poor lady suffered: she would arrive in a provincial town on the pressing request of the manager, and find that the piece in which she was to perform would not be ready for a week, and till then no money. In such circumstances she would take her little George for a walk, and passers-by would say, "That is Madame Dorval, the

actress from Paris. Our manager, they say, pays her five hundred francs a night." And the poor creature would be envied, though she had to wait perhaps a week to gain one-fifth of that sum.

In 1848 the poor child died of convulsions, and the grandmother's despair was something fearful. When he was taken away to Mont-Parnasse, she asked to have his room given up to her, and she converted it into a chapel. The cradle, like an antique altar, was placed in the centre of the room, covered with flowers; and by its side was the sofa, over which the actress had thrown a large black veil she wore in "Angelo." From that time she had no other bed, when in Paris, but this sofa, no other coverlet but this veil. Her grief was so great, that her son-in-law thought it advisable to procure her an engagement at the Théâtre-Historique, but what was thought would relieve her only augmented her suffering. She considered it a crime to forget her George for an hour, and cursed her profession. One day Dorval went out in the morning, and did not return till ten at night; this she repeated daily, and at last, on being followed, it was found that she spent her time by the tomb of little George, reading her Bible and embroidering. In order to cure her of this morbid condition, Luguet set out with her to perform at Orleans, but so soon as she arrived there she disappeared. Her son-in-law, guessing where she was, hurried to the cemetery, and found her kneeling at the tomb of a child. The whole time the journey lasted she went daily to a cemetery with a handful of

flowers, which she scattered, saying—"For the little children—for the little children!"

On her return to Paris, Balzac called on her, and read to her "La Marâtre." She burst into fresh life, and her family hoped she would recover; but in the midst of the rehearsals she was unwell for a week, and the part was given to another. As a recompense, Dorval was offered a few performances of "Marie Jeanne."

We must come to the end. Being without engagement, the great actress applied to the committee of the Théâtre-Français to give her twenty pounds a month to act anything, and the request was unanimously refused. With death in her heart, she proceeded to fulfil an engagement at Caen, but, on getting out of the diligence, fainted. When on the point of death, she asked to be carried to Paris to see her daughters, and Dumas was sent to see her close her eyes. It was he, too, who found the money for her funeral. Englishmen, perhaps, would not mention such a fact, as they are inclined to do good by stealth, but in a Frenchman it is excusable.

Altogether, we believe we have produced sufficient evidence to show that the right hand of Dumas *père* has not forgotten its cunning. Even when describing the life-histories of men, whom none but himself would have the audacity to inscribe in the catalogue of "les morts qui vont vîte." We wonder what Dumas's own fate will be by the same rule?

CHAPTER IX.

AN ARAB VILLAGE.

ALTHOUGH, at the first blush, it would appear impossible to tell anything new about Algeria, M. Benjamin Gastineau, a French *littérateur* of some reputation, has managed the feat rather cleverly in his volume, "Les Femmes et les Mœurs de l'Algérie." Of course we turn over a number of pages that familiarly salute us, but the paper-knife rests involuntarily at a chapter called, "L'amour et le Mariage en Afrique." On more careful inspection we discover matter we feel to be amusing, and we will dally with M. Gastineau for a while, while he describes to our readers the adventures that befel him when he pitched his tent in the native village of Bab-Aly, near Abd-el-Kader's town of Mascara.

It took our author some time ere he gained the good graces of the Arabs, and he only succeeded by giving up to a considerable extent the comforts of civilization. Thus he consented to exchange his coat for a burnous, his boots for slippers, and his hat for a fez, but, like the hairdresser in "Nicholas Nickleby," he was compelled to draw a line somewhere. The indispensable garment of European gentlemen and North American ladies M. Gastineau would not consent to resign, for he was fright-

ened of the vermin that pullulate in every Arab village, and though the natives regarded him suspiciously, he pacified them by promising to go bare-legged so soon as his epidermis had grown accustomed to the stings of the insects. Thus equipped he left Mascara for the seclusion of Bab-Aly: the former town is exactly like every French *chef-lieu* in Algeria, with its theatre and *cafés*, but once you have entered Bab-Aly, you find yourself transported to a sphere which has no analogy or point of contact with the European world. In the first place, M. Gastineau says you must give up all, even the most elementary, notion of geometry, for an Arab village offers at the first glance an agglomeration of huts, tents, *gourbis*, that appear sown broadcast like a handful of grain. The tenements follow all the inequalities of the soil, mounting hill-slopes and descending into a ravine, like a fleet of vessels on a storm-beaten sea. There are no roads or mode of discovering your way: you go along a lane and tumble into a ditch, or find yourself in front of a mud heap, which you are compelled to *escalade*.

M. Gastineau had been a month at Mascara before he ventured to Bab-Aly, with a native guide to act as his Ariadne's thread. The son of the *cadi*, a burnous tailor by trade, who had travelled in France, was requested to act as guide, philosopher, and friend. So soon as he entered the village, our author found before him a most exciting panorama. A group of indolent Arabs were smoking their pipes in the middle of the highway, while near them a negro was performing his mid-day prayers by kissing the ground thrice. Next was visible a legion

of *moukères* (Arab women), dragging their gilded slippers through the dust, and returning slowly from the Moorish bath to the house of their master. Here a swarm of children were uttering deafening cries; there a pack of dogs were pursuing a Jew, and lacerating his already ragged gabardine; further on, opposite the butchers' stalls, travelling marabouts were singing verses from the Koran, to the accompaniment of the Rebab. Negroes were carrying the distended water-skins from the well to the huts; old men were warming themselves in the sun like lizards; while women, dressed in the Tunisian robes of blue and yellow, fastened round the waist by a red girdle, were stretching their stiffened limbs at the door of their gourbi. Next came a rather startling scene for the nerves of a European:—

"Sobs and cries of despair were audible from a neighbouring house. I walked with Sidi-Habib to a species of gourbi, built of mud bricks, with loopholes for windows, and saw a woman, with dishevelled hair, fly out of the narrow doorway. But two Arabs followed her, one seizing her by the head, the other by the feet, and both began thrashing her with their sticks. After beating her till they were tired, they tied her legs, and left her lying on the ground. The man who had appeared most savage, doubtless her husband, then made a sign to his son, a lad of about ten years of age, who had apathetically witnessed the punishment inflicted on the poor woman. The pitiless child, regarding his mother as a slave, and only recognising the master of the tent, obeyed orders, and fetched a sabre from the house,

which he handed to his father. During this while, the wretched woman, seeing the imminence of the danger, was writhing on the ground. Her tears were futile, and she read her sentence of death on her master's calm and gloomy face. Still, at the moment when the Arab took the weapon to cut off her head, she made a supreme effort, burst her bonds, and fled behind the village tents. The Arab did not pursue her: he gave the weapon back to his son and re-entered the hut. The sheiks presently went to the outraged husband, who had only suspicion of infidelity, made him listen to reason, and brought his wife back to his gourbi."

In order to remove the unpleasant taste left in M. Gastineau's mouth by this scene, Sidi-Habib did him the distinguished honour of conducting him to his own tent, which he entered on his hands and knees. This Arab house was composed of a canvas laid on light poles; the furniture was reduced to two carpets, a yataghan, a pipe, and a saucepan. Bridles and trappings hung from the poles by the side of muslin kaicks and silken girdles. In the background a negro was crushing barley between two stones—such is the Arab mill; while, in the centre of the tent, an old woman was lighting a fire in a hole—such is the Arab stove. The ground served as table and bed. Our author was not sorry to see a copious dish of the national couscoussou, mixed with hard eggs and boiled grapes, and eaten with Adam's fork. After dinner Sidi-Habib offered to take M. Gastineau to a splendid fête at the caïd's, and the offer was gladly accepted. When they

set out, M. Gastineau confesses to a slight feeling of alarm as he held his cicerone's hand and stumbled at every step. To increase his misery, the Arab dogs recognised his nationality, and barked in packs around him. Aroused by these constant barkings, the Arab women thrust their heads out of the doors, but drew them back, growling, "It is a Roumi."

On reaching the caïd's house, a remarkable scene awaited the traveller. A band of musicians were dancing in the court-yard round an almeh, who was all blazing with jewels and gold. In one hand she held a yataghan, in the other a gold-laced handkerchief, and with these two articles produced the most startling expression of love and hatred. As M. Gastineau says: "The mobile face of the danseuse is strangely animated: her countenance reflects every feeling, every passion. At one moment she weeps beneath the folds of her kaick, at another she removes it to laugh. She threatens and she implores, she struggles and kneels down, she sighs tenderly and cuts a throat!" At length the almeh stopped before a sumptuously attired Arab, thrust the yataghan into the ground, and rested her hands on it, gazing fixedly the while at the man whom she had selected to pay for the dance. After a while he rose, and thrust a douro between the silken handkerchief crossed on the almeh's forehead; whereupon, any quantity of enthusiasm from the leader of the musicians. As a rule, Arab women—with the exception of the Moorish women of Algiers and Constantine, and the Koulougly, or daughters of Turks by Arab females—do

not dance; and the Awalim generally come from the Sahara, where the manners are less stern and greater liberty is accorded. It is with such women that a scene like the following may be expected:—

"I was interrupted in my reflections by a girl from the Sahara, whose face was even wilder than that of the previous dancer. She walked towards me, twisting her handkerchief and brandishing her weapon in a threatening manner. Her movements were so graceful and coquettish when she imitated the action of the *chaouch* cutting a head off, that she developed a ferocious instinct in me, and inspired me with a desire to see an execution performed with a yataghan. Still it was not without anxiety that I saw her come up and thrust the yataghan into the ground before me. I immediately asked myself whether she had a spite against my Western head, but luckily remembered the tribute the spectator saluted by the almah must pay. I rose, and slipped a coin under her coif. During this operation, clumsily performed, as I was not used to it, my face touched that of the dancer. I was fascinated by her glance—I inhaled her perfumed breath—when the flash of the upraised yataghan suddenly struck me like the handwriting on the wall."

M. Gastineau spent several months in the village, almost his sole companion being his old negress, Mordjana, who, whenever she saw that he was suffering from home-sickness, sang him a mournful Arab ditty, in the hope of bringing back a smile to his lips. We need not dwell on the truly French mode in which he sought

to cure his spleen, by making love to the fair widow Nepheza, who looked but coldly on his suit. When she went off to be married, M. Gastineau fell into the habit of constantly visiting the Moorish coffee-houses, where the Arabs assemble to play, smoke, drink, sleep, be shaved, or settle business matters. Nothing can be imagined more picturesque than the groups of Arab guests; some, crouching on the ground, lend a greedy ear to the words of an Arab story-teller, who is repeating the marvellous exploits of some desert chieftain, while others only trouble themselves with drinking coffee and smoking; some rise at the approach of a sheik of their douar, and respectfully kiss the hem of his burnous, while others play at draughts or chess; another party, again, shave each other's head in turns with the knife they carry in their girdle. Luckily for our author, he had played chess with a caïd at Mascara, and adroitly allowed himself to be beaten: this had become known among the Arabs, and hence they had no repugnance to let a Roumi visit their coffee-houses.

While standing on these pleasant relations with the Arabs, our author entered into an arrangement with a very intelligent native belonging to the Beni Hamra tribe, through whom he proposed to form the acquaintance of the real native article, the Arab of the tent and the *gourbi*. He had, it is true, found excuses to enter the tents of many villagers, but the mountain Arabs, who have a superstitious fear of the Roumi's evil eye, had hitherto concealed the most interesting details of their private life from him. Hence M. Gastineau

warmly thanked Mohammed-ben-yadga, who promised to satisfy his curiosity; but he started in some terror when the Arab drew his knife, and seized his guest by the hair. He allowed his locks to be shorn, and then looked at himself in a glass: with his scalp-lock he resembled a Chinese. Then Mohammed gave him a perfect native dress, and they started for the mountains on the following morning. When they stopped for the mid-day halt by a well to restore their strength with loaves of dried dates and Barbary figs the Arab plucked from a cactus, our author had the opportunity to witness a strange scene:—

"Some twenty Arabs, armed with *matraks* (heavy sticks), ran towards us with deafening cries. I at once asked Mohammed the meaning of this, and he answered, gleefully, 'It is a *matrak* hunt.' The Arabs formed a circle round a piece of ground, while one of them stationed in the centre, beat the clumps of dwarf palms that covered the mountains, in order to start a hare, or rabbit. After a *battue* lasting a few minutes, a hare rushed from under a palm-tree, and was greeted by the yells and shouts of the Arabs, who shook their sticks. The poor hare, beset on every side, did not know whither to run, and went round like a squirrel in a cage, vainly seeking an exit. At length it attempted to bolt between two Arabs, but they felled it with their sticks, and caught it in a bournous."

After this amusement, our friends pushed on to reach the *douar* of the Beni Hamra before nightfall. The mountains assumed a more savage aspect, and travellers

became rare. During two hours they only saw three Arabs, who passed with the speed of light on their small desert horses. "Ahaho, ahaho!" Mohammed shouted to them' "bezef fantasia!" and, in his enthusiasm, urged his companion to have a race with them; but, having a due regard for his neck, M. Gastineau declined. At length they saw the tents beneath them, and Mohammed executed a wild fantasia of his own, in which the Frenchman was obliged to join, for his horse fairly bolted with him. He reached the hill in a greater state of perspiration than his horse, and was welcomed by the barking of a pack of dogs. Mohammed's children, dressed in cotton shirts, and with amulets round their necks, ran to meet the new comers, and M. Gastineau was greatly surprised to see them, instead of greeting their father, leap on the horses' necks, sit astride them, and start off, repeating the Arab word that signifies the height of joy, "Fantasia!"

The ceremonial reception in an Arab tent does not resemble that obtaining in Paris, for no one rises on your entrance. The pair sat down on mats, and M. Gastineau was almost suffocated at first by a powerful smell of goat and fermented milk, and semi-blinded by the obscure light prevailing in the camel's-hair tent. At length, however, his eyes grew accustomed to it, and he was able to look about him. A long carpet suspended from the roof divided Mohammed's tent into two parts. The place in which M. Gastineau was seated served as kitchen, refectory, and workshop. A frightfully tattered negress was pounding corn between two stones, while a

young *moukère* was blowing up the fire. Behind a loom, clumsily formed of colcah-reeds, stood a woman, who greatly caught our susceptible Frenchman's fancy; she was Mohammed's first wife, and the favourite, judging by the respect he paid her. Her name was Fatma, and like all native women, she was tattooed on the forehead, arms, hands, and legs with gaily coloured arabesques. She was literally covered with jewellery and amulets, and M. Gastineau was dazzled by her brilliant costume and beauty, which seemed to light up the gloomy tent. At an order from her master Fatma arose, displaying her lofty form, and drawing her girdle round her supple waist; then she removed several pots from a large trunk in which the Arabs keep their money, jewellery, corn, and other property. And here our author found himself in a dilemma:—

"Mohammed went out at this moment, and I was left alone with his wives. Greatly embarrassed, I racked my brains in vain for a topic to talk about. I could not fall back on the rain and the fine weather, as I do in France when I do not know what to say, for the eternal sun of Africa robs you of that resource. Finding nothing suitable, I wisely resolved on maintaining an obstinate silence; but the coquettish Fatma was amused by my embarrassment, looked at me furtively, and laughed in an impudent way, which only rendered her more charming. I was very vexed at the ridiculous part I was playing. I was soon liberated, however, from my perplexing situation. A lady friend of Fatma's reminded her from outside of the tent of a funeral

ceremony to be performed at the tomb of some marabout. This strange conversation from the inside and the out piqued my curiosity, and when Mohammed came in I expressed my surprise to him. He told me that no woman dared cross the threshold of a tent when the master was at home. In his absence, Arab women can receive a female friend or relative, but they are prohibited, under penalty of a thrashing, from receiving any stranger. 'Last night,' Mohammed added, 'an Arab of our *douar* surprised a visitor in his tent, and killed both the stranger and his own wife.' A tragedy narrated in so succinct a manner greatly affected me, and I felt choking in the tent. Mohammed mistaking my meaning, led me to the fosse, into which the bodies of animals are thrown, and showed me the wretched man's head. I recoiled with horror."

To recover his guest, Mohammed led him to an oasis of olive and pomegranate trees while preparations for supper were being made. Two strong Arabs with brown arms cut off the head of a sheep in their presence, skinned, and then spitted the carcase on a long pole, which they constantly turned before the fire. When ready, it was laid on an enormous wooden dish, and placed before the guests. The other dishes constituting the meal were brought by the servants and Mohammed's wives and children. Nothing, says M. Gastineau, could be more amusing than to see them come from the tents with a plate or a cup of water in their hands. When all the preparations were made, Mohammed begged his guest to set to work, and could not be induced to join

him, as the Arabs believe it to be most uncourteous to eat ere their guests have finished. M. Gastineau being too hungry for ceremony, helped himself as delicately as he could to *couscoussou* mixed with figs, raisins, hard eggs, and fowl. Mohammed's next object was to learn whether the dish was to the guest's liking, but his face became gloomy when the dainty was thrust away, for he thought evidently that sufficient justice was not being done to the meal. Desirous of pleasing him, M. Gastineau attacked the *couscoussou* again, at the imminent risk of indigestion. Next he took a turn at the sheep, which the cooks had jointed with their fingers and knives, after which he trifled with the barley-cakes, dates, and pastry, all being washed down with cold water from the well. When M. Gastineau had amply satisfied his appetite, the dishes were attacked by Mohammed, then by his wives, children, and negro servants, and last of all by the dogs. In addition to this, Mohammed had the delicate attention to send for the *aissouas*, or Arab gipsies, of whom Robert-Houdin gave us so interesting a description, although the present account bears repetition:—

"These *aissouas*, eight in number, posted themselves a short distance from us. They were at once surrounded by the villagers, and began their perilous performance, to the deafening accompaniment of the tambourine, the rebab, and the reed-pipe: some began playing with serpents, which they placed on their chests, in their mouth, or converted into turbans; others licked live coals; others, again, ate grass, pebbles, and cactus

bristling with thorns; lastly, they joined in an infernal dance, until they fell in epileptic fits on the ground, with foaming lips, and their limbs twisting in a frightful manner. You should have heard the exuberant joy of the audience, the yells of the negresses, and the repeated *you-yous* of the women, as they eagerly peeped through their veils. At the close of their surprising performance, of which no description could give an idea, the *aissouas* collected the offerings of the spectators, and I was not the last to pay tribute. The *aissouas* swarm in the towns and *douars* of North Algeria, and they are supposed to have the power to cure diseases. These disciples of Aissa, a holy Mussulman, who has the reputation of having achieved wondrous deeds in his lifetime, are beloved, petted, and lodged by the pious Arabs. In Africa, indeed, the most profane associations assume a religious character. Such is the case with the *awalim* of the Sahara, and the *gonzanas*, a sisterhood of sorceresses, who tell fortunes among the tribes."

The adventures of this evening were not over yet. While the *sheiks* were sitting in their doorways, telling marvellous tales to the younger men, and the women were reclining in an attitude full of grace on their carpets in the glorious moonlight, Mohammed asked our author to see him shoot a jackal. The Arab threw a quarter of a sheep into a ravine, and fired at the first jackal that arrived, but missed it. Soon after a larger animal came down the hill-side, and Mohammed whispered to M. Gastineau, "A panther—a panther!" This statement did not comfort the latter gentleman; for,

although he had known very civilized panthers at the Jardin des Plantes, he knew from experience that those of Africa are not nearly so tame, and, when wounded, are apt to turn on their assailants. From the way that Mohammed prepared, it was plain that he expected a tough fight of it. The suspicious brute stopped within half gun-shot, and the Arab fired at once, the savage yell it gave as it leaped towards the couple showing that it was wounded. M. Gastineau began to feel uncomfortable, but Mohammed did not lose his coolness: he laid down his gun, drew his yataghan, and bravely waited for the panther, which was coming straight at him. As the brute passed, the Arab leaped on one side, and sheathed his dagger in its flank. A plaintive groan showed that the blow was mortal. "I have spoiled the skin," said Mohammed; but M. Gastineau, who was not at all anxious about the skin, was enchanted at the result. The following is the sort of night a European may expect to pass at an Arab *douar*:—

"As the night was far advanced, Mohammed led me to a tent of hospitality, where I found a bed made of long carpets and cushions. I lay down all dressed, and would gladly have gone to sleep, but the howling of the jackals, to which the dogs of the *douar* replied in chorus, kept me awake for a long time. Moreover, I had not thoroughly closed my tent, and it was visited by sheep and goats, which lay down familiarly by my side. In spite of the nauseous smell of these animals, in spite of the barking of the jackals, which I obstinately took for panther roars, I soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I awoke late the following morning."

A little while after our author was enabled to accompany the keeper-general of the forests of Mascara, on his monthly tour of inspection. One of the first places they visited was the *smala* of the Mascara Spahis. These are contingents furnished by the tribes, who receive the pay of African troops, and are commanded by a French officer. They live in perfect freedom on the plains or in the mountains, and are only called out for grand reviews or in the event of war. They have always gone into action bravely, and have never once deserted the French flag. On entering the *smala*, a man dressed as an Arab, but whom his accent revealed to be a Gascon, came to meet the keeper, and received the party hospitably. The following is the account he gave of his mode of life:—

"I am certain, gentlemen, that, on seeing me surrounded by a hundred Arab families, you consider me the equal of a king or a sultan, whose slightest desires are anticipated by his slaves. But you do not quite understand my position. On one hand, I am responsible to the French Government for the fidelity of the *goums* I direct, and, on the other, I have to keep the tribes in order. The Lord save you, gentlemen, from such a burden! Every morning I have to listen patiently to the complaints of my subordinates: one has had his crop carried away or his sheep stolen; another declaring that he has bought and paid for a woman, and the master of the tent does not recognise the bargain. One has surprised a rival in his *gourbi*; another has been thrashed by a jealous neighbour. I will say nothing of the women who come

secretly to expose to me the violence and outrages of their husbands, the denunciations and the *vendetta* existing between tents and families. There is enough hatred and jealousy to disconcert the most enthusiastic admirer of savage life."

The next halt the party made was at the *douars* of the Hachim-Gharabbas, among whom Abd-el-Kader was born. They next passed on to the forest of Kacheron, the numerous tribes residing in which are very wealthy, from the manufacture of charcoal, and supplying building and firewood to the town of Mascara. The forest-keepers are obliged to keep a sharp look-out, for the Arabs do not take the trouble to fell trees in order to make charcoal, but quietly set fire to the wood. One Arab was caught in the act on the present journey by the sultan of the forests, as the natives call him, who conveyed him to his own *douar*. The caïd came up reverently to the party, and the interpreter transmitted him the following order: "The general of the forests commands thee to give this man fifty blows of the *matrak*, and within three days to bring one hundred *douros* (twenty pounds) to the Arab office at Mascara." The blows were inflicted on the spot. And yet the French complain of the dislike the natives feel for them! When the keeper asked for a guide, there was at once a dispute among the Arabs as to who would not go, but the *tchaush* cut the Gordian knot by drawing his yataghan. An Arab at once sacrificed himself, and the caïd bade farewell to the keeper-general by humbly kissing the tail of his uniform. The rest of the party wished to

forget the painful scene they had just witnessed by seeking game, but the keeper dissuaded them. "Gentlemen," he said, with a laugh, "the preservation of your life depends on my uniform. I will not be responsible for you if marauding Arabs surprise you." A volume would not more thoroughly describe the nature of the French rule in Algeria.

The next halt was made at the *douar* of the Beni Arva, and the guide was sent ahead to announce the arrival of the party. All the head men turned out to greet them, and the keeper-general dismounted, in order to respond to the dignity of the reception. The caïd pressed the keeper's hand with a solemn air, and then raised his own to his lips. This signified, to the Arabs and negroes who surrounded the chief, "these Frenchmen are powerful; they are our friends, and we must not at present either kill or rob them. We must give them a hearty reception, or we shall be sorry for it." Supper consisted of the usual roasted sheep, after which the caïd supplied a novel sort of fantasia. At a signal he gave, a crowd of *moukères* came out of the tents, and seated themselves round the Frenchmen, but musicians at once placed themselves before them. After a short prelude, one of the latter, who played on the *derbouka*, sang an ode, which would have been agreeable to listen to, had it not been slightly disturbed by the snapping of the jackals, and mournful yells of the hyæna, and the roaring of a lion. M. Gastineau was informed that these ferocious performers indulged in a similar concert nightly in the forest of Kacheron; and, in fact,

the caïd had large fires lit to keep the animals at bay.

On returning to Bab-Aly, the party heard some sharp firing in the plain, and our Parisian thought he was in for an Arab "glorious three days," but soon found the natives were celebrating the birthday of their prophet.

The last place M. Gastineau visited was the mosque of Abd-el-Kader, situate at the southern gate of Mascara. There is nothing remarkable about it, save the brilliant reminiscences attaching to the celebrated personage whose name it bears. In it may still be seen the pulpit whence the noble Arab exhorted his followers to continue the sacred war against the French. We confess we are surprised at reading that they have left so dangerous a reminiscence in existence. The last person M. Gastineau saw, before leaving Mascara, was Mohammed-ben-Radga, who gave him as a souvenir a small morocco-leather bag, containing their names written in Arabic. He declares that he will never part with this testimony of a friendship so rare between an Arab and a Frenchman. The French landed in Algiers in 1830: M. Gastineau's book bears the imprint of 1861, and, after thirty-one years, it is rare for the conqueror and the conquered to be on friendly terms. And yet, were we to say that the French had no genius for colonization, we should be accused, as usual, by some of our critics, with striving to stir up ill-blood between two great nations.

M. Gastineau's book contains many other amusing chapters, though they are, perhaps, a little too pro-

nounced for English readers. Still, when we bear in mind that M. Gastineau is a son of Gaul, and deliberately sits down to describe "*les femmes de l'Algérie*," we think he deserves credit for being able to retain a veil at all, however transparent it may be. We confess, in other respects, to a liking for his volume, for he is one of the few of his countrymen who have really attempted to tell the truth about Algeria. That Northern Africa would prove a magnificent colony in the hands of any other nation that preferred pelf to glory, is, at the present day, a fact recognised by consent of all parties, hardly excepting the Emperor of the French himself.

CHAPTER X.

"UN PERE PRODIGUE."

"WHAT next?—and next?" the astounded reader of the younger Dumas's comedies may fairly exclaim, on noticing the extraordinary motives he selects for evolvement. In fact, it seems as if he were working up family matters to the benefit of his pocket; in "Le Fils Naturel" most persons saw an allusion to the writer's position; while there cannot be a question that his new play, "Un Père Prodigue," was suggested by the career of his own father, Alexander the Great.

It is a curious psychological fact that Frenchmen who arrogate to themselves the possession of sensibility beyond all other nations, should, at the same time, excel all others by the cool way in which they analyse their emotions, and convert them into copy. Dumas père unblushingly tells us in his Memoirs that the "Dame aux Camélias" was a young lady of his and his son's acquaintance, while the story of the "Dame aux Perles" was mainly founded on fact.

But this fault is not peculiar to the two Dumases. All the successful authors of France have more or less sinned in the same way, and it is really high time that a stop should be put to such revelations.

By his new comedy Dumas fils aroused a very dangerous antagonist in Granier de Cassagnac, who, in an article in the *Pays*, has successfully proved that the author's reputation is based on exaggeration. So long as he confined himself to the demi-monde and the Bourse, this did not so much matter, but he has had the audacity to accuse the aristocracy of open vice. M. de Cassagnac urged, most justly, that the very nature of society has changed of late years in favour of morality. He then referred to the comedy we have now under consideration, and declared that it was a great mistake in Dumas fils and writers of his class, to bring such pieces before the public in the present day. His remarks demand careful perusal:—

"Good Heaven! who could find any pleasure in seeing a father of a family, calling himself a count, and moving in the highest circles, who, though above fifty years of age, parades, as does also his son, a young man of twenty-five, dashing Aspasias well known to all the town, not only at the sea-side, but in his own carriage, in his own house even, where they give orders as if at home? What! you would make people believe that there are now among the French nobility—among those proud families whose dignity all parties for forty years past have been constrained to acknowledge and respect—examples of those prodigal, or rather infamous fathers, who throw disgrace by such creatures on the family pictures which La Tour and Rigaud painted, and in which their grandmothers are represented in the attire and attitude of a presentation at court?"

M. de Cassagnac then urged that society in France was ameliorating, and that authors would, ere long, have to take another track, or remain without readers. He bade them appeal to noble and elevated sentiments, which are respected by all, even by those who do not possess them, and they will be certainly listened to and applauded. Still it did not seem as if this regeneration were a *fait accompli* in Paris, for the Gymnase was nightly thronged to see the piece M. de Cassagnac objurgated. As an example, then, of the comedies which delight a French audience, and as enabling us to appreciate their character, suppose we give an analysis of this celebrated play.

At the opening, we find the *Vicomte André de la Rivonnière* suffering from the pains of an ill-regulated household. He is on the point of joining his father, the *Count*, at Dieppe, but is detained by a succession of visitors. The first is a *Madame Godefroy*, to whom the *Count* made love in his younger days, and who, though strictly virtuous, has no objection to marry him now that she is a widow. To this his son gladly accedes, for his father is a terrible old rake, though fifty, as we have seen, and he would like to see him settled down. Next enters an old battered roué, one *De Tournas*, who lives by borrowing money of his friends, and on the reputation of the fortune he had devoured in his youth. To them is added *Albertine*, a gay lady, who has held *André* in her silken nets ere now, and pays him a visit. But *André* is summoned away to meet a bill his prodigal father had drawn on him, and the lady is left

with *De Tournas*, to whom she expounds her philosophy in the following manner :—

"*Albertine.* Talking of Lorédan, I am, perhaps, the only person who offered him a helping hand upon his discomfiture. I took him fifteen thousand francs. He was a very honest fellow, and refused them. I expected that he would, but still I did my duty.

"*De Tournas.* Fifteen thousand francs. Exactly one year's interest of his fortune. Well! and then?

"*Albertine.* When he had not a halfpenny left, after paying his debts, instead of marrying, which he might easily have done, because he is a handsome fellow, and of good family, he found a situation of six thousand francs a year on a foreign railway. He is very well, and quite happy.

"*De Tournas.* And he possesses your esteem?

"*Albertine.* Yes, he does, and mind, everybody is not so fortunate. The men who ruin themselves for us are fools, that I grant; but there are some honest men among them, who remain so afterwards, and that is not easy. After that, it is quite unnecessary for us to exchange disagreeable remarks, eh? Wolves don't devour one another, and I know you."

By her philosophy the lady has contrived to save thirty thousand francs a year, and intends to retire as soon as she has increased it to forty thousand. She then proposes to sell all her jewels and cashmeres, and live charily, her only occupation being to love, which she has not hitherto found the time to do. During the conversation the couple are joined by the *Count*, whose

inflammable old heart is touched by the charms of the lady, and a very *leste* interchange of sallies goes on, which proves that M. Dumas has graduated with honours in the Rue Bréda. When the lady has departed, *André* reappears on the scene, and reads his father a high moral lesson on his extravagance. At length, *André* offers his father forty thousand francs a year if he will make over to him his estates, but does not tell him that he is entirely ruined, and that the money comes out of his own pocket, being exactly one-half his fortune. These matters satisfactorily settled, the prodigal papa imparts the great secret which has brought him to Paris: he is madly in love with *Hélène de Brignan*, a young lady he has met at Dieppe, to whom *André* is secretly attached. He, however, subdues his own feelings, and agrees to go courting for his father.

In the second act we find ourselves at Dieppe, where *M. de Lorédan* and the *Comte de Naton* converse generally about matters connected with the fair sex. The former gentleman is a misanthropist *pour cause*, and expresses his feelings in the following outburst:

"What I blame Albertine for is her saving propensities; you have to do with an economical woman, the most dangerous of the breed. However, this amphibious race, half Aspasia, half Harpagon, is a recent product of our progressive folly in love affairs. Formerly, these demoiselles were born in a garret, and died, no matter where. That served them as an excuse beforehand, and as a pardon afterwards. Gaiety, carelessness, and prodigality accompanied them along the road, some-

times even love: they were ever reckless, often good-hearted, sometimes devoted. If a man ruined himself it was with them, and not for them. Now-a-days you ruin yourself sorrowfully, without a smile, as if compelled to do so. These ladies are no longer living beings, but machines moved by mysterious and invisible wheels, like a steam-mill. When they have seized a little finger, unless you have the presence of mind and courage to sacrifice it at once, you pass under the millstones, and even the smallest grain has to offer its contingent of flour to this incessantly revolving mill. These ladies keep a book of receipts and expenses like a grocer, and if a young and simple lover ransacks their drawers to find a rival's letters, he comes across a quire of paper ruled in double columns, on one side of which he reads, 'Received of M. X., a thousand francs;' on the other, 'Pot-herbs, a penny.'"

The gentlemen are soon joined by the *Count*, who keeps the ball moving, and holds a fiery dissertation on the absence of old women from the world. He says that young men are entirely to blame for this, as they only ask of women that they should be pretty. Formerly, ladies accepted old age as a necessity, and exchanged love for friendship, beauty for esprit, youth for grace, and gallantry for good humour. Their salons were thronged by young men who desired to form themselves, and they kept up a certain control over fashionable society. Now-a-days, women, both old and young, seek factitious charms in rouge and false locks, and you are disgusted at seeing grandmothers aping the younger

generation, and contending with them for their lovers. Still, this *laudator temporis acti* is not true to his theory, for he has selected a young girl for his future wife. Desirous, however, of hearing her real sentiments when his son is pressing the father's suit, the *Count* hits on the old expedient of overhearing the conversation from an adjoining room. It is thus that *Hélène* expresses her views about marriage to her aunt, when *André* has retired from the attack:

"Listen, my dear aunt: I reflect sometimes—often, even; and, since we are on this point, I will tell you the result of my reflections, especially as I find them to-day to be more rational than I fancied. After passing their sixteenth year—and you know it as well as I do, for you have not long passed that age—all girls, rich or poor, voluntarily or unconsciously, are engaged with one subject—marriage. That is the great curiosity, the grand mystery. What will this husband be like? Where is he? We begin at first by imagining him tall, handsome, romantic, with his eyes raised to heaven; he overturns mountains in order to reach us. Then we enter the world, and, alas! we have scarce compared the husband dreamed of with the possible husband, than our poor ideal falls to pieces. Some then go to the contrary extreme, and, believing that they cannot obtain from destiny what they ambitioned, only ask of marriage the noise, pleasure, and excitement of the world; others sincerely consult their nature, their tastes, and say to themselves that there are eternal conditions of happiness, like the light of the sun; it is youth, faith, the

intelligence of good; it is the love of children for their parents, of the wife for her husband, of the mother for her babes. With this conviction the young girl should find, if not the poetic chevalier she has dreamed, at least a young, loyal, and good man, who, feeling in her as in himself the sentiment of good, will say to her: 'I esteem you, I love you, as my wife. Let us join; not to couple our escutcheons and our fortunes, but to love sincerely, to endure together the joys and griefs of this world; to be a force and an example.' Well, my dear aunt, the day I have found this man—all the better if he belong to my caste, but no matter if he does not—I will marry him; for the important thing, look you, is not to be noble, is not to be rich—it is to be happy."

This simple confession of faith overpowers the old *Count*, and he recognises that his son possesses all the qualities *Hélène* demands. He therefore joins their hands, and all begin weeping, after the French fashion, the *Aunt* confessing that she had forgotten how to cry; but the *Count* reminds her that tears are always where there are children.

In the third act we find *Hélène* and *André* married, and the *Count* living with them. The old gentleman is very proud of his new daughter, and has taken her about to balls and parties during his son's absence on business. The latter is about to speak his mind to the *Count*, when he is summoned away by a visitor. This is a married lady whom *André* had known previously to marriage, and who insisted on seeing him again for the last time. He is in a most awkward dilemma for

fear *Hélène* should find it out, but the *Count* takes the affair on himself in a most paternal manner, and gets rid of the lady by engaging her to express her feelings by writing to *André*, under cover to himself. At this moment *De Tournas* comes to trouble the *Count's* felicity by telling him the *cancans* afloat in society, and informs him that it is currently reported that *André* is jealous of his attentions to *Hélène*. The *Count* cannot believe it; but *De Tournas* tells him to try his son's feelings by saying he is about to travel for a year, and see how he takes the news. In his embarrassment the *Count* seeks advice of *Madame Godefroy*, who happens to come in. Read the following passage, put in the mouth of an *honnête femme*, and then form an opinion of modern Parisian society from M. Dumas's point of view:

"Oh, my opinion is that people who know you cannot make any mistake; but those — and they are the majority — who have only heard of your luxury, prodigality, and amours, are ready to accept the most ridiculous reports about you. Now, opinion is made by the majority, and there is no middle term. According to it, when a man has assumed certain habits he is capable of anything. Certainly, it is original and amusing to make a son a friend, a comrade, a witness of all your actions; but on one condition, that all your actions must be examples to him, if not, they will become his excuses on the day that he thinks proper to behave badly. Are you quite sure that all your doings could, and ought, to be known by your son? If you are, you deceive your-

self, my friend. Follow opinion since your youth, listen to its flatteries, its hesitations, its decision. Do you know that young Count Fernand de la Rivonnière, who has just arrived at Paris with his wife? He is charming. He has a lovely boy; they are happy, and they deserve it. Madame de la Rivonnière is dead. What, that adorable lady? What a misfortune! The husband is inconsolable, poor young man! All the women sympathise with him. At the end of two years he reappears in the world. Ah! he is consoling himself; still, he cannot weep all his life. What parties he gives!—what splendid horses!—what a well-appointed house! He must be rich, then? Oh, a fourfold millionnaire. Oh, oh, that is a large sum; he is devouring his capital a little. He is said to be the lover of the Baroness de ——, of the Countess de ——, of the Duchess de ——. His son is fifteen years of age. Have you seen him? His father takes him everywhere; he is wrong—he is right. He must take care; the young man has a mistress. Ah, ah! a ballet girl. What does his father say? Oh, he finds it quite natural. How could a father, who has enjoyed life, prevent his son doing so? A good dog shows his breed. You know that the La Rivonnières are ruined, or nearly so? That was to be expected; but the father is going to marry Mlle. de Brignac. Is it possible? It is certain. Have you heard the news? It is the son who has married Mlle. de Brignac, and the father arranged matters. And the father? Oh, he lives with the young people, and is quite steady. Nonsense! there is something behind the

cards. He steady! it is impossible. He is in love, you may be sure. With whom? With Mlle. de Brignac. But she is his son's wife. No matter. Oh! you do not know him; he is a libertine, a debauchee. Well, perhaps it is so; he takes his daughter-in-law to balls and theatres while his son is absent. He allows no one to approach her—he is jealous—he is loading her with presents—ruining himself for her; it is scandalous! Well, then, he is his daughter-in-law's lover?—perhaps was so before, who knows, eh?"

The poor *Count* tries the test, and his suspicions are confirmed by the coolness with which *André* receives the news of his approaching departure.

With the fourth act we find that, instead of the *Count* leaving Paris, *André* and *Hélène* have proceeded to Italy. The old *Count* is leading a deplorable life. *Albertine* is openly living with him in the paternal mansion. The first scene is an admirable satire on the "Traviati." *De Naton* has returned to *Albertine's* side, and she treats him with the most consummate indifference, of which he naturally complains. Here is a specimen of the scene:—

"*De Naton.* So you never loved me?

"*Albertine.* Never, my friend.

"*De Naton.* And yet you said so.

"*Albertine.* That I loved you, oh yes. Women say such things, but they mean nothing. A woman only loves a man whom she recognises as superior to others and to herself, either in mind, heart, or character; but men like you, my dear De Naton—you need not deceive

yourself—can be found everywhere. One is the photograph of the other, and Nature takes as many copies as she likes, without any fatigue.

"*De Naton.* But I loved you.

"*Albertine.* No; you came to see me, like other men came. A man belonging to a certain class must have it in his power to say, at a certain hour, while passing his hand through his hair; 'I am going to Titine or Loulou!' You can no longer visit Titine, so go to Loulou; it will be precisely the same thing. When you have carried this game on for ten years, you will be ruined; but you will have a nickname in your turn, and you will be called 'Bibi.' Come, that is the best thing you can do; and if you profit by the lesson, you have no cause of complaint. Fifty thousand francs! It was not dear."

So soon as *De Naton* has departed, enters *De Tournas*, who has become the *âme damnée* of *Albertine*. She employs him as her spy on the *Count*, whom she entertains a design of marrying; but she is greatly vexed to hear of *André's* return to France, for she fears his power over his father. Hence she persuades the *Count* to leave Paris with her, and he has agreed to do so, when *André* makes his appearance. He commits the folly of threatening to withdraw the allowance he makes his father, and they part after a stormy scene, in which the *Count* behaves with much dignity. Just at this time arrives *M. de Prailles*, husband of the mysterious lady who had visited *André* after his marriage. He has found a letter addressed to the *Count* among her papers,

and determines to deliver it himself, so as to obtain satisfaction. The *Count* takes the intrigue on himself, for fear of any harm befalling his son, and they agree to meet the next morning.

The fifth act plays at an hotel at Fontainebleau, where *André* and *Hélène* are residing. The *Count* joins them here, and tells his son that he has left *Albertine* for ever, and is about to quit the country. He is a ruined man, and throws himself on his son's generosity. At the same time they come to a perfect explanation on the subject of *André's* supposed jealousy of his father, and all promises a return of happiness, were it not for the impending duel, of which the *Count* does not breathe a word to his son. After a while *Albertine* arrives to make her conditions, now that the *Count* has left her entirely, and the scene between her and *André* is so characteristic that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"*Albertine* (raising her veil). It is I.

"*André.* You here!

"*Albertine.* Is it not an hotel—neutral ground, consequently? And besides, it is not the first time you have received me. However, to pacify your conscience, we have business which does not concern you personally. It is not Mademoiselle Albertine, shortly, whom you now receive, but Madame de la Borde, propriétaire and holder of a bill of exchange.

"*André.* Bill of exchange?

"*Albertine.* Yes; here it is, for forty thousand francs, accepted by the Count de la Rivonnière.

"*André.* Ah! he told me of it. Then we owe you forty thousand francs? Plus the commission?

"*Albertine.* Of course.

"*André.* Suppose we say fifty thousand?

"*Albertine.* That will do admirably! Then there is a certain necklace.

"*André.* Here it is. I was requested to hand it to you.

"*Albertine.* I do not care for it: it is a toy for a lady of the world. I am not rich enough to wear on my neck a sum representing a thousand francs a year.

"*André.* Then you value it at twenty thousand francs?

"*Albertine.* Yes.

"*André.* Then that makes seventy thousand francs. Is that all?

"*Albertine.* Yes! I have only to hand you the keys of the cellars and linen closets. You will see in what condition the house is.

"*André.* Did my father write to you?

"*Albertine.* Yes, sometimes.

"*André.* Where are the letters?

"*Albertine.* Here. I was going to give them to you.

"*André* (tearing them up). Twenty thousand francs for the keys and the letters! Is that enough?

"*Albertine.* More than sufficient.

"*André.* One cannot pay too much for the happiness of regaining a father.

"*Albertine.* Here is your little bit of paper.

"*André.* And here an order on my solicitor."

Albertine, having thus made a capital thing of it, retires to marry *De Tournas,* while *André* is thrown into a frightful state of alarm by hearing that his father is fighting a duel for him. Fortunately the old gentleman soon returns, having had the satisfaction of shooting *M. de Prailles* through the arm—a very proper lesson for husbands who are so imbecile as to interfere with their wives' little distractions. The curtain falls with a moral tag, in which the *Count* advises *André* to love his son as he had loved him, but not to bring him up in the same way.

Such is the plot of this extraordinary play, which has aroused tremendous excitement. It is far from being original: indeed, a piece, founded on the same motive, was recently produced on the Parisian boards, but the merit lies in the manner in which Dumas fils has treated it. It is decidedly the most carefully written of all his comedies, and sparkles with wit, like a play of Douglas Jerrold. The interest is capitally sustained, and we can quite understand how the French have so eagerly received it, for it flatters their false ideas of sentimentality. Still we think (and our readers will probably agree with us) that M. de Cassagnac was quite justified in exposing the exaggerations of which M. Dumas has been guilty, and we hope that his remarks will have a due effect. The exquisite passage we quoted, in which *Hélène* depicts the husband of her heart, shows that M. Dumas is capable of better things, and that he could easily emancipate himself from the trammels of a vicious style. Still the

exposé of *Albertine's* character ought to do some good; it is drawn with a master hand, and the cupidity and unblushing arrogance of such creatures pitilessly laid bare. We have been compelled to omit many salient bits which would not read well in English, but, altogether, we prefer this play to the "Demi-monde."

CHAPTER XI.

WATERLOO.

A VERY handsome controversy took place in the columns of the leading journal upon the subject of M. Thiers's latest contribution to the romance of history in the twentieth volume of his great work. We are surprised that so much stress is laid on the subject, for it is notorious that Thiers is the French Hume, and models his facts according to his own views and prejudices: he does not trouble himself with a tedious comparison of authorities, but simply takes his property where he finds it. This twentieth volume, comprising the campaign of 1815 and its culmination at Waterloo, is one of the most ingenious patchworks of truth and falsehood ever published, and although the conclusion at which he arrives about the first Napoleon is in the main correct, and described in words that ring like a trumpet, the volume itself is thoroughly worthless as a book of reference. Entertaining such views of Thiers, we are not about to devote an article to a refutation of his statements, which every reader of the work can make for himself; but this subject of Waterloo, as seen from the French point of view, has at the present time reached such a phase that it demands serious consideration.

Time was when that Frenchman was a bold man who mentioned the word Waterloo at all. True it is that in some provinces, Alsace, for instance, the peasants firmly believed, and still believe, that Waterloo was a French victory; but then they are the same peasants who believed, and perhaps still believe, that Le Petit Caporal returned in the present emperor. Still, in the more educated classes, there was a quiet understanding that the subject of Waterloo should be tacitly shelved. A few generals, who believed themselves injured by the "Memorial of St. Helena," made a few faint protests—such as Grouchy to the day of his death, and the Duc d'Elchingen's chivalrous defence of his father—but that was all. Colonel Charras was the first, we believe, to show the feet of clay of the popular idol: an ardent republican and disappointed man, he strove to injure the present emperor by reducing the prestige of his uncle, and his volume is certainly a masterpiece of logical acumen. Next came Marmont, who, in his Memoirs, proved most maliciously that Napoleon of Marengo was not the Napoleon of Waterloo, and quietly insinuated that it was a mistake of Providence, and that he, Marmont, would have been the right man in the right place. Next comes Victor Hugo with his "Misérables," who devotes a section to Waterloo, and makes the wondrous discovery that Napoleon was overthrown by divine and not human agency, because il gênait Dieu. Not even Hugo's epigram, that "Waterloo was a first-class battle won by a second-class man," will compensate for the ab-

surdity of his conclusion. Lastly, comes Edgar Quinet,* whose volume will serve as the basis of our article, and who has concentrated with great acrimony all the errors of omission and commission laid to the charge of Napoleon by his predecessors in the field. All these writers to whom we have referred, we may remark *in limine*, have a very patent object—that of glorifying the French people at the expense of the French emperor, and thus wage a covert war against the Napoleon family, whom they feel themselves powerless to overthrow, but still wish to injure.

Before coming to Quinet's account of the battle itself, it may be as well to summarise the events that preceded it. When united Europe marched upon Napoleon to punish him for his broken faith, the English army standing in Belgium was 105,950 strong, including the Hanoverian corps of 9000 left to garrison Antwerp and the Flemish towns. They were divided into two corps—the first, of forty battalions and twenty-three squadrons, under the Prince of Orange; the second, of thirty-eight battalions and twelve squadrons, under Lieutenant-General Lord Hill. The reserve consisted of 23,748 men, under Wellington, and 9913 cavalry, the best in the world, under Lord Uxbridge. The artillery spread among the different corps was composed of one hundred and ninety-six guns. One-half at least of this army consisted of troops tried in the Peninsular war, but it was not homogeneous. There were but 32,700 English, and the rest

* Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Par Edgar Quinet. Paris: Michel Levy.

were Germans, Belgians, and Dutch. The Germans consisted of the legion, 7500; Hanoverians, 15,800; Nassauers, 7300; and Brunswickers, 6700. These were staunch troops, and had been for some time in British pay, but 30,000 Belgians and Dutch were doubtful, as they had already served with the French, and might be inclined to desert. Still Wellington avoided this as far as he could by incorporating them with troops whom he could depend upon. The Prussian army of 124,074 combatants, on the other hand, was thoroughly homogeneous, and animated with a fierce detestation of the French. So determined was Blucher to conquer, that he did not form a reserve, but set all on the hazard of a die. To these two armies Napoleon opposed:

Infantry	89,415
Cavalry	22,302
Artillery and Engineers	12,371
Grand park	3,500
	128,088 men, with 346 guns.

The army of the North was divided into five corps: the first under D'Erlon, the second under Reille, the third under Vandamme, the fourth under Gerard, and the last under Lobau. In addition to the cavalry attached to these divisions, a reserve corps of 11,826 cavalry, all picked troops, stood under the command of Marshal Grouchy. The guard brought into line 12,941 infantry, 3689 cavalry, and fifty-two guns, and by this clever arrangement Napoleon held in hand a corps of 30,000 men with which to turn the fortunes of a battle.

On the night of June 14, the French army was assembled behind the Sambre, crossed and marched on Charleroi, and drove back the Prussians with a loss of twelve or fifteen hundred men. Here, Quinet asserts, was the first great fault that Napoleon committed; instead of vigorously pressing the Prussians, and cutting up their separate corps in detail, he allowed them to fall back and concentrate. On the same afternoon, Ney joined the Emperor, who received him with great joy, and gave him the command of the two first corps, D'Erlon and Reille and Kellerman's heavy cavalry, forming a total of 48,000 men. His directions were, "Go and drive the enemy back." At this point Quinet collects a mass of the most crushing evidence to prove that Ney, whom Napoleon accused after the fact of losing the campaign, had received no instructions; but this is beyond our subject. We will merely mention that Ney with Reille's corps, as D'Erlon had not come up yet, marched on Quatre Bras to intercept the communication between the English and the Prussians. Napoleon in the mean while advanced, and found Blucher with eighty thousand men coolly waiting for him at Ligny. It was ten A.M. when Napoleon found himself impeded by the Prussians, and though he felt certain of victory, he again lost time. His motive for doing so he never stated; some say that he was ill, others that his thoughts were engaged with the intrigues of the Jacobins of Paris, as he called them; but the best explanation will, perhaps, be found in his own remarks in the Memorial: "It is certain that, under these circumstances, I no longer had

within me the feeling of definitive success. It was no longer my first confidence . . . it is certain I felt as if I wanted something."

At half-past two the battle of Ligny began; a street fight, in which the Prussians displayed unexampled bravery. At length, however, Blucher had exhausted all his reserves, and Napoleon was preparing to deal the final blow on his centre, when an unexpected incident occurred. Vandamme noticed in the rear of the French extreme left a corps d'armée hurrying to the battle-field, and did not know whether they were friends or foes. An hour later Napoleon learned that it was D'Erlon's corps of twenty thousand men, in search of Ney, but the emperor made no effort to call in this unexpected reinforcement. Had he done so, says Quinet, the Prussian army must have been lost to the last man. At eight in the evening the final charge took place. Blucher was borne off the field unconscious, and the Prussians were beginning to despond, when Gneisenau, with happy audacity, ordered a change in the line of operations, and a retreat on Wavre to join the English. Napoleon, unfortunately for himself, made no effort to discover what the Prussians were about; even Ney on the left wing was not informed of the victory. And yet the results were great: ten thousand men killed, eight thousand Westphalians dispersed, sixteen guns taken, but no prisoners, for the Prussians refused to surrender, and on the side of the French six thousand eight hundred killed and wounded. Here let M. Quinet speak:

"It is a glorious day to be added to so many others; but three causes may prevent it bearing fruit; first, the delay in attacking; secondly, the despising of Fortune, who wished to avenge herself, by neglecting the twenty thousand troops whom she brought on the field of battle. These two faults might still be repaired, if an extraordinary activity be displayed in pursuing the vanquished foe; but instead of that, if, believing him more discouraged, intimidated, and weakened than he really is, he is allowed the whole night to recover, this illusion on the part of the victor will be dearly paid for, and this third fault, added to the other two, may render them irreparable."

At half-past eleven A.M. of the 16th June, Ney received his orders to March on Quatre Bras; he had under him fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty infantry, one thousand eight hundred and sixty five cavalry, and thirty-eight guns. The Prince of Orange, who opposed him, had only Perponcher's division of six thousand eight hundred and thirty-two men and sixteen guns. Still, Ney hesitated to attack until he heard the sound of Napoleon's cannon, and was certain that the attack had commenced on the French right. Hence he did not advance till after two P.M. and at a quarter to three the Prince of Orange was supported by Picton's three infantry brigades, which rendered the odds even. Almost at the same time Wellington came up with the Belgian light cavalry, and after him the Duke of Brunswick with his corps. At four o'clock, according to Quinet, Ney decidedly had the best of it,

but two fresh brigades of Alten's came up, with two batteries, and at this critical moment Ney is inundated by bulletins from Napoleon, the first being "the fate of France is in your hands," which he found it impossible to obey. Still, Ney had a hope that D'Erlon would come up and re-establish the equality, but, on hearing that he was three leagues distant, he exclaimed, "You see those cannon-balls, I wish they would all enter my body." Under these circumstances Ney said to Kellerman, "My dear general, a great effort must be made here, for the salvation of France is at stake. Charge, and I will support you with all Pirè's cavalry." Kellerman obeyed, but was driven back with frightful loss, and the battle was over, and Ney slowly retired upon the heights of Frasnes, where D'Erlon's troops joined him at nine P.M., when it was too late. Still, in spite of Ney's defeat, Quinet considers that he did all that could be expected of him: Wellington had promised Blucher to join him at Ligny, and not a single Englishman appeared on that battle-field. By his fierce fighting he had given Napoleon nine clear hours to destroy the Prussians, and when he surrendered Quatre Bras it was no longer of any use, as the two allied armies could no longer effect a junction. And yet French authors have thrown the whole misfortune upon Ney because he did not positively hold Quatre Bras.

The two wings of the French army passed the night at two and a half leagues from each other, at Ligny and Frasnes, and Napoleon went back to sleep at Fleurus, far from the troublesome sounds of the battle-field. In

his former campaigns he would not have failed to bivouac at Ligny among his Guards. Had he done so now, he would have heard the Prussian rear-guard quietly decamping at midnight to join Ziethen and Pirch's corps. Of this night's rest at Fleurus it has been said that "Napoleon remembered the emperor too much, and the general of the wars of Italy too little." During the night, however, the Prussians got away so far that the French could obtain no certain information about them, but that made no difference to Napoleon, who was accustomed to regard those whom he had struck as destroyed, and he believed the Prussians in full flight for the Rhine. This first error was strengthened by the slight estimation in which he held his adversary; he imagined that Marshal Blucher would not depart from the superannuated tactics of the Austrian generals, and fall back methodically on his reinforcements by the Meuse. He refused to think that this ex-general of hussars, as he called him, would have the boldness to form a new line of operations by Louvain and Maestricht, and he would not perceive that Blucher had gone to Napoleon's school. On the morning of the 17th, Grouchy went to Fleurus for orders, and the Emperor took him with him to Ligny, to pass the troops in review. At this delay some of the generals, Girard and Excelmans, murmured; their impatience broke out, and they expressed their apprehensions to each other.

"Is this the way in which war is waged in successful campaigning? Where were the decision, the rapidity and crushing genius which allowed neither conquerors

nor conquered to breathe? They had previously broken coalitions, beaten the enemy when they were three to one at Castiglione, when two to one at Eckmühl and Ratisbon, but how was it done? By prodigies of activity, by impetuous blows, by forced marches, by fighting day and night, which re-established the inequality to the advantage of the smaller number. Now, they had to do with more than two hundred thousand foes, and they left them not only the advantage of numbers, but that of decision and manœuvres: for it must not be concealed that on the previous day they lost six hours by attacking at three P.M. instead of nine A.M. At this moment the same fault was repeated and aggravated. The whole night and half the day were already lost supposing they wished to attack the English, or compel the Prussians to accept a second battle, like Beaulieu at Montenotte. This was not the way in which the enemy behaved: he had escaped from the French, and the victory of Ligny, which remained sterile, would doubtless have to be fought again. It was plain that the enemy had learned from the French how to behave on a battle-field; but had the French forgotten it?"

Vandamme even went further, and said that "Napoleon is no longer the man we have known;" but this was regarded as spleen. In the meantime the Prussians had not been idle, and Bulow coming up with thirty thousand men enabled Blucher to camp at Wavre with ninety thousand men, or ten thousand more than he had at Ligny. At mid-day, and not till then, Grouchy received orders to pursue the Prussians with thirty-three

thousand men. He was horribly nervous, and replied, "Sire, give this command to Marshal Ney, and take me with you." "No," Napoleon replied, "I want Ney with me." Grouchy still urged the danger of removing so large a force and going on a wild-goose chase, but Napoleon closed the interview with the bitter remark, "Do you wish to teach me?" Grouchy consequently set out at three P.M., and at the very outset committed a mistake, as he felt confident that the Prussians meant to attack the French in the rear, and he marched on Gembloux, thus breaking off his communication with the main army. So soon as Wellington heard from Blucher that he was in full retreat on Wavre, he sent to tell him that he should fall back upon Waterloo, where he would stop and accept battle on the 18th, if he could count on the support of two Prussian corps. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th, Napoleon's columns arrived to liberate Ney from his painful state of suspense at Frasnes, though they might have easily reached it at seven A.M., thus entailing a further loss of six hours. Wellington fell back slowly, very slightly harassed by the French, and took up his position at six P.M. at Waterloo. Napoleon is stated to have said that he wished he had the power of Joshua, to stop the sun for two hours, but he had possessed the power in the morning on the field of Ligny, and had thrown it away. On this evening Wellington received Blucher's answer, "I shall arrive not merely with two corps but with my whole army. If the French do not attack us on the 18th, we will attack them on the 19th." Upon

this assurance Wellington established his head-quarters at the village of Waterloo, half a league behind his battle-front, and Napoleon at the little farm Du Caillou. This was fated to be his last bivouac.

During the night, Napoleon's sole anxiety appears to have been lest the English should decamp through the forest of Soignies and effect their junction with the Prussians under the walls of Brussels. He had no conception that Blucher would fall on his right by Planchenoit and Frischermont, and hence the only point which menaced him was the only one which inspired him with no fear. Strangest thing of all, he did not trouble himself in the slightest about Grouchy. So thorough was his security, that while the English cavalry pushed on to Ohain to open the way for the Prussian advance, Napoleon sent out no videttes on his right. At the moment when the French bivouacked, the Prussian Major von Falkenhausen was watching from the heights, and went back to inform Blucher of the utter security of Napoleon, and his neglect of the most ordinary precautions. Upon hearing this, Blucher resolved to march the whole Prussian army on the wood of Frischermont, and attack the French flank. There was only one chance left for Napoleon: if he attacked the English at daybreak he might gain the victory before the dark mass gathering on his right had time to burst on him. When day broke, and Napoleon saw the English still in position, he was delighted, and declared that it was ninety to ten in his favour: but most assuredly, among the less unfavourable chances, he did

not reckon the arrival of the Prussians on the battle-field. The confidence of the French was quite as great as that of their chief: seventy thousand Frenchmen, led by Napoleon and Ney, felt a certain superiority over eighty thousand, only one half of whom were veterans. Never had they felt more certain of victory, and it was that which caused the battle to be again deferred.

Napoleon, in his reconnaissance, judged with his ordinary quickness the circumstances of the battle-field; he saw the enemy's right and centre protected by two great obstacles, Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte; but when he stopped in front of the left wing, he noticed that on this side the ground sloped gently down. Besides, this wing was separated from the château of Frischermont by a vacant space of sixteen hundred metres, which left it without support. Hence he resolved to deceive the enemy by frequent attacks on Hougoumont, and demonstrations toward Merbe Braine. So soon as the enemy had sent reinforcements in that direction, Napoleon would make his real attack on the left wing, and so soon as that was driven in, direct his troops on Mont St. Jean, at the cross roads. On this side the victory would be greater and the difficulty less. The English, if conquered, would be unable to join the Prussians, and be cut off from the Brussels road, and would have no resource but to fall back into the sea. This plan—admirable in conception—Napoleon altered in the course of the action; we shall soon see why.

At half-past eleven the firing began in the wood of Hougoumont, and Reille attacked the château, which was magnificently defended by the Coldstreams. Napo-

leon sent up Kellerman's artillery to attack, but all in vain; the château was fired by the shells, but still the defenders held out. Instead of a feint it became an obstinate attack, whose principal result was to draw to that side some of the best English troops. Napoleon then turned his attention to the English left, and the attack opened with the fire of seventy-four guns. But while the columns of attack were being formed, a serious event turned Napoleon's attention elsewhere. While looking round him, before giving the signal, he noticed on the heights of St. Lambert a cloud, which appeared to him troops. He said to Soult, as the weather was very misty, "Marshal, what do you see on St. Lambert?" "I fancy I see five or six thousand men. It is probably a detachment from Grouchy." It was then one o'clock. If Napoleon really believed it were so, the illusion did not last long, for one of his aides, General Bernard, galloped up, and soon brought back the news that they were Prussians. "I suspected it," said Napoleon; and turning to his staff, he said aloud, "Gentlemen, Grouchy is coming up." The truth was, Napoleon obstinately believed that Grouchy was driving the Prussians before him. What did Napoleon to check the advance of the Prussians? Nothing; and they were allowed to pass through the defiles and form in front of the Bois de Paris as if they were on the parade-ground.

At St. Helena, Napoleon, it is true, denied this, and declared that he had given Lobau orders to advance against Bulow with ten thousand men, simultaneously with the advance of Soubervie's cavalry; but all sides agree to contradict this, and state that Lobau did not

advance until the Prussians had safely passed through the defiles. The best reason that can be given for this delay is, that Napoleon did not wish to part with ten thousand of his best troops at the moment when the decisive attack was about to begin. The plan of attack on the English left was arranged as follows: The furious cannonade of seventy-four pieces in front of La Belle Alliance, on the English centre and left, had opened a path for the infantry. According to orders, four divisions were to march on, and while the left-hand one first attacked the enemy and drew his strength in that direction, the other three would rush on the extreme left and break it. But an extraordinary mistake occurred: the four divisions advanced in close columns, with no space between them, passed from the shelter of their batteries, and slowly ascended the slopes. What might be anticipated took place: the solid mass was unable to deploy, or form square, to defend itself if attacked by overwhelming numbers, and the result was that they soon re-crossed the hollow way, and fell back in disorder down the hill. It was here that Picton was killed. Ponsonby's cavalry hurled in pursuit of the four divisions, cut to pieces five thousand men, or one-third their number, and would have probably destroyed them all, had not Milhaud's cuirassiers come at once to their rescue. In this charge Ponsonby was killed, and one of his regiments severely handled. The French infantry fell back behind La Belle Alliance to re-form. The blow was a heavy one to the French; but its worst result was that it compelled Napoleon to change entirely

his plan of battle. In this change of attack the first point to be carried was La Haye Sainte, and the duty was entrusted to Ney, and after a tremendous fight, in which the French lost two thousand men, the Hanoverians were expelled. It was now half-past three, and the French had gained a decided advantage: unfortunately they had no infantry left, for D'Erlon's had been cut to pieces, and Reille's three divisions were hardly sufficient to maintain the attack on Hougoumont. But if there were no infantry, there were four splendid lines of cavalry, of whom only Milhaud's cuirassiers and Jaquinot's lancers had as yet been under fire. The French artillery recommenced its fire from two hundred pieces, and drove the English back from the edge of the plateau, and then the first line of cavalry, five thousand four hundred strong, started for the attack. Ney put himself at their head, passed through the English artillery like a whirlwind, and found himself in presence of the entire British infantry, who seemed rooted in the ground. They were formed four deep in squares, and covered the whole of the plain. The French fought splendidly, but could do nothing against these men of steel; and the artillery incessantly played on them. In vain did Ney send to Napoleon for infantry to support him. "Infantry!" Napoleon answered, angrily. "Where do you expect me to get them from? am I to make them?" On receiving this answer, Ney had no other resource but retreat. When he reached the plain, under a fearful plunging fire from the British batteries, Ney resolved to renew the charge, and called to him Keller-

man's reserve for the purpose. Thirty-seven squadrons were joined to the forty which Ney had rallied. Such a cavalry attack had not been seen since Eylau. Again was the attack gigantic, but the defence was equally sturdy. According to our author, the British Army was exterminated; but that we are permitted to doubt, when the Prussian artillery began thundering, and Wellington felt himself saved. Unsupported again, although Napoleon still had his Guard left, the French cavalry slowly redescended the hill, mutilated and exhausted.

It was at four o'clock that Bulow reached the wood of Frischermont, and Blucher, who was with him, seeing from the heights of Maransart the critical state of the British army, and that all would be lost if Lobau were enabled to support the French cavalry, gave orders for an immediate attack. He gained his point, for Lobau, on hearing the cannonading from the eighty-six Prussian guns on the French right flank, turned back and occupied Planchenoit, in order to check the advance of the Prussians. As Lobau had only ten thousand men against thirty thousand, Napoleon sent him eight battalions of the Young Guard, and twenty-four guns, and a very sharp engagement took place round Planchenoit. Suddenly, Napoleon distinctly heard Grouchy's batteries in the distance, and it was evident that he was engaged with the other Prussian corps. Now had the time arrived for the final attack on the English centre, and complete the victory which Bulow's arrival had retarded four hours. Unfortunately for Napoleon, the woods prevented him seeing that Ziethen had already

arrived at Ohain with other thirty thousand men, and was preparing to burst into the battle-field.

From five to seven Ney had still continued his attack with the cavalry: they had heard him say to D'Erlon, "You and I must perish here, for if the English grape-shot save us, we are destined to be hanged." This rendered the troops furious; Quiot and Donzelot's infantry divisions reform behind the cavalry and again rush to the charge, again to be beaten back, although they inflicted severe injuries on the English. Napoleon felt that the moment had arrived to make his final attack; he still had ten battalions of his Guard at La Belle Alliance, and five of these were ordered to advance in echelons, with guns between them. Napoleon galloping along the common to the left of the road, pointed to the English position, and the soldiers repeated his words: "My friends, I wish to sup to-night in Brussels." Wellington, however, was equal to the situation: he had called in all his available troops, and was prepared to receive the Guard. At this moment an unexpected incident occurred on the extreme right of the French army: a sharp, well-sustained fusillade from fresh troops advancing to take part in the battle, and attacking the English extreme left under the Prince of Saxe Weimar, which fell back in confusion. At this sound the cry ran along the French lines, "Here is Grouchy at last!" The whole line from Hougoumont to La Haye Sainte advanced in skirmishing order, and kept up a galling fire upon the English, until the Guard, led by Ney, advanced to the charge. The English artillery opened a heavy

fire on these two thousand nine hundred men preparing to attack an army; but still they advanced, closing up as their comrades fell. All at once a voice shouted: "Up, Guards, and aim carefully." The English regiments rose from the ground in an extended line and opened fire. In a very short time, of the two thousand nine hundred men who ascended to the plateau, only seven hundred were left, and they fell back in amazement. Soon the news spread that the Guard had been repulsed, and here the first oscillation was perceptible in the French lines. But there is one hope left; though the first attack of the Guard has failed, a second is prepared. Napoleon himself arranged the last five battalions left him, and led them towards the plateau. These were again received with a tremendous artillery and musketry fire, and were, so to speak, exterminated. During this period, the hurrah of a fresh attack was heard on the heights of Smohain, and the French right and centre were driven in. When Napoleon saw his Guard retire as far as La Haye Sainte, he, too, gave up all hope, and said, "It is ended." What had happened on the extreme right? Ziethen had suddenly debouched from the wood of Ohain and attacked D'Erlon. At first deceived by the uniform, they had fired into the Nassauer, under the Prince of Saxe Weimar's command, but, soon recognising their error, the fifteen thousand fresh troops, with their cavalry at their head, dashed into the very heart of the French army.

From this moment all became confusion in the French lines, and the mass of fugitives rushing towards La Belle

Alliance was so dense that the Prussian cavalry could not clear a way through them. At the same time there was a general advance of the British line, and Vivian's light cavalry brigade was the first to dash at the French. At La Belle Alliance the Imperial Guard formed once again into squares, and it was here that the affair which has recently excited so much controversy took place. Colonel Halkett, commanding the Hanoverians, summoned the Guard to surrender, and Cambronne replied, "Men like us do not surrender." These are the exact words, says Quinet, which Cambronne repeated on his return to Nantes. But we find no allusion to that other disgusting word which Victor Hugo, as we think unwarrantably, has placed upon his lips. No sooner had Cambronne spoken than a splinter of a shell struck him down, and the square resumed its march. As Napoleon passed the Rossomme mound, from which he had seen at his feet that same morning the heroic army, which, as he said, filled the earth with pride, he found there two battalions and a battery, which he ordered to fire. The last round shot away the leg of Lord Uxbridge, who commanded the last cavalry charge. Ziethen's corps was not the only one that suddenly dashed upon the French, for nearly at the same time the whole of Pirch's corps debouched behind Bulow, and extended his right and left. These were fifteen thousand more men who fell upon Lobau, who was already weakened by the recal of twelve battalions of the Guard. For all that, the French offered a marvellous resistance, which lasted one hour and a half, and saved the French army from utter

destruction. Had Planchenoit been taken half an hour sooner the retreat would have been cut off. Men had done all that human strength could do, and they yielded to a superior force, which nearly all called treachery, for no one would have seen in it a result of the chief's errors. It required nearly half a century ere it was admitted that the general was at all responsible for the disaster of all.

Wellington stopped the British army when it reached Rossomme, and Blucher undertook the pursuit, which he carried out with vengeful glee. Bulow and Ziethen followed the fugitives closely, while Pirch crossed the Dyle to intercept Grouchy's retreat and envelop him in the general disaster. Most of the French artillery and baggage-waggons were taken between Rossomme and Maison le Roi, for the artillerymen cut the traces and rode off on the horses. At eleven at night the mass of fugitives reached the defile of Genappe, and became entangled on the narrow bridge over the Dyle: here Napoleon was obliged to quit his carriage, and it took him an hour to reach the other bank. The Prussian batteries came up, and began shelling the wretched Frenchmen: the scene must have been a frightful one —the darkness illumed by the flashes of the guns, and the shrieks of the dying and the wounded. What a subject for a Callot or a Hell-Breughel! About a league before reaching Charlemont, Napoleon dismounted to give his horse a rest, and going up to a soldier, shared his coarse fare; after which he remarked: "How little a man requires to live." Rather tardy philosophy for a

man who had staked and lost in four days the fortunes of France. On reaching Philippeville, Napoleon was joined by several of his aides-de-camp, and drew up his bulletin of the battle. They found it perfectly exact, with the exception of one point: Napoleon had omitted the capture of his carriage. This detail was humiliating to him, and he wished to keep it back, knowing that the imagination of the vulgar glorifies great disasters and degrades small ones. But his generals pressed, and he yielded. Thus all was consummated, and France and the world knew what the hitherto unknown name of Waterloo contained.

So far Quinet. We will not stop to break a lance with him about the numerous errors which he makes about the English strength at Waterloo; in fact, he condemns himself, when he concedes that Wellington held his Foot Guards in reserve to crush the Imperial Guard, which does not show any such desperate weakness. We allow that we are not of those enthusiasts who believe that the English would have won the battle of Waterloo alone, but we still maintain that, even had the Prussians not come up, it would have been a drawn battle. It is a curious fact that neither Charras, Hugo, nor Quinet says a word about the charge of the Life Guards, though it is a nursery tradition among us that they rode down the cuirassiers, who lay unable to rise owing to their weight of metal. But it is a great step in advance to find Frenchmen speaking fairly of Waterloo, and Quinet's account from the French point of view is a fair one. All that is left us now to do is to examine his summary as to who lost the battle.

Historians have reckoned as many as thirteen fatalities in this short campaign; but our author thinks that they may be reduced to one. If there were traitors they were too few in number to have any influence on events, and Napoleon, during these four days, was only betrayed by his genius. So soon as the morning of the 18th had been wasted through a deceitful confidence which allowed the Prussians time to come up, all was over. As for the excuse of bad weather and rain, no one (except Victor Hugo) admits it at the present day; and it is too evident that this justification is a poor covering for the false security. Two hours are not sufficient to swamp fields like those of Belgium, and it would have been the first time that Napoleon's will yielded to such obstacles. Besides, Reille's corps, which passed the night at Genappe, started at three o'clock on the morning of the 18th, and was the first in line at Waterloo. What this corps did the others might have done, and there was nothing to prevent the action beginning at eight o'clock instead of twelve. Napoleon remained blind as to the movement of the Prussians until he was convinced by the cannon that the troops seen at St. Lambert were enemies. When Blucher showed himself in the distance, he had three alternatives, which doubtless occurred to the Emperor. The first was a retreat. No one says that he once thought of it; and we really cannot blame him for not doing so. Cæsar, Turenne, Prince Eugene, and Frederick would probably have resolved on it, but the situation of Napoleon was so peculiar that the greatest prudence lay in the greatest boldness. Besides, there was no certainty

that the three other Prussian corps were behind Bulow, and it might be that Grouchy was close on his heels. Besides, Napoleon must conquer: the Austrians, Russians, and Bavarians were already on the march, and he had no time to temporise. Still, if Napoleon was justified in not retreating at one o'clock, that was no reason why he should not have done so as night approached. He had no chance then of being joined by Grouchy, for he could hear his cannon some eight miles off. At that time he could have retreated with his Guard intact, and the rest of his army could have re-formed behind it, instead of flying as a fugitive, leaving his troops, cut to pieces, behind him. But Napoleon continued to force fortune up to the last moment: Hannibal is said to have done the same thing at Zama, and, perhaps, that is the reason why Napoleon preferred Hannibal to all the other captains of antiquity. We find three points in Napoleon's life exactly alike—Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo—at which he resolved to win all, or lose all, and allowed no *tertium quid.*

Again, it is argued that the co-operation of the Prussians at Waterloo only allowed Napoleon one chance of victory: knowing that Bulow would require three and a half hours to reach the battle-field after being first seen, he ought to have concentrated all his troops in crushing the English. But this argument is, we think, untenable: Napoleon knew whom he was fighting against, and in his desperate attack had met with an equally desperate resistance. Bulow might have attacked the French army in the rear, and annihilated it. Such

were the two chances offered to Napoleon of salvation, and we see that they were so full of dangers, and so contrary to the rules of war, that he could not but reject them. He was prudent, and his prudence ruined him, and we should not like to say that temerity would have done him any better service.

After the first shock of the battle of Waterloo was overcome, the French unanimously threw the blame of the defeat on Grouchy, and most unjustly so. Grouchy was a man timid to excess of responsibility; he regarded Napoleon like a schoolmaster, and during the whole period of his wretched groping after the Prussians he displayed the most wretched indecision. It was not till he received Napoleon's express orders on the 18th to march on Wavre that he felt relieved, and he did so, although he could hear the artillery of Waterloo thundering in his rear. It has been said that he was a traitor for not hurrying to Waterloo when he received the summons to return; but M. Quinet most satisfactorily proves that at the time Grouchy was eight leagues distant from the battle-field, and could not have reached it before nine or ten P.M., when all was over. Still, he thinks that Grouchy might have produced a moral effect upon the Prussians, and even checked their advance, had he shown himself on their rear. This we are permitted to doubt, for Blucher was so determined that he would have simply left one corps d'armée to hold Grouchy in check, and have marched with the other then straight on to the battle-field.

Such is all we find it necessary to extract from Quinet's

volume, and we think that it offers a decided antidote to M. Thiers's very loose statements, to use a mild term. Still, we cannot quit the subject without one quotation which will show the *animus* of the writer :—

"The glory of Napoleon is sufficiently great : but do not make it superhuman by praising the disasters equally with the triumphs. When we compare him to Cæsar, let us not forget the differences. Cæsar kept all his conquests, Napoleon lost all his. Cæsar was never deceived in one of his calculations, and never made a mistake. Nothing can be compared to Napoleon's successes except his reverses. If Cæsar had twice by his fault induced an invasion of Rome by the barbarians, if he had lost Roman armies in four campaigns, in Gaul, Germany, Iberia, and Scythia, is it credible that the ancients would have thanked him as much for his defeats as his victories? Any one acquainted with their judicious minds may be permitted to doubt this."

And thus, according to M. Quinet, success is the touchstone. We recommend to his special attention a passage in the first volume of "Les Misérables," concerning the same question of success, which completely controverts his theory. We wish we had space to quote it here, for, among the many eccentricities that extraordinary work contains, it is one of the most admirable hits at society which this century has produced. Still, we thank M. Quinet for his account of Waterloo, though he might possibly have been more gracious to a fallen man. When we notice such attacks on the most wonderful man whom Christianity has been cursed with, we

cannot help thinking of the apologue of the "sick lion and the donkey." Whatever injury the Napoleonic lust for empire may have inflicted on Europe, it cannot be denied that it gave France a wondrous prestige, and now that passions have toned down, we, as English, and ready to fight the French to-morrow if necessity was—which Heaven forbid!—feel a revulsion at finding a Frenchman recording his opinion that the republican armies did not need an 18th Brumaire to save discipline or the traditions of military art—in other words, that France could have gained her present position in the world without a Napoleon. Nonsense, M. Quinet; when you wrote that sentence you must have mixed some of your republican gall in your ink, so pray erase it in your next edition.

CHAPTER XII.

VILLAGE LIFE IN ENGLAND.

WE almost feel as if we owed our readers an apology for calling their attention to yet another work written by a Frenchman about England. Of such travelling impressions it may be fairly said, "the cry is still they come," for hardly a week passed during the duration of the Exhibition in which some foreigner or the other did not have his little say in print about our manners and customs. We are bound to add that, as a rule, our visitors, on returning home, have done the civil thing by us, and any mistakes they make are, at any rate, not wilful. This is as it should be, and more recent French writers about England have offered us the *amende honorable* for calumnies which some self-fancying smart feuilletonists spread during the months of May and June, 1862. After all, though, the ideas of our Gallic visitors run in grooves, as is strikingly shown in a little book recently published by M. Hector Malet, who has, no doubt unconsciously, confined himself to a repetition of the facts collected by Esquiros.

The above strikes us, by the way, as a slightly unpromising preface to boring our readers with a critique of the last new book about England. Were the author of

"A Study on Channing"* an ordinary writer, we should have allowed his little volume to be consigned to the trunkmaker in due course, but he has struck out a new and, as we fancy, a most important line. He says scarce a word about London, contrary to most Frenchmen, who fancy that because Paris is France, London must be England, but devotes his attention almost exclusively to our country life and institutions. The idea is so thoroughly original, and at the first blush so entirely beyond the competence of a Gaul, that we feel no hesitation in showing our readers how he has performed his self-chosen task.

Exiled from France through the collapse of December 2nd, our author went to nurse his spleen in Switzerland, where, roaming about the glaciers, and resting in sequestered châlets, he formed the acquaintance of an English clergyman who had the misfortune to sprain his ankle. The companionship thus forced on the author led to an intimacy, and when the clergyman was sufficiently recovered to continue his journey, he gave the Frenchman a warm invitation to visit him at his rectory in Hampshire. Our author confesses honestly that, at this period, he had no great liking for the English, as he was afraid of their coldness and reserve, but he persuaded himself into the idea that by studying the social life of England, he should be able to discover in it the secret of her strength and liberty.

After a short stay in London, and rubbing up his

* La Vie de Village en Angleterre, ou Souvenirs d'un Exilé. Par l'Auteur de la "Vie de Channing." Paris: Didier et C^ie^.

English with a tutor, our author proceeded to Kingsford, the village of which Mr. Norris was rector. On the road he stopped at Lynmore, where resided the Countess of ——, an old friend of his family. He rapped at the door of this venerable lady, who, in spite of her eighty years, and an illness which had for a long time prevented her walking, still retained a great deal of vivacity, and took a kindly interest in all that occurred around her; but, as our author adds, maliciously, she had also retained a taste for dress which at times caused a smile. His description of her is worthy extract:—

"She asked me, in very good French, for news about several members of my family whom she had known, or of whom she had heard, and displayed the pleasure which aged persons find in speaking of their youth. Hence she seemed to experience a certain amount of satisfaction at this retrospective glance at her fairest years; for, turning round on the large sofa which she occupied, she drew my attention to a fine painting of Lawrence's, behind her, which represented her in all the glory of her twentieth year. 'That,' she said, with a slight tinge of coquettishness, which was surely most pardonable, 'is what I was when I knew your relative.' It was a thoroughly English beauty, with large blue eyes, light hair, which escaped in heavy curls from the comb that held it, a small childlike and pouting mouth, and that carnation which Lawrence was so fond of reproducing. Dressed in black velvet, with her arms loaded with bracelets, and her neck exposed in the fashion of the day, the countess had that air of distinction and voluptuous grace which

that painter, so petted by the ladies of her age, knew how to impart to his models. Sixty years had, doubtless, greatly altered the original: nothing was left but the colour of the eyes, a still fresh complexion, and a few curls, borrowed, alas! and intended as a consolation for the loss of her natural locks. Still, the countess had the grace and dignity of her rank, and even of her recollections, and, while contemplating Lawrence's portrait, she could say to herself that the years had treated her indulgently."

After taking leave of this lady, our author strolled about, and was so pleased with all he saw that he eventually took lodgings in the village in a small cottage, as he wished to retain his liberty of action and look into matters for himself. After making his arrangements to be boarded and lodged for the sum of twenty-five shillings a week, he went on to Kingsford, where he met with a most kindly reception from Mr. Norris. Somewhat to his dismay, however, he found his clerical friend cased in very unclerical flannel from head to foot. Nor did the explanation that he was having a game of cricket with his pupils serve greatly to enlighten his Gallic friend. The clergyman's belongings, however, must have been very pleasant, if we may judge from the following description:—

"The pastor's house was not at all a simple and modest presbytery, but a handsome Gothic château, built of red and black bricks and stone, and surmounted by a clock-tower, which told the hour to the whole village. The garden was of no great extent, but its limits were masked

with such art that the entire landscape appeared to form a part of it. A wide and long terrace, covered with that fine grass of which the English take such care, served as a lawn, and I walked up and down it for a long time, looking first at the rectory and then at the landscape. The sky was grey, and I found a degree of sadness in these fields, which ran down to a stream almost entirely hidden by its grassy banks: the green hill, rising with a gentle incline on the other side of the stream, shut in the horizon. I said to myself, and have often since repeated it, that a man wishing to lead a country life in England and feel its charms must love simple nature, and, before all, his heart must be warmed by the feeling of duty accomplished, and the internal satisfaction of having rendered those who surround him better and happier."

The sight of the cottages, with their little flower-gardens and creepers festooning the front, delighted our author, and he learned from Mr. Norris that he was so convinced of the moralizing effect of flowers, that he did all in his power to propagate the taste. A visit to the village school only heightened our author's already favourable impressions, although he was surprised to find the boys and girls in the same room, which has been prohibited in France. Another circumstance that struck him was, that, while in France education was necessarily voluntary, because the peasants refused to pay a farthing, in England the poor attach no value to anything for which they have not paid. After spending a pleasant week at Kingsford, our author removed to his quarters

at Lynmore. His first impressions of his new residence were unfavourable. Owing to the heaviness of the roads, he was compelled to walk across the common, and, had he been superstitious, he would have turned back at the evil omens which he encountered. First, a flock of magnificent white geese, disturbed in their siesta, avenged themselves by pursuing him with their hoarse cries; next, a vagabond dog, sniffing a stranger in him, barred his passage and deafened him with its barks; and lastly, a donkey, though generally so peaceful an animal, raised its head as he approached, and uttered a most discordant bray. Under these depressing influences he sincerely regretted his precipitation in engaging the first lodgings he saw.

The cottage, however, was very comfortable; his bedroom was a marvel of cleanliness, and his food was satisfactory. The rules laid down were that he should breakfast at eight, dine at one, and drink tea at seven. As he was not at all dainty, he left Mrs. Jones, his landlady, full liberty of choice. For breakfast he had tea, with good milk, excellent bread-and-butter, and a slice of bacon and eggs. His dinner generally consisted of stews, with plenty of onions, boiled mutton, a very hard beefsteak, potatoes and cauliflowers boiled in water, accompanied by a glass of sound beer and a slice of cheese. There was no dessert, but now and then a pudding, which contained more milk than sugar. On Sundays, roast-beef and plum-pudding were apparently *de rigueur*, for they never failed. The tea resembled the breakfast, and if he wanted supper he had cold

meat, bread, a plain lettuce, and a glass of beer. Although he had given Mrs. Jones full powers as to his meals, she would come, however, to take his orders every morning, for the sake of giving her tongue some exercise, and talking about her own affairs and those of her neighbours. Our author learnt from her that she had been for many years in service with a country family of the name of Mason, had married one of his labourers, and in reward for their faithful conduct their master gave them the lease of a small farm of eight acres. Mrs. Jones, now a widow, still carried on the farm, and was doing well. As for her personal appearance, she had nothing attractive but her cleanliness, and was never seen without a black silk bonnet perched on the top of her head, and concealing half her face. Our author was firmly convinced that she slept in it. This Mrs. Jones leads our author to make the following interesting comparison :—

"It will be understood that this respectable lady could not be any great company for me: she had in the highest degree the qualities and defects of the people of her country. In France, the woman of the people has her expansive and sympathetic manner, and a farmer's wife, though she may be ignorant, will always find means to interest you in her affairs, and mix herself up in yours. In England, on the contrary, while gossiping about insignificant things, she will preserve the greatest reserve towards you on serious matters. She waits on you much better than a Frenchwoman would do because she sees in you the master, whose rank and qualities she

exalts; but it is only exceptionally that she will speak to you of what concerns her personally, or dares to allow that she troubles herself about you, for that would be a want of respect. It is this that distinguishes the relations of the different classes of English society. This society is thoroughly aristocratic: no bourgeois, however great a radical he may be, who is not raised in his own sight on receiving the most conventional politeness from a lord; no servant who does not serve with greater satisfaction a master rather haughty in his manner, because that manner seems to him a sign of superiority. The singular thing is that this humility, which would revolt us in France, is found in England precisely among the men most distinguished for their moral qualities and self-respect. The fact is, that in them this deference becomes a species of courtesy, whose shades the gentleman alone understands, but which is in no way connected with servility, as respect for the higher classes is restricted within the limits of self-respect. This peculiarity of English manners struck me the more because it offers such a contrast with what takes place among us. In order to explain this difference, we must bear in mind the part which the English aristocracy played and still plays, for, more fortunate than our own, it managed to retain the prestige that surrounds noble titles and great fortunes."

As the author very justly remarks, the two words, aristocracy and nobility, must not be confounded: the one is an influential political power, which acts upon the nation, well or badly; the other is only a personal dis-

tinction, which excites vanity and envy, but has no serious or real share in the government of the country. Now, France possesses a nobility but no aristocracy: while the English barons forced the signature of Magna Charta, and jealously watched the slightest encroachments of the crown, the French nobility allowed themselves to be absorbed in the royal power, which left them privileges and honours, but stripped them of their political rights and independence. Another great advantage which England possesses is that while the remotest sprig of French nobility thinks it derogatory to work for a livelihood, the sons of English lords enter professions and render themselves useful to their country. Through the constant rotation which makes aristocratic families descend to the middle classes, and the latter rise in their turn to the ranks of the aristocracy, all classes in England are connected together and strengthen each other without being effaced. Here is a charming picture, which in no way displays the pencil of a Frenchman:—

"I say that if the English aristocracy is still strong and powerful, it is not because it rules over a slavish or subject people, but because it has been, in the main, a moral, energetic, and beneficent body. The interests of the masses have been those of the lords; they have employed their power not only for their own grandeur, but for that of their country; they have made common cause with the people in all great reforms; they have ever been at the head of progress and enlightenment; and they have never been effaced or dispersed: hence

they excite neither hatred, fear, nor envy. At the present day, many members of this aristocracy, faithfully adhering to this intelligent conduct, do not confine themselves to a political career, but have taken a generous initiative in all the enterprises which can ameliorate the fate of thousands. In this way a duke will employ a portion of his immense fortune in making important agricultural experiments, whose success, obtained by a vast outlay of patience and money, has revealed to England a system which will increase her productions tenfold. If you call on him, you will find this great nobleman, this amateur of rare collections of artistic objects, this Hellenist, who in his youth was crowned by Oxford, traversing his vast estates in a farmer's dress, and, with his bailiff at his side, watching with intelligent zeal all the works and curious experiments for which he gives the impulse, and feeling his greatest ambition in producing fine turnips on freshly-cleared land, or in discovering the best process for fattening cattle. Look again at this British peer, so devoted to the education and moral progress of the working-classes: a philanthropist whom nothing tires, his eloquence is at the service of every charitable cause; he will be the active and not honorary president of fifty societies; and is ready to expend his life and fortune in seeking remedies for pauperism. Happy captains in noble and peaceful combats, their name is a banner round which collect those thousands of scattered men who, though incapable of acting alone, powerfully help those who are willing to lead them. Such devotion, of which I

could quote an infinitude of examples, retains the English aristocracy their prestige. Their lustre is, perhaps, too frequently cast on a few individuals who are but little worthy of it—on those eccentric lords, too many of whom France has known, and has wrongly taken for a type of the English aristocracy; but, after all, they are in a great minority, and we can understand how England, instead of trying to abuse and destroy her nobility, is proud of them, and willingly allows their influence to penetrate through the whole of her immense society."

Before long our author was relieved from the ennui which was beginning to master him through the isolated life he led, by an invitation from the countess to a dinner-party. Here he met most of the country families, was invited in turn by them, and more especially formed an acquaintance with Mr. Mason and his family, consisting of several charming daughters. In this agreeable society our author began to realise the delights of English country life, and we hardly know any better way of overthrowing the prejudices of a Frenchman than a visit to a thorough-bred English family. Mr. Mason was what is called, rather absurdly, a gentleman-farmer, and managed his own ample estate. As he had plenty of funded property, however, that was not a matter of any great importance. We believe it is laid down as a rule that, in gentleman-farming, each turnip costs half-a-crown; but, after all, there are worse ways of losing money. A visit to the farm was an occasion for our author to institute further comparisons:—

"All along the road were the cottages of the labourers employed on the farm. They were pretty houses, each containing two separate dwellings, with an entrance and porch at the side: in front were little gardens, which the labourer cultivates in his leisure hours. Mr. Mason told me, however, that the farm-hands were not so comfortable everywhere. The passion for ownership, so widely spread in our provinces, is unknown to the English agricultural class, and will probably be so for a long time. The example of Ireland, where the ground was excessively subdivided, and the population living on it was disproportioned, has strengthened in English landowners the already deeply-rooted opinion as to the bad effects of spade husbandry. I do not believe I am exaggerating when I say, that in the southern counties of England a peasant possessing an acre of ground is a rarity. It is probably to this impossibility of becoming a small owner that we must ascribe the taste which the English people display for adorning the interior of their houses. If a labourer has saved up a little money, he will spend it in buying an article of furniture, while in France it is hoarded up to buy a perch of land; hence, the abode of an English labourer, with its small attempts at luxury and comfort, is most unlike the dirty hovels in our provinces. Generally, the English labourer does not live nearly so economically, and spends twice as much on his meals as the French peasant: it is true, though, that the climate renders more substantial food a necessary."

An interesting acquaintance of our author was the clergyman of Lynmore, Mr. Leslie, a nephew of the

Countess of ——, whose great bugbear was vestry meetings, and the opposition he met with from a radical cobbler and Dissenter. Our author, on the other hand, took a delight in these little squabbles, for they initiated him into the life and activity of an English village. He found in them a marked contrast with the French provinces, where apathy and weariness prevail, because in France the State leaves nothing to be done by individual action, but all is subjected to regulations and inspections, even to charitable works. Equally pleased was our author with the school-feast, which took place in the countess's park, at which one hundred and fifty children sang simple hymns. On the subject of our workhouse system, we are glad to find that he does not fall into the error of some of his predecessors, who have lauded it:

"On entering the carriage again, I began reflecting on the sad feeling which I had brought away with me from the workhouse. The recollection of scenes I had often witnessed in Italy, the distribution of food to the poor at the gates of monasteries, returned to my mind, and formed a singular contrast with what I saw in England. How should I explain to myself the difference between these impressions. Wretchedness is indubitably hideous everywhere: but the picturesque scenery, the laughing sky, and a certain poetic varnish which covers everything in Italy, give the denudation in that country another character from what it has in England. Still, this was not sufficient to account for the difference of my impressions. In Italy charity is given unconditionally, while

in England it is subjected to inflexible rules, such as obligatory labour, separation of families, and a species of imprisonment. At the first blush, it seems as if Italy were in the right, and displayed the most Christian feelings; still, on reflection, we recognise that the unregulated charity exercised there is the cause of the improvidence and the leprosy of mendicity, which are the greatest curse of that country, and that such charity would among us cause the ruin of society, and indeed be impossible."

Another subject which our author discusses largely is that of the Sunday schools. He cannot speak in sufficient eulogy of the voluntary sacrifices made by the teachers, who give up their seventh day's hardly-earned rest to instruct little ones. And this instruction he considers has a beneficial effect both on teachers and pupils, for the former are obliged to keep up their education in order that they may be capable of imparting instruction in their turn. Still he is of opinion that Sunday, as a rule, is a trying day for English children.

We have now exhausted nearly all in this pleasant little volume which we fancy may prove of interest to English readers. Its real value is the example which it holds up to the French of the advantages of self-government. Still, Englishmen will not find it lost time to skim through the pages, for they are most suggestive. We, who live in the midst of such institutions, are naturally prone to regard them much as a matter of course, and it is not till an intelligent foreigner calls our attention to the blessings which we really possess, and

the enormous machinery constantly at work to improve the social position of the poor, that we can realize the incomparable superiority of our native land.

We must not omit to mention that a pleasant vein of sentimentalism runs through the volume, which we have, however, passed over on behalf of more practical matters. It will be sufficient to say that the author, on obtaining leave to return to France, musters up courage to offer his hand and heart to the eldest Miss Mason, who has been his guide, philosopher, and friend from the beginning, and that the happy pair are now residing abroad. Let us hope that the lady has completely cured her husband of his political theories, and that he runs no risk of again coming into collision with the authority which caused him to spend such an unpleasant quarter of an hour on the eventful morn of December 2nd.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRENCH POLICE SYSTEM.

MONSIEUR CANLER, *ex-chef* of the *service de sûreté*, or detective police of Paris, has published a very amusing and instructive volume, which may be regarded as a continuation of Vidocq's celebrated Memoirs. Having been a policeman from 1818 up to 1858, M. Canler necessarily saw much of the inner working of the system, and has not hesitated to lay it bare. We would have preferred a little more information, perhaps, about the imperial system, but under the circumstances, may feel thankful for what we have. With M. Canler's volume by our side, then, let us observe the growth and progress of the French police system, which will afford useful comparison.

After serving in the army, Canler was disbanded, and did not know exactly what to do, when fortune revealed his true vocation to him. Passing through a street of Paris, he noticed a crowd assembled, and on inquiry, found that there was a robber in a house opposite of so desperate a character, that no one cared to arrest him. Canler walked in single-handed, dragged the gentleman out of the chimney, and the next day offered his services to the *préfet* of police, which were graciously accepted.

In those days there was only one chance of promotion in all branches of the service, and that was by attending mass diligently, and confessing repeatedly. At the same time, however, by some curious anomaly, the system of *agents provocateurs* was never more flourishing. The mode of procedure was simple enough in most cases: as most of the workmen were opposed to the government, the agents would go to their cabarets, and urge them on by artful insinuations and bottles of wine to express their sentiments. When quite intoxicated, the poor tools were induced to sign a compact by which they gave their adhesion to an illusory plot, and ere long suffered the penalty of their folly.

The newspapers took up this scandalous affair, and the police found it expedient to discharge the *agent provocateur;* but it was only for a time. Another affair, in which the police were largely mixed up, was the conspiracy of August 19, 1820, into which nearly all the Bonapartist officers were drawn and betrayed. Not satisfied with this, however, the reactionary party made conspiracies of their own to terrify the king; thus, in 1821, they concealed two barrels of gunpowder in the Tuileries, with the intention of throwing the blame on the Liberals, "those enemies of the throne and the altar." Several persons were arrested; but the police, who were liberal themselves, resolved to detect the real culprit and shame the Jesuits. They did so, and were rejoicing at the scandal they were about to occasion, when their prisoner cut his throat with a razor. Canler himself made some curious discoveries with reference to the

origin of the disturbances that took place in the beginning of the reign of Charles X.; for instance, in one *émeute* he recognised the leader as an ex-convict attached to Vidocq's detectives, and sent in a report to that effect, but received such a rap on the knuckles in return, that he gave up any attempt to understand the politics of the day. It is an old saying that two of a trade can never agree, and hence Canler speaks very severely of Vidocq. In 1814, Vidocq, he tells us, first distinguished himself by dragging the Napoleon statue off the Vendôme column, and, as a reward, he was placed at the head of a dozen agents of his own stamp, increased in 1821 to twenty-eight. Vidocq always acted on the principle that you must set a thief to catch a thief, and would not engage an honest man in his brigade; hence he was himself taken in at times, in spite of all his cunning:—

"A stranger, who called himself Jacquin, came to offer his services to Vidocq as indicator. 'What can you do?' the policeman asked him. 'Well, a good many things; for instance, I can drive a famous bargain.' 'In that case, take these two five-franc pieces, and buy me a pair of fowls at market. I shall be glad to have a specimen of your skill.' The new comer promised to return shortly, and did so; he handed to Vidocq two splendid fowls, and, moreover, the two five-franc pieces he had received to purchase them with. 'Very good,' said the master. 'Now tell me how you managed it?' 'In this way,' Jacquin answered. 'I borrowed a white jacket, cap, and *hotte* from a cook whom I knew. My *hotte*

was filled with stones, which I covered with six sous' worth of vegetables, and then I went and paid my court like a gallant cook, to a dealer in fowls. I bargained with her for this couple, and then paid. My *hotte* was heavy, and I had it on my back, and so I begged her to put my fowls into it for me, as it was not worth while taking it off. I stood facing her, as a man should do to the fair sex, and stooped down. While her hands were busy over my head, mine were at work in her large front apron pocket. It is a funny fancy of theirs, by the way, to keep their receipts on their abdomen. I got back my two five bullet-pieces, with some thirty other francs.' 'Do you often work like that?' Vidocq asked. 'A man must live as he can,' the other replied. 'Modest and not clumsy. 'Very well, I take you into my service from to-morrow, so don't get yourself into trouble between this and then.' And Vidocq dismissed Jacquin. But while the latter had been explaining to the chief the robbery, he had made a great many demonstrations and gestures. In a word, he profited by these gestures, for he cleverly robbed Vidocq of a very handsome gold watch and appendages."

In 1827, Vidocq retired and founded a paper manufactory, but not being successful, he applied, in 1832, to be reappointed to the police, and was allowed to start a sort of private detective office. The free press of the day, however, created such scandal about him and his band, that the government resolved to place the detective branch on an entirely new footing, and only engage respectable men. In this new office Canler was appointed

chief inspector; the brigade consisted of thirty-one persons, including clerks. The first affair entrusted to the new inspector was that of Lacenaire and Avril, whom he followed with the patience of a sleuth-hound, and at length convicted. Our readers will some of them remember the excitement produced in the Parisian world by the cynicism of the former villain, who talked as coolly about committing a murder as wringing the neck of a fowl. After his condemnation he spent his time in writing his memoirs, and the conversations which Canler records as having held with him are very curious. Thus, for instance, after Lacenaire had told him with the utmost complacency of several unknown murders which he had committed, Canler said to him, "Do you know, Lacenaire, that it is fortunate for humanity that there are but few men like you in society?" "You mean," he replied, "that this society which I have declared war against, and which I have so long pursued with implacable hatred, will be very happy to see my head fall? I know it: society has conquered me, and it is only fair that I should undergo the law of retaliation." Lacenaire and Avril were reconciled a little while before their death, and dined together. Among other dishes was a roast fowl, and Avril, while cutting off the legs, seeing blood on his knife, exclaimed, "Why it is not cooked enough; look at the blood, Lacenaire." "Well," his accomplice answered, "does blood frighten you?" And they began joking about the blood which they had shed, and their own which was so soon to flow! This firmness, or rather recklessness, did not desert Lacenaire even on the

scaffold, although the police propagated a statement that he broke down at the last moment. Canler accounts for this very fairly:

"The eccentric way in which Lacenaire behaved when under examination and his trial had gained him a deplorable celebrity, owing to the persistency with which the press daily drew the attention of readers to this great criminal. The remarks he made, the publication of his views, the announcement of a speedy issue of his Memoirs, all might be an example, as dangerous as it was contagious, for certain characters inclined to believe themselves misunderstood by society, and pursued by the mournful idea of attaining celebrity at any cost. This consideration determined the authorities on propagating, on behalf of morality, the statement that Lacenaire, the great criminal, the great assassin, the man who sported with the lives of his fellow-men, and shed their blood with cold cruelty, broke down at the last moment, and the public were led to believe that he died a coward."

Murders not being the pleasantest of reading, we will pass over Canler's account of those in the detection of which he was engaged, and come down to the year 1842, in which he was appointed peace-officer for the sixth arrondissement, and entered on an entirely new sphere of action. He furnishes a long account of the different classes of Parisian thieves, but they do not appear to differ greatly from those who supply material for our police reporters. There is one ingenious trick, however, which he mentions, employed by card-sharpers,

who contrive to convert the cheated man into the cheat. In this wise: the confederates pick up a provincial in the old fashion, and go with him to a cabaret; wine is produced and then cards; the provincial is induced to play, and is cleaned out, then, one of the confederates gives him a rouleau of sous, bidding him stake it as five-franc pieces, for his American opponent will never find it out, and luck may turn. The provincial plays and loses, and the conspirator so works on his fears that he takes the first opportunity to escape, leaving the swindlers to divide the spoil at their leisure.

Among curious discoveries of robberies which Canler records is one committed at a watchmaker's shop, in which the thieves merely left behind them a chisel and a small piece of paper, on which was written in almost illegible ink the words "deux livres de beurre," and which had evidently surrounded a candle. By a very clever inductive process he hit on the part of the town and the hour at which the thieves had purchased this candle. Going from shop to shop, he at length found that a chandler had sold it on the previous evening to two young men, who lived next door to him, and were most respectable. He resolved to arrest them on speculation, but on searching their room could find no trace of the robbery. On looking out of the window, however, he noticed a blacksmith's shop in the yard, and asked him had he made the chisel which he showed him. He stated that he had put a new handle to it, and thus Canler was sure of his men. Still, he could not find the plunder, till, on the next morning, he noticed a

portion of the ceiling slightly darker than the rest. Driving his fist through it, out fell watches, rings, &c. The thieves had placed the jewellery there, and it was only the fact that the lime with which they had covered the hole was not quite dry that led to the recovery of the stolen property.

Canler, in dealing with public malefactors, certainly gives us most detailed descriptions of all classes, but they are of such a nature that it is impossible for us even to allude to them in these pages. Let us pass over, then, at once to 1848, when the police agents found it advisable to retire into private life. Still, our author does Caussidière the justice of saying that during the whole of his prefecture not a single agent was discharged, in spite of the insistances of the persons who surrounded him that he should dismiss all the old satellites of the tyrant. Moreover, in difficult circumstances the new prefect thought it advisable to employ the old hands in preference to his montagnard agents. Thus, when Ledru-Rollin grew horribly frightened of Blanqui, and wished to have him arrested, M. Carlier, then Chief of the Police of the Minister of the Interior, undertook the delicate operation for the sum of six thousand francs, with which he bribed one of the most notorious demagogues, who unblushingly sold his leader. The events of May 15, however, relieved the republican government of its incubus, and the old police agents were enabled to recommence their duties in civilian clothing. As the government was too poor to supply each policeman

with a blue coat and Tyrolese hat, they had a rallying sign in the shape of a brass plate, which they wore on their left arm; and Canler says that it was a curious sight to see the representatives of authority walking about in shabby caps and torn coats, and in anything but a reassuring condition for those whom they were supposed to defend.

Immediately after his election the President of the Republic appointed M. Carlier chief of the municipal police, an office which he had held from 1831-1833. In his first tenure of office Carlier had displayed great firmness, and Louis Napoleon remembered the fact. Here is an instance:

"A Carlist plot was intended to break out on the night of February 2, 1832, but the police were fortunately informed of it in time for the chief of the municipal police to take his measures to prevent it. At eleven at night the principal leaders assembled at the restaurant in the Rue des Prouvaires, and their purpose was nothing less than to seize the king, the royal family, the ministers, and the principal dignitaries of the state, and thus suddenly overthrow the government. This audacious coup de main was to be carried out in the following way: the conspirators, starting simultaneously from different points, were to march on the Tuileries, where there was a grand ball on this night, and suddenly burst into the palace by the aid of false keys which they had managed to obtain. At about half-past eleven a fiacre stopped before the restaurant in the Rue des Prouvaires with thirty muskets, and at this moment

there were no less than one hundred conspirators in the room, armed with pistols and sabres. But at half-past twelve a circumstance which the conspirators had not foreseen, changed the course of affairs in a most unexpected way. M. Carlier, accompanied by a squad of sergeants de ville and a picket of municipal guards, commanded by Lieutenant Senancourt, presented himself at the restaurant. The gathering-place was the first floor, and the armed conspirators were preparing to start, when M. Carlier, accompanied by two sergeants, boldly walked up-stairs. They had not quite reached the top when a shot was fired which killed one sergeant on the spot: a musket was also aimed at M. Carlier, but Inspector Fraudet, who was by his side, struck it up with his arm. M. Carlier, unarmed, continued to advance, the police burst into the room, and the mêlée became general, but the courageous energy of M. Carlier soon overpowered the conspirators; a few contrived to escape, but the majority were taken prisoners."

The vacillations which distinguished the opening of Louis Philippe's reign disgusted M. Carlier, and he retired into private life in 1833, and remained out of office till Ledru-Rollin offered him the post of chief of the political police. His first impulse was to refuse point-blank, but his friends remonstrated with him, and he resolved on accepting so long as his politics were not called into question. "We only ask one thing of you," said Ledru-Rollin, "and that is, that you undertake to re-establish order." When appointed chief of police by the President of the Republic, M. Carlier's first care was

to create a political service, which enabled him to know everything that was said and done in the clubs, the secret societies, and even in the houses of certain representatives. In order to gain his object, he engaged, at a heavy salary, secret agents, several of whom were selected among the leaders and orators of the clubs, and those journalists whose writings had often iced with terror the hearts of honest citizens. A courageous and indefatigable opponent of the liberal party so long as they were free, he became extraordinarily kind to them after their arrest, as several representatives and other persons could bear witness. When political prisoners asked leave to be taken by a policeman to their house or elsewhere on private business, the prefect would have them brought to his office, and say to them, "You want to go out? pledge me your word that you will return this evening to prison, and you are at liberty." Of all those to whom he granted this leave only one broke his word, and his friends were so indignant at his breach of faith that they found him and took him back to prison. Other prisoners also arrested for political opinions, but torn from their daily work, and leaving a family without support, not only received assistance in prison, but M. Henricey, clerk to the prefect, was often ordered by the latter to carry money to their unhappy families. M. Carlier resigned his office as prefect of police on October 27, 1851, and our author gives us the following appreciation of his character:—

"M. Carlier left the prefecture as he entered it, that is to say, without making the slightest addition to his

modest fortune, for his constant anxiety during his tenure of office was ever to triumph over obstacles he might come across, and he shunned no personal sacrifice in doing so. As he largely requited services rendered him he frequently exceeded the sums placed at his disposal, and in such cases supplied the deficit from his own pocket, as the following instance will show:—Shortly before leaving office the necessities of the situation forced him to secure indispensable assistance; but he must have a sum of twenty thousand francs for the purpose. As he could not obtain the money from the secret service fund, he did not hesitate to sell an annuity of one thousand francs of his own, in order to be able to repay services rendered to the public welfare."

M. Carlier selected Canler as the head of the detective department, and the latter had plenty of work cut out for him, as Paris swarmed with thieves, who had sprung up during the unsettled state of public affairs. Highway robberies and burglaries were frightfully frequent, and the only way in which Canler thought that he could put down the robbers was by establishing a band of spies, whom he called his "irregular Cossacks." These were ex-convicts, whom he paid a high salary so as to keep them from crime, and their duty was to track and denounce to their chief any convict they might come across in their daily walks abroad. Other useful auxiliaries were convicts who had broken their ban and come to Paris; these Canler tacitly allowed to remain in the capital so long as they spent their Sunday in looking up old comrades and denouncing them to Canler by

letter. For our part, we do not see that such a system is one whit better than Vidocq's, which our author so strenuously denounces; still, it appears to have proved eminently successful, and we dare say, if the truth were known, that many of our detectives who "act on information they have received" derive it from the same polluted source. Among the many amusing anecdotes which Canler tells us about his troubles from monomaniacs, somnambulists, magnetisers, and others, who constantly denounced malefactors to him, we will select the following specimen, to show the manner in which he managed to secure his point:—

M. B., an intimate friend of the prefect of police, informed him one day that one K., of whom he was a creditor to the extent of 70,000 francs, has made a fraudulent bankruptcy. "The rogue is in hiding," M. B. added, "but if I could put my hand on his throat, I warrant that I would make him disgorge." M. Carlier ordered me to make every effort to discover this honest bankrupt. M. B. told me that prior to his disappearance he had lived on the Boulevard St. Martin, and that was the only precise information he could give me.

I went myself to make inquiries at the house indicated. I learned that M. K.'s lodgings were still occupied by his wife, but that he was away on a journey at present. The truth was, that since the day of his flight he had not once returned home. As I fancied that to pursue my investigations further in this quarter might compromise the affair, I withdrew. On the other hand,

I had learned from a commissionaire that M. K. had several times given him letters to carry to a female, his mistress, who lived in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. I established a surveillance round her abode, as well as around that of K.'s wife; the agents had orders to arrest the bankrupt if he called on either of the ladies, follow them wherever they went, and as they often went out in a hackney-coach, I placed a cab at the disposal of each agent. All these measures led to no result, and for a whole week that my men remained at their post, from six A.M. till midnight, nothing revealed to us the bankrupt's residence.

Everybody is aware that postmen are accustomed to utter aloud at the doorway of the porter's lodge the names of those lodgers to whom letters are addressed. I therefore had the postman followed by an agent, closely enough for him to hear the names pronounced, and in the case of there being one addressed to either of the females, the agent was straightway to enter the lodge, commence a conversation with the porter on some pretext, and try and find out the postmark. This arrangement failed like the rest; and a few days later, the inspector ordered to follow the postman into Madame K.'s house could not refrain from saying to me, "That old Pipelet is as obstinate as the true Picard he is; his lodger must have paid him handsomely."

The fact is, that we had hitherto had to deal with a sharp fellow; all had been provided for, and whatever ruses might be employed they had remained unsuccessful. One word struck me, however.

"You say that he is a Picard?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you believe it?"

"Oh! that can be easily perceived by his accent."

"Very good," I continued; "if he be so, we perhaps have a chance of our gentleman."

I immediately sent for one of my Cossack irregulars, who, having worked for a long time in the different towns of Picardy, was perfectly acquainted with the patois, and might very easily pass himself off as a pure-blooded Picard. I explained the affair to him fully, and concluded, "You will go to the porter of the house where Madame K. lives, and, to get into conversation, you will ask him for somebody. He will reply that he does not know him, and then will come a small explanation, to which you will suddenly put an end by exclaiming, 'Why, surely you are a Picard?' The worthy man will reply in the affirmative, and, as a countryman, you will offer him a glass of wine at the nearest bar. But you must take care to sit down with him over a bottle of good wine, which you will succeed by another and another, till you see that you have rendered your Cerberus confiding and chattering. Then you will tell him, under the seal of secresy, that you have been in trade, that you have been unfortunate, that the police are after you, but that you have succeeded in completely throwing them off the scent. This confidence, offered in your quality of a fellow provincial, will surely provoke his, and as your position is identical with that of K., it may be presumed that the Picard will tell you in his turn the

story of his lodger, probably without naming him, but certainly explicitly enough for us to be able to find him." My Cossack was an intelligent man, he played his part admirably, and, as matters turned out as I had anticipated, we learned that our bankrupt was in hiding, at Montmartre, under the insignificant name of M. André. But a new difficulty presented itself in the fact that the windows of K.'s room looked on a garden, from which there was a door into a back lane. At the slightest alarm he might, therefore, take to flight, and, moreover, he frequently slept out.

The next day I sent three agents to Montmartre, only one of whom succeeded in entering the house indicated: he was disguised as a mail-guard, and carried a bag containing eight hundred francs in silver. According to my instructions, he went up to the porter:

"Does M. André live here?"

"Yes; but he is out at present."

"What a nuisance! I have brought him eight hundred francs, sent from Bordeaux" (and here he rattled the bag). "Well, I am very sorry for him, but I shall not come all this distance again."

"Good gracious!" the porter muttered. "I really don't know what to do, for M. André gave me strict orders not to tell any one, no matter who, where he is."

"That is possible, my good fellow," the agent replied; "your M. André, from what I can see, does not wish to be found by his creditors; but if a man hide himself from persons to whom he owes money, that is no

reason why he should treat persons who bring him money in the same way. Still——"

"'Pon my word that's true," said the porter, flattered by this argument, which he could understand; "of course we do not repulse those who bring us money. Well, sir, since that is the case, M. André goes every morning to the office of M. Z. in the Rue St. Denis, and you will find him there."

The agent left, but under way said to himself: "K. is a clever fellow who distrusts everything, and who seems to guess that we are after him. If I go to the office and stupidly ask for M. André, he is capable of sending some one to answer in his name, and bolting." The pretended guard, followed by the two agents at a distance, went to the Rue St. Denis, and requested the porter himself to lead him to M. André, that he might deliver a bag of money which he had for him into his own hands.

The porter hastily led my agent into an office, and addressing the person in it, said, "M. André, here is a mail-guard who has a bag of money to deliver to you." But, to the stupefaction of the porter, and no less that of M. K., the false guard had already laid his hand on the bankrupt's shoulder, and said to him—

"M. K., I have a warrant for your arrest."

K., starting from the agent's grasp as if a red-hot iron had seared him, took up his hat, and while making a few observations, was preparing to attempt a new flight; but at this moment the two other agents entered

the office, and the bankrupt, considering any resistance hopeless, quietly went off to the prefecture.

As for M. B., the prefect's friend, I am not aware whether, through this arrest, he was able, as he stated to recover his sixty thousand francs.

This little affair was certainly managed neatly enough, but we fancy that the Forresters, or Mr. Whitcher, could tell many stories equally as good; indeed, the earliest numbers of *Household Words* contained some detective stories which surpass anything to be found in Canler's volume. It is curious to find, also, how constantly the Parisian detectives are thrown out by the passport system and the list of lodgers, and in several murder cases the assassin has escaped justice for a considerable period by employing the papers of his victim. The detectives of Paris also appear to turn their attention to delicate matters, which in England would be entrusted to Inspector Field, and Canler gives us plenty of anecdotes of married ladies who sought his protection against their lovers. By the way, one special trade of Paris may be registered: Frenchmen, who are notoriously fond of boasting of their *bonnes fortunes*, even to casual acquaintances, often got ladies into sad trouble in this way; for if their confidant be a scoundrel—and there are such persons even in France, let us assure M. Assollant—he will put the screw on the unhappy lady, and plunder her of everything she possesses, as the price of holding his tongue. Canler was, perhaps, more legitimately en-

gaged when he put a stop to that vile system of intimidation by which ex-galley slaves torture unhappy comrades at the Bagne, who are striving to gain an honest livelihood. Here is an instance:—

"A carpenter, who had been established in business for several years, had previously been sentenced to five years of the galleys, and married in the provinces when he regained his liberty. Hard-working and saving, he managed to lay by a portion of his wages, and eventually opened a shop, which enabled him to support his family honestly. As, however, he was prohibited from residing in the capital, from the fact of having been convicted, he carefully avoided company, never visited the barriers, and went about Paris as rarely as possible, for fear of meeting any of his fellow-prisoners. Still, in spite of all the precautions he took, he was one day recognised by one of his ex-companions, who was authorized to live in Paris, and who, under pretext of renewing their acquaintance, offered to pay for a bottle of wine. The carpenter did not dare refuse, and when they had finished drinking, the carpenter's friend proposed to accompany him home. 'No, thank you,' the latter replied, 'for I have several calls to make, and I have to go to my wood-dealer's.' 'Very good! Still, give me your address, so that I may pay you a friendly visit when I am in your part of the town.' 'Oh, of course; I live at ——.' And the carpenter gave a false address; but his friend, who was very artful, suspected the trick, and followed him at a distance. The next day the carpenter was thunderstruck by a visit from the ex-convict. 'There, you see,'

the latter said,' laughingly, 'you played me a trick yesterday, but I am a good-tempered fellow, and the proof is that I have called on you to-day.' 'Indeed!' said the carpenter, still greatly confused. 'Yes.' But, bless me, you are in luck's way. Wont you introduce me to your wife? Am I going to breakfast with you this morning?' 'Oh, certainly; of course. But—the truth is——' 'Well, what? Do you want to get away from me, as you did yesterday? I tell you that you had better not play fast-and-loose with me, or I shall tell everybody that we were companions at college.' At these words the unhappy carpenter turned pale, and fear mastering him, he treated his unworthy friend to the best of his ability. The next day the same farce took place, with this exception, that the convict borrowed twenty francs from his victim, then thirty, forty, and so on, so that the carpenter at length played his last trump, by coming to ask for my protection, at the risk of being arrested for breaking his bond. After making some inquiries, I referred the matter to M. Carlier, who turned out of Paris the convict who had plundered the carpenter so shamelessly. The latter obtained permission to remain in Paris, and a few days after came and thanked me for having drawn him from the clutches of such a villain."

Canler was no longer in the police service when the celebrated Orsini attempt took place, and he—possibly with some lurking jealousy—discusses the conduct of the police during the whole affair very severely. As our principal object in the present chapter is to show the working of the French police system, and as Canler is well

qualified to pass an opinion upon it, we cannot do better than conclude our article by an analysis of the chapter which he devotes to Orsini and his confederates, for we fully agree with him that the vaunted detectives of Paris slumber at times like Homer. 'On January 7, 1858, a telegraphic dispatch informed the Minister of the Interior that a man of the name of Pieri was proceeding to Paris, accompanied by another individual, with the intention of killing the emperor. Pieri and Gomez, who left London on January 6, reached Calais at a quarter to two A.M. They at once went to Lille, where Gomez waited, while Pieri proceeded to Brussels, and on the 8th both arrived in Paris. On one side, the *Moniteur* said that information had been received in the previous June, that bombs were being manufactured in England to be thrown under the emperor's carriage; on the other hand, the Count de Morny stated, in a speech at the opening of the Legislative Chamber, that the provincial secret societies were expecting in the middle of January a catastrophe, followed by a movement.

We might suppose that, after such precise information, the police would have taken their measures to arrest Pieri immediately on his arrival in Paris, but nothing of the sort. Pieri put up at an hotel in the Rue Montmartre, one of the most frequented parts of the capital. We might assume that he kept in concealment, waiting for the moment of action to arrive, but he behaved quite differently. He arrived at the hotel with a passport bearing the names of Joseph Andreas-Pierey—a very slight falsification to conceal a man so marked as himself.

There he dined at the table d'hôte with other travellers: he remained in the dining-room to read the paper: if he went out, he frequented cafés or places of public amusement. He went thrice to see his wife at Montrouge, but for all that the prefecture of police had not the slightest notice of his presence in the capital. What did the police do to lay hands on Pieri? Nothing, in spite of the simple means they required to employ. The peace-officer who arrested Pieri on the night of the 14th, in the Rue le Peletier, was specially entrusted with the surveillance of the lodging-houses and political refugees, and he was expressly ordered to discover Pieri among the persons who arrived from London and Belgium on the 8th. Canler proves that he did not do his duty, because he knew Pieri by sight, and the slight alteration in his passport ought at once to have attracted his attention. Moreover, this agent knew where Pieri's wife lodged, and where his son was apprenticed, and he ought to have exercised a strict surveillance over both.

Then, again, Canler urges that it was an extraordinary piece of negligence to let Orsini and Rudio go on, after Pieri was at length arrested. When Pieri was searched, a bomb-shell was found on him, and yet the police agent took no precautions, although he had half an hour to spare. Instead of assuming that Pieri must have accomplices in the crowd, and ordering the street to be cleared, he quietly let matters take their course. Again, when the catastrophe had occurred, it was not owing to any police sagacity that the assassins were arrested. The agents went to the hotel, but finding Rudio asleep, did

not consider themselves justified in arresting him, and they did not do so until Gomez had confessed. The latter was arrested in a most singular way. After the attempt he entirely lost his head, and went into the Restaurant Bozzi, in the Rue le Peletier. Here he sat groaning and lamenting for upwards of an hour and a half, until the waiter, considering this very strange, called in a policeman. Gomez made a clean breast of it, and then Orsini and Rudio were arrested, but not before. After summing up the evidence more fully than we have room for, Canler arrives at the following conclusion:—

"The prefect of police, in my opinion, fulfilled all the obligations which his duties imposed on him, by imperiously ordering the chief of the municipal police to make active and constant search, and set every engine at work to effect the arrest of Pieri. Personally, he could do no more, but it was the duty of his agents to seek, investigate, and discover without relaxation. It is sufficiently proved that they did not do their duty, and facts convict them either of negligence or of incapacity. And yet, what was the conclusion of this lamentable affair? The prefect of police sent in his resignation, the chief of the municipal police retained his post, the chief inspector of hotels was nominated Knight of the Legion of Honour, and eventually received a pension. How can we explain such a *dénouement?*"

In conclusion, we cannot conscientiously recommend Canler's volume for family reading. While valuable to those who take an interest in criminal questions, and

who anxiously desire to produce the best possible penal code, it contains chapters which it is almost impossible to read without loathing. In recording the experiences of a chequered life, Canler has not neglected a single one of the dangerous classes, and the result is that he has produced a most depressing work. It is sad to find that the crimes which disfigure so large a city as London are intensified in a comparatively small capital like Paris, and sadder still, perhaps, to learn what means the French police employ for the detection of criminals. As we said before, we do not see that there is much to choose between Canler and Vidocq: the latter, it is true, was a cynical galley-slave, who gloried in his villany, the former is an honest, conscientious policeman, who might have sat for the portrait of Javert in "Les Misérables," but both employed the same execrable means of working on the cupidity of scoundrels to ensure the safety of society. Doing evil to obtain a good result is a dangerous theory at all times, but probably never so dangerous as when employed by the guardians of the public peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.*

THE question of negro slavery having been the subject of so much sharp controversy in connexion with the system of free immigration introduced by the Emperor Napoleon, our readers will probably be glad to receive any information which may serve to throw light on the present condition of the slave trade in its principal stronghold—Brazil. In M. Dabadie's very interesting work we find much valuable detail on the matter. Himself an ardent opponent of slavery under any garb, he devoted much time and research to the question during a recent visit to South America, and we purpose to condense his remarks, as proving where the slave trade must be vigorously attacked if we desire its utter suppression.

After passing a well-deserved encomium on the English cruisers, our author is forced to the conclusion that, despite all the willingness they have displayed, they have only succeeded in putting a slight check on the slave trade. Swift sailers, built expressly for the

* A travers l'Amérique du Sud. Par F. Dabadie. Paris: Ferdinand Sartorius.

trade, still land every year thousands of negroes at Rio Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco. This results partly from the neglect of the French cruisers and the complicity of the Brazilians, who never capture a slaver save when compelled; and partly from the immense profits derived from the trade. The slave-dealers rapidly amass enormous fortunes, which open up to them the path to honours and the highest offices in a country where slavery is generally regarded as necessary. Their calculation is very simple: if one vessel out of five arrive safely, a considerable gain is realized. In addition, they manage matters so that all the personal risk is run by men whose names are borrowed at a price, bu who receive an infinitesimal share of the profits. To what cruelties such a system leads, the following extract from the *Morning Chronicle* of February, 1858, will supply a proof. "We learn from the Cape that the steamer *Sappho*, while cruising off the west coast of Africa, sighted a suspicious-looking vessel of about nine hundred tons, which, on being chased, ran ashore. The *Sappho*, being prevented from approaching by the shallowness of the water, lowered its boats. The slaver did the same, after throwing overboard eight hundred negroes. When the boats' crews boarded the vessel, they found four hundred negroes still on board, who were taken to Sierra Leone. The slaver was burnt, and during the operation, her men fired on the *Sappho's* boats from the shore. Half the negroes thrown overboard reached the land, the rest perished in the waves."

Brazil is the only country in South America which

enjoys a monarchical government, and is also the only one that has maintained slavery. This is not surprising: the Brazilians imagine that slavery is a question of life or death for them. The owners of the soil are convinced that, were the negroes emancipated, their fields would remain uncultivated, and general misery succeed the present opulence. The middle classes in the towns, accustomed to the enjoyments of miserable sloth, subsist by the labour of their slaves; a portion are employed in domestic duties, while the others are sent out to earn a fixed sum, which they must pay every night, under pain of punishment. Many slaves are also let out by the month: the men as cooks, workmen, waiters, &c., the women as nurses, washerwomen, &c. Many of the female slaves are allowed to sleep from home on condition that they pay a double sum next morning. We need not point out what a frightful system of immorality this must entail. Still, the number of slaves would have insensibly diminished in Brazil, and slavery would end there some day without any dangerous crisis, if the government had the wisdom to enforce the existing laws. But it eludes them on every occasion, for they were only passed to satisfy England. Instead of seeking out the detainers of newly-imported slaves, who are free by law, the latter are abandoned to all the horrors of illegal servitude. Even worse: a number of these unfortunates, seized on board slavers by the imperial authorities, and placed as domestics in the national *fazendas*, were killed one fine morning by false death returns, and sent secretly to the estates of certain

officials, or friends of the ministers. Even the nurses at the Foundling Hospital return the black children as dead, and sell them for their own advantage. This would appear incredible, had it not been publicly stated in the *Jornal do Comercio* of the 7th of August, 1857. This is all very barbarous and scandalous: but no one in Brazil is roused to indignation by it; the French colonists less than any. Even the decree of 1848, which menaced them with the loss of citizenship if they did not give up their slaves, has been of no effect. Even French officials have been known to violate this wise law, while simple English merchants, rigorous observers of the laws of the country, restricted themselves to the employment of free negroes.

At the present day Brazil is evidently the most active home of slavery. This deplorable institution has lost none of its force there, and no serious reform has been tried to ameliorate the lot of the slaves. If the statistics published by Dr. Lobo in 1850 are exact, the city and suburbs of Rio Janeiro contain 100,599 slaves of both sexes, out of a population of 266,466. If to these are added the liberated negroes and mulattoes, we find that the African race is equal or superior in numbers to the whole white and Brazilian races. Of all the different African tribes forming this slave population, the Minas are by far the most interesting. They possess a rare beauty of form, which induced an artist friend of our author to remark, "A Minas, if guillotined, would be a *chef-d'œuvre* of nature. Tall, robust, and well set up, they combine rare elegance of posture with herculean strength.

Hence they are generally employed in the most fatiguing labour: to them is entrusted the duty of carrying from the warehouses to the ships the huge bags of coffee, which would crush an ordinary man. The Minas is, besides, intelligent and haughty: obedient to the Koran, he resigns himself to slavery as a law of destiny, but he will not let himself be brutalized. He does not regard himself as inferior to the white man, does not humiliate himself before him, never asks mercy when being flogged, and sees his blood flowing with a stern stoicism, at times emitting glances of concentrated fury. In spite of the isolation in which it is sought to keep them, the Minas have a strong sense of their humiliation; they regard one another as members of the same family, keep up their mother tongue, love their wives fondly, are jealous of them, and adore liberty. This love of freedom, joined to an indomitable energy, is very disquieting to their masters, who often detect the germs of conspiracy, and apprehend the fate of the whites of St. Domingo. It is certain that, were it not for the strict watch kept on them, the Minas, who have already proved their contempt of death in terrible insurrections, would speedily rend their fetters. In the mean while many of them avenge by the knife or poison the excessive cruelty which renders their life a martyrdom. The Minas women are not less interesting than the men. Owing to their intelligence, they are employed in the sale of fruits, poultry, and fish, either at the various markets or in the streets of the city, where they walk about with their baskets on their heads, and frequently suckling a new-

born babe.' Their costume is extremely picturesque: it consists of a turban, a red or black bodice, a coloured skirt, and a long scarf, in which they drape themselves with a negligence full of coquetry. They are fond of neatness, and even luxury; you never see them without necklaces of coral or beads, earrings, gilt bracelets, and rings on all their fingers. These magnificent negresses display, under the heaviest burdens, a suppleness of movement, and gestures full of careless grace and majesty. There is nothing artificial or conventional in their charming postures: it is the naïveness of nature combined with the dignity of a queen.

Some persons are mildly astonished that slaves are generally idle, intoxicated, thievish—in a word, prone to every vice. But could it well be otherwise? Instead of trying to develope their innate faculties and feelings, every effort is made to stifle them. Instead of enlightening these pariahs, their masters seek to brutalize them. Before all, it is desired that they should not reason—for in that case they would reflect on their lot—and that they should venerate white men as demigods. Each morning, on rising, the slave runs to salute his master with a deep bow, accompanied by a quaint pantomime, or even by kissing his hand, and falling at his feet. If he discuss, even with the most touching humility, any order or caprice of his master, he is struck; if his lips murmur the slightest word of his mother tongue, he is struck; he is taught the love of family by separating him from his wife and children, who are sold in various quarters; he is taught justice by overwhelming him with

acts of injustice; he is taught dignity by repeating to him incessantly that he is a brute and not a human being; he is taught the rights of property by denying him even property in himself, and by selling him or pledging him like an old shawl. And, as if the part played by the slaves in these abominable transactions were not sufficiently lowering, some masters degrade them still more by making them sell themselves. They are provided with a piece of paper, on which is written the sum asked for them, and are sent off to find a purchaser, with the words "Go and sell yourself where you can." Such unfortunate beings may be seen wandering about the streets of the city, often accompanied by friends, who point out their good qualities to the passers-by.

The Black Code of Brazil has a Draconian severity, and the judges, convinced that "it is necessary to give lessons to the dangerous class of slaves," apply it most readily. Death is written on every page, and, with monstrous refinement of cruelty, it too often avenges on an innocent slave the crime of a culpable master. The timid rage of the authors of this code, which insults humanity equally as it does reason, has invented extenuating circumstances of wonderful effect. Whenever a band of negroes is found guilty of any crime, and two or three of them may be spared the punishment of death, they are sent to the house of correction to receive six hundred blows of the *chicote*. It has been proved that by the three hundredth blow of this enormous knotted lash the strongest man is cut to ribbons and

deprived of life. The *Casa de Correcçao* is situated at Matacavallos, one of the suburbs of Rio Janeiro. This large, handsome, cleanly building, surrounded by delicious vegetation, and commanding a superb view, is, externally, a palace, but, internally, an inferno. If a slave has committed any fault—if his owner finds him indocile—he sends him to the *correcçao*, himself determining the duration of his stay in this accursed place, and the number of blows he is to receive. Gaolers in the pay of government, well versed in the business, seize the slave, shave his head, and give him his allotted punishment with a zealousness bordering on ferocity. A police regulation forbids more than twenty-five lashes being given in the course of one day; but they are administered by such a vigorous arm, that the skin begins to peel off with the third blow. When these wounds do not prevent it, the slaves confined in the house of correction are employed on public works. They are, however, liberated immediately on the requisition of the master, who pays two hundred reis, or about threepence, for each day of imprisonment.

If the fear of the *correcçao*, and the rigour of the punishment administered there, justly or unjustly, terrifies some negroes, there are others whose character is hardened by it, and whom it rouses to vengeance. In such a case, their terrified masters get rid of them, or, if they have any motive for keeping them, "sell them for Rio Grande," according to the usual expression. These are sales involving a condition of the right of repurchase. The slaves exposed to this penalty are sent

to the southern *estancias*, where half-savage overseers condemn them to intolerable labours, and, on the slightest excuse, make them undergo the extremity of cruelty. Thus, they attach them to the tails of their horses, which rarely stop till they have trotted or galloped several leagues, dragging after them the sufferer who has not had the strength to keep up with them. Too often he is found to be a hideous corpse! The idea that led to the erection of the house of correction was certainly good. The government desired to protect the slaves against the arbitrary conduct of those capricious masters who do not measure the chastisement by the fault committed, and only too often beat innocent men for the sake of amusement. Since the establishment of this prison, no one would have the right to strike his slave, and a law was passed to that effect, which, if rigorously adhered to, would have prevented many crying abuses. But this law is now *vox et prætereà nihil*, and the hatred of the Africans is so inveterate in Brazil that but little heed is paid to it. Even at the present day you may see in the houses of many masters (principally among the Portuguese) a complete arsenal of instruments of torture to be applied on the blacks, and recalling the Inquisition, of fearful memory: heavy iron collars, *cepos* with screws, in which the feet and neck are confined; handcuffs bristling with spikes to lacerate the flesh, &c.

It would be an instructive yet terrible history that described the sufferings and ignominy produced by slavery. We will quote here some instances that came within M. Dabadie's personal cognizance for the edifica-

tion of those gentlemen who simply believe that the blacks are treated with paternal kindness. One individual (a Frenchman) considering the *chicote* too anodyne a punishment, was accustomed to strike his slaves on the knees with bamboo rods. A priest coolly stated in our author's presence that, to afford himself some amusement, he fastened one of his slaves to the ceiling by the feet and hands. The unhappy being was to remain the whole night through in that position. The pain drew from him at first groans, and at last shrieks. The priest, who was in bed in an adjoining room, angry at not being able to sleep for the noise, ordered his victim to be soundly beaten while still in the same position When he gave the word for the slave to be released, he was just on the point of drawing his last breath! A young lady of eighteen, very pretty, and timid before company, was a perfect Caligula to her male and female slaves. The overseer came once to tell her that a certain negro, condemned by her to receive the punishment of the *chicote*, had not a sound spot on his body. "Smash his teeth, then," was her reply, and they were broken with a crowbar. Another young lady, marvellously beautiful, well educated, and married to a Portuguese officer, was left forty slaves on the death of her father. She displayed such ferocity towards them that the overseer even hesitated to obey her orders. This perfumed monster, with her angelic smile, managed, however, so well, that at the end of a year nearly all her slaves had perished beneath the lash. Any reflections on our part would be useless in the face of such horrors. Moreover,

M. Dabadie assures us that he could quote a thousand instances of the same nature. We can certainly assume that the slaves return their masters hatred for hatred, and even evil for evil. It is easy to suppose, too, that they seek to escape from the humiliation and martyrdom reserved for them. There are considerable numbers who prefer the free existence of the forest, with hunger as a companion, to the material life granted them in slavery. All the woods round Rio are full of Maroons, who live on the scanty fare supplied by nature. The police agents, known by the name of *pedestres*, hunt them even in the mountain passes, and bring them back for a decent reward to the houses of their masters, who never fail to flay the runaways.

Sophists who regard slavery as an excellent institution, and try to make us believe in the happiness of the yoke, assert that the blacks, far from loving liberty, detest it, and would be puzzled what to do with it. Our author replies that this is an utter falsehood: liberty is the fixed idea, the cherished dream of the majority of the slaves: and they will do anything in the hope of its realization. Some will save up penny by penny a scanty sum, the sight of which alone gives them the courage to live; others seek in gambling or the lottery the means of purchasing their freedom (they club together, and will even steal from their masters in order to put into the lottery); the least patient among them escape secretly from the spot where tyranny has enchained them, and brave every imaginable danger to regain their home. Here is an instance, selected

at hazard. In December, 1850, the British steamer, the *Rifleman*, while proceeding on a cruise, sighted off Cape St. Thomas, about fifty miles from the coast, a suspicious-looking *lancha*. The commander pursued it, and sent a boat's crew on board. They found there nine blacks, a negress, and a mulatto girl of sixteen. On being questioned, they stated that they belonged to the people of Campos, and had escaped with the intention of gaining the African coast. They had no nautical instruments or provisions, merely sufficient water for a week! If there were any doubt left as to the love the slaves have for liberty, the immense number of suicides committed by them would supply an undeniable proof. There are beings among this unhappy race who greet death as a deliverance, with an heroic calmness and obstinacy which nothing can conquer. This is so notorious that the overseers find it a most difficult task to prevent suicides at the *fazendas*, and the Black Code of Brazil orders one hundred and fifty blows of the *chicote* for every black who attempts self-destruction. But this does not stop them; when a continual watchfulness prevents them from hanging themselves they eat earth, which, at the expiration of a certain time, brings on consumption. Others swallow their tongue. M. Dabadie knew at San Janeiro a black man, of the name of Antonio, who attempted his life thrice, and always with the same resolution. The first time he hanged himself. He was still breathing when the cord was cut, and replied coldly to those who demanded the motives of his behaviour, "I would sooner die than be a

slave." The second time he leaped from a second-floor window, and was picked up bleeding and with his limbs broken. He recovered from his wounds, repeating that he would sooner die than be a slave. The third time he laid his stomach open, and without a groan cut off and threw away a portion of his intestines. He was found stretched on the ground, and yet the physicians succeeded in restoring him to life. But instead of evincing any gratitude for their attention, he continually repeated, "You are giving yourselves needless trouble, for I shall recommence; I would sooner die than be a slave." The managers of the Misericordia, the richest hospital in the world, at length hit on the good idea of interfering; they purchased Antonio, and gave him his liberty. Since then he has been a free servant in the hospital, and performs his duties most conscientiously, without any thought of suicide.

The relations of the slave to an absolute master, whose orders and caprices he must endure without having a right to protest, are sufficiently painful to explain to us his hatred of slavery, and the irresistible desire to escape from it even by death. And still he has not done all even when he has satisfied his master, or, at least, accepted the laws he has dictated to him. His fatal colour, the brand-mark of Cain, condemns him to bow humbly before every member of the privileged race, and receive his blows in patience. If he fail, the white man will avenge on him his wounded pride, and obtain leave from his master to inflict on the disrespectful slave an exemplary punishment. One day our author saw a

black man, followed by a Portuguese clerk, upset the basket a Minas *quitendeira* had just placed on her head. The woman asked that the clumsy slave should pick up her fruit which had rolled into the gutter. The clerk refused, and insulted the woman, who still held the negro by the arm, and accompanied him to the shop. There the clerk began beating the poor girl, and two of his comrades aided him. Suddenly the scene changed: the girl's lover, a magnificent Minas, outraged at the brutal treatment to which his mistress was exposed, ran to her help, and delivered her in a twinkling. His action was noble, and assuredly deserved a reward. It was as follows: the clerk's employer went to his master, and got him two hundred blows of the *chicote*.

Can we now feel surprised if the black, instead of loving the white man as a protector, sees in him his natural enemy? Can we feel surprised at the fermentation of wrath and of vengeance which accumulates during long years of anguish in their bleeding hearts, and breaks out one day in murder and rapine? It is worth remarking, however, that if the blacks, as a body, accept with resignation the ill-treatment of their masters, they do not forget what they owe to strangers or their influence. As regards their master, they will consent to be things; but with other white men they demand to be men. The slaves of Brazil maintain this distinction, which explains many crimes. Thus, a negro entered a grocer's shop in the Rue des Ourives, and asked a clerk for a glass of *caixaça* (sugar-cane brandy). The clerk refused; the black insisted, and the former struck him.

The slave had already received punishment by the instigation of the clerk, and had sworn to kill him on the next opportunity. He drew a kitchen-knife, and plunged it to the hilt in the clerk's heart. And now for our author's description of his punishment:—

"The murderer was hanged on the 24th January, 1851. I was present at the execution, the hideous details of which will never leave my memory. The gibbet, composed of three iron standards supporting three heavy horizontal bars that formed an equilateral triangle, was raised, according to usage, on the Largo do Mouro, near the sea, and opposite a barrack. By nine in the morning the condemned man had heard mass, and, with his hands tied behind his back, commenced his funereal procession through the city. At the head of the cortége was a detachment of cavalry; next came two rows of monks, a man ringing a bell, a chorister bearing an enormous cross, the executioners dressed in canvas trousers and violet vests; lastly came the culprit, accompanied by a *frère de la bonne Mort*, who offered him a crucifix to kiss, and wearied him with his exhortations. He was compelled to traverse all the principal streets on foot, enter all the churches, and, kneeling before the altar, recite a formula, which was drowned by the mournful chanting of his companions. It was not till mid-day that the braying of the trumpets announced that the procession had reached the place of punishment. The atmosphere was gloriously pure; the tropical sun poured down flames on a multitude of amateurs, who had arrived from all quarters to be present at the

festival, for the death-agonies of a slave are regarded as such by too many white men. There were present Brazilians, Portuguese, Germans, Swiss, Frenchmen, burning and greedy, not for emotions (they would have blushed at such), but for torture. And they were not men of the people, like those who visit our guillotine; they were rich merchants, worthy tradesmen, well clothed, wearing gloves and gold chains, and who preferred missing a bargain than the *amusing* spectacle that was about to regale them. From among these groups might be heard noisy bursts of laughter, songs, witticisms, or at times abuse of the nigger who kept honest men waiting so long, who had gone out of their way to honour his death by their presence. The sight of the condemned man drew from this inhuman and coarse assemblage a murmur of satisfaction, mingled with vulgar insults. As the unfortunate man passed me, I scrutinised him closely: he was calm, walked with a firm step, in spite of the heat and fatigue; not a sign of fear or repentance displayed itself on his tranquil countenance. He appeared to listen rather with resignation than pleasure to the exhortations of his confessor, who only quitted him at the moment when the cord was placed round his neck. This last operation did not make him even wince. Soon I turned my head away with an instinctive horror: there was one unhappy man less on the face of the earth."

Owing to the degradation in which they are purposely kept, the blacks frequently give way to habits of intoxication; in which they find a transient forgetfulness of

their wrongs. To prevent them from drinking, a tin mask, with an enormous pointed nose, is put over their faces. They are also gamblers. Their favourite game consists in throwing up four pieces of orange-peel, cut in the shape of a diamond. If two or four pieces fall with the yellow side downwards, the thrower has won; in the other case, he loses. The blacks have also a mania for dancing. They collect in dirty dens, where they can procure food and drink, and they dance the worst form of the *chŧnă*, which they have learnt from their masters, the mob applauding the while frantically, and accompanying the dancers with a monotonous chant. At times they indulge in this amusement in public places, or on the sea-shore. But they are not always able to come to the conclusion. for if an intolerant *pedestre* perceives them, he rushes upon them, and disperses them with blows of his rattan. The blacks also possess a depth of superstition which nullifies all the teaching of the Catholic faith. Before bathing in the sea, they dip their fingers in the water, and cross themselves with much fervour. Our author was witness of one of these curious customs. An overseer of the *Tijuka* had been murdered during the night by the slaves, whom he persecuted incessantly, and in the morning his body was lying in the middle of the road. All the blacks who passed it on going to work threw upon it a branch and a *vintem* piece, while making the strangest gestures. Still, although the blacks may keep up certain superstitions of their country, they also maintain elevated sentiments. For instance, they respect old men, and

those who held rank in their own country. To their honour, they refuse the equality of slavery, and pay them homage by kissing hands or kneeling before them. This is done in the open street, with the most imperturbable gravity. M. Dabadie knew an old negro porter who had been a king at home, but his dirty rags did not in the slightest degree deprive him of the love of his former subjects, who never saw him without loading him with kindness and imploring his blessing.

Another most odious and revolting feature is the conduct of the Catholic clergy towards the negroes. By a flagrant contradiction, the priests and monks who defend the equality of all men in the sight of Heaven, possess slaves under the garb of animals, and are far from displaying towards them any more humanity than do the other masters. As the interest of their robe and their pocket speaks to them more eloquently than their logic, they have the generosity to grant the blacks the rank of human beings, and admit them to the sacraments—so long as they can get anything from them. Thus, they baptize them, read mass to them in a church specially set apart in Rio, and marry them occasionally, if they can pay the fees. In addition, they send to the market-places fellows dressed in a greasy *soutane*, and bearing a bag, to drag from the weakness of these unhappy beings the copper coins they have gained by the sweat of their brow. But if the slave fall dangerously ill, he has nothing more to give, and consequently is no longer a man. The priest refuses him all religious consolation, and allows him to be buried like a dog.

This deplorable state of things having become known to the British Government in 1848, they implored the Emperor of Brazil to pass a law immediately for the total abolition of slavery by indemnifying the masters. In return for this concession, they offered to sign a treaty affording unexampled advantages to the trade and industry of the empire. The Brazilian Government declined the offer, alleging as an excuse the impossibility of raising so large a sum, and the risk they ran of leaving the ground untilled. This is evidently an excuse, and we therefore think their sincerity should be tested once more. Allowing that Brazil dare not, or will not, follow the generous example we set her in our West India colonies, we may surely call upon her to pass a law to the effect that henceforth "every one born in the empire is free." This measure might not be exactly just, as it would sacrifice the interests of the existing slaves, but, at any rate, it would be a solution of the difficulty, and we should acquire the certainty that, at the expiration of a certain number of years, slavery would have utterly disappeared, without causing any difficulty. But until the Brazilian Government are prepared to pass some such measure as this, we cannot put any faith in their professed desire for the emancipation of the negro race, for the remedy is in their own hands, and the application is very simple.

In conclusion, to quote our author's burning words once again, we consider that slavery is destined to disappear from the face of the globe like so many other barbarous institutions, which neither the obstinate resistance of

prejudices nor the authority of ages could save, and which were the disgrace of humanity. The degradation of the negro race is the result of slavery itself, and not of any natural inferiority. It is undoubted that the Africans possess a considerable degree of intelligence and powerful germs of civilization. These only require fostering, instead of being crushed, as is at present the case. In Brazil, blacks may be found of irreproachable morality, who have become skilful artisans, and several mulattoes are truly an honour to their country. The first physician at Lima is an old negro, who has gained a considerable fortune, while many negroes who have visited Europe have displayed a rare amount of talent.

Let us be just, then, to a race which has been too long oppressed: the blacks have shed tears enough beneath the yoke that has weighed on them so long. It should be remembered, too, that unless they are liberated they will free themselves; and then, in the words of the Gospel, "there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CALVIN.*

CALVIN was born at Noyou, in Picardy, on July 10, 1509. His father, Gerard Chauvin, was notary apostolic and secretary to the bishop, and was well respected by the clergy. His son was educated for the Church, and from an early date displayed a serious character, and his father secured him a better education than was usual at that period among the citizen class, by placing him in the family of a Seigneur de Mommor, and as the expense was heavy, he obtained for his son, then twelve years of age, a chaplaincy called La Gésine. A few days after the boy received the tonsure, and devoted himself with his whole soul to his new vocation. Two years later, young Calvin proceeded to Paris to continue his studies, and gained the friendship of the regent of La Marche College, Mathurin Cordier. It is possible that the cruelties practised at this period on the Lutherans produced a marked effect on the young student's mind, and it was by the gleam of the pyres that he resolutely entered on the path where he might meet at each step one destined for himself. After dis-

* Calvin, sa Vie et ses Écrits. Par Felix Bungener. Paris: Cherbuliez.

tinguishing himself greatly by his Latin studies, young Calvin was appointed by the chapter of Noyou to the curacy of Pont l'Evêque, or, as Desmay says, "The sheep were handed over to the wolf for protection." By his father's advice he next turned his attention to the law, and for that purpose proceeded to New Orleans to study. After a while he went to Bourges, to attend the lectures of Alciati, and it was here that Calvin's future life was indicated to him. Melchior Wolmar, the Greek professor, secretly taught his scholars from a far more important book than even Sophocles and Homer—a book which he had seen in Germany change the faith of a country when in the hands of Luther. With the study of the Bible the scales fell from off Calvin's eyes, and so soon as he felt inwardly convinced of the truth, the young student earnestly began making proselytes. On returning to Paris, Calvin lodged with Etienne de la Forge, a merchant, "whose memory," he tells us, "ought to be blessed among the faithful as that of a martyr in Christ." At this house Calvin began to hold assemblies: at first secret, afterwards almost public, and people of all conditions swelled his small congregation. At this period he resolved to resign the small chaplaincy and cure, which were his sole means of livelihood, for he had a reluctance to be any longer supported by a Church which he refused to serve. Nor must he be blamed for not having taken this step sooner; the men of the movement did not dream of quitting the Church, but of transforming it. In the mean while Calvin sold the small property which he inherited on his father's

death, so that he might have available funds when the impending storm burst over his head.

The first public danger to Calvin was of rather curious origin. Nicholas Cop, rector of the University, had an oration to deliver at the Octave of St. Martin, and requested Calvin to write it for him. He did so, and threw a bombshell into the enemy's camp by openly avowing justification by faith. There was a tremendous uproar. Parliament interfered, and Cop fled to Basle. But the real author of the discourse was suspected, and hence Calvin was obliged to escape from Paris also. After suffering considerable persecution, he sought shelter at the court of Marguerite de Valois, who had been converted to the Reformation, and was anxiously trying to convert her brother, Francis I. :—

"At this court was, among others, old Le Fevre, the man who had first caught a clear glimpse of what Providence was preparing, and who at the outset, seizing one day Farel's hand, said to him: 'My dear William, God will renew the face of the world, and you will see it.' But Farel had been compelled to quit France, and Le Fevre was asking himself, not without discouragement, who would play the part taken from his friend, who up to this time had been the most eloquent and capable of the apostles of the Reformation. When he saw Calvin, he quickly understood that he had in him more than Farel, more than all the rest; and, as Beza tells us, "he regarded this young man gladly, as if presaging that he would be the author of the Restoration of the Church in France." Le Fevre believed, and wished to believe,

in the possibility of the regeneration of the Church by the Church—a reconstruction without previous demolition. A man who, in his lectures on faith delivered at the Sorbonne, had detected, ten years before Luther, the intimate vice of Romanism, and the secret of the sought-for regeneration, still adhered to the respect and illusions which had in the first instance restrained the arm of the German monk. Calvin demonstrated to him that nothing could be obtained in this way, and effected what the sight of so many events had been unable to effect. The aged man was convinced that no truce was possible between the Gospel and Rome, and that the axe must be laid to the foot of the tree."

Marguerite induced her brother to forgive the trouble hanging over Calvin's head, and he returned to Paris. Unfortunately, the Reformers would not accept the terms offered them of being allowed to exercise their religion if they kept in the background. They commenced hostilities by spreading abroad a multitude of placards, so numerous that this year was long known as "l'année des placards." They were found in the king's palace, even in his cabinet, and were probably placed there by some enemy of the Reformers. At last, on October 18, 1534, Paris was inundated with the "veritable articles upon the horrible and great abuses of the papal mass." These articles trenched very closely on blasphemy, and the king thought it his duty actively to interfere. Thirty-six men, chosen haphazard, were sentenced to death by fire, and a refinement of cruelty was employed. At six fires, lighted in different parts of

the city, six men, suspended from a swinging beam, were plunged into the fire, then withdrawn, and then plunged in again. The king wished his victims to feel that they were dying, and also to witness their tortures with his own eyes. Calvin was forced to fly from his persecutors, first to Poitiers, where the first evangelical communion was taken in a grotto, still known as Calvin's, and thence to Strasbourg, where he and his friend Du Tellet arrived with ten crowns as their entire fortune. But Strasbourg was a haven for them, as, during thirteen years, it had been the head-quarters of the Reformation. Here Calvin enjoyed the hospitality of Berne for a season, but, not finding that repose for which he longed, he emigrated to Basle, where Œcolampadius had just died. Capito and Simon Grynæus were labouring peacefully, and Erasmus was growing old. Here it was that Calvin stepped into the front rank of the Reformation, by publishing his "Institution of the Christian Religion." This book, first published in 1535 or 1536, was destined to be the work of Calvin's entire life, for he was incessantly engaged in revising and perfecting it. This work responded to a general want, for it was a catechism of the new faith. The preface, addressed to the King of France, produced an extraordinary sensation, and was universally read. Apart from its theological merits, it is one of the finest specimnes of French writing in existence. Among those who were most affected by it was Renée of France, daughter of Louis XII., and wife of the Duke of Ferrara. Her court was a gathering place for the French refugees, among them being Marot,

the poet, banished for the affair of the placards; and one day arrived Charles d'Espeville, who was no other than the author of the "Institution," probably invited by the princess herself. The duke felt alarmed at this concourse of Frenchmen, as he was pressed by Charles V. on one side and by the Pope on the other, and ordered them off. Marot retired to Venice, while Calvin went on his road back to Basle. He paid a visit to the Val d'Aosta, which contained many adherents of the Reformation, and took refuge in a house still known as "Calvin's Farm," where thousands flocked to listen to his exhortations. But he had a formidable foe in the Bishop of Aosta, who issued an order for his arrest, and he fled with those of his adherents who were most compromised. The St. Bernard was guarded, but Calvin and his companions at length succeeded in crossing the Col de la Duranda, in the Valais, which is still designated by the name of "Calvin's Window."

Shortly after, Calvin paid his first visit to Geneva, where Viret and Farel had been for some time past supporting the cause of the Reformation. The state of parties was still very unsettled, and although the downfall of Catholicism had been the end of certain evils, it was, at the same time, the beginning or aggravation of others. Among these the worst were immorality and unbelief, and these Farel and his colleague had energetically combated. In addition to this, the proclamation of the new faith had led to the resumption of hostilities against the city, and on September 24, 1535, a night attack all but made it fall into the hands of the Duke

of Savoy and the bishop. The citizens were tortured by famine, but held out bravely, and it was not till the following February that the Bernese army arrived, and restored some slight degree of security. Farel still continued to thunder from the pulpit, but he felt his strength failing him, and he was beginning to think that Geneva was not worthy of his efforts, when in August, 1536, he heard that the author of the "Institution" had put up at an hostelry in the city, but only intended to stay one night. Farel hastened to him, and urged him to remain and co-operate with him. Calvin alleged that he did not belong to the Church militant, but was destined to help the good work. After a lengthened discussion, Farel furiously declared that these were but pretexts, and that God would curse him if he studied his own ease rather than the cause of the Saviour. Calvin yielded to God, but not to the man, although the latter ever remained dear to him. He was fond of recalling this scene, this "awful adjuration," as he called it, "as if God had stretched out His hand from above to stop him." He remained in Geneva, and was engaged to deliver lectures on the Scriptures. Naturally, he did not long adhere to his appointed duties, but launched into fierce diatribes against immorality, which produced a sturdy opposition. Still, in less than three months from his arrival, he achieved a brilliant triumph by carrying through his "Confession of Faith," by which he hoped to establish an intimate relation between the faith and morality. By this arrangement, the pastors acquired the authority to check disorders, and refer

them to the syndics for punishment. It was a dangerous power in so young a Church, and speedily led to disturbances. An opposition party was formed under the title of the Libertines, who openly expressed their intention of getting rid of the Reformers and their laws. Ere long the Libertines broke out in open violence, for Farel and Calvin were obstinate, and refused to make the slightest concession which might be attributed to weakness. There were riots in the churches, and the result was that the council-general expelled the two ministers.

The exiles retired to Basle, and ere long Calvin received letters from Bucer, urging him to return to Strasbourg. He went there, and was heartily welcomed: a church was given him in which to preach, but by some neglect no salary was granted him, and hence he was compelled to sell the books which he had left at Geneva. But his position speedily improved, when refugees flocked in from all sides to hear him; he was granted the right of citizenship and a considerable salary, and appeared to be comfortably settled for life. Still, he ever regretted the hard life which he had led at Geneva, and he eagerly watched the reaction which was taking place in that city. A magnificent reply which Calvin wrote to Sadolet, who as papal envoy was trying to bring back the Genevese to their allegiance to Rome, created an astounding sensation throughout Europe. Luther enjoyed it greatly, for he understood the importance of a controversy waged with such power and freshness. "Here is a writing," he said, "which has hands and feet. I

am rejoiced that God raises up such men. They will continue what I have commenced against Anti-Christ, and with God's help finish it." The repentant Genevese soon made an effort to get Calvin back among them, and a herald of the state was sent off with a letter to him. He was, however, at Worms, where a diet for the Christian Reformation was being held.

During his absence from Geneva, Calvin had been travelling, and formed the acquaintance of the amiable Melancthon, who was anxious to effect an agreement between him and Luther. He had also given hostages to fortune by marrying, a wife having been found for him after considerable difficulty by his friends, in Idelette de Bure, the widow of an Anabaptist of the name of John Storder, by whom she had children. Bucer was acquainted with her, and strongly recommended her to his friend, who took her on his recommendation. Her dower was a strict piety, a vigilant tenderness, and a mind capable of any sacrifices. It was shortly after the wedding that Calvin received the invitation to return to Geneva. At first he hesitated, and his old friend Viret was requested to interpose. In Calvin's reply we have the key-note of his hesitation. "You tell me that if I abandon Geneva the Church is in danger. I can give you no other answer than the one I sent you: it is, that no place terrifies me so much as Geneva. Not that I entertain any hatred for them, but I see so many difficulties that I feel myself incapable of escaping from them. Each time that the recollection of past scenes returns to me my heart is chilled with horror."

But Viret showed him what his duty was, and from that moment no hesitation was possible. The council of Geneva gave him a house to live in, and he at length arrived at that city. The registers contain various details about his reception: thus, on September 20, "Ordered that cloth be bought to make him a gown;" and a few days after, "The treasurer is authorized to pay eight crowns of the sum for the gown of Master Calvin, including cloth and fur." On October 4, "Salary of Master Calvin, who is a man of great learning, and propitious to the restoration of the Christian churches, and endures a heavy burden from travellers. Upon this, resolved that he have as wage five hundred florins, twelve sacks of wheat, and two barrels of wine." The money represents about a hundred and twenty pounds at the present day. He had the added comfort, could he but have enjoyed it, that the house given him, in which he would live for three-and-twenty years, offered a magnificent prospect over the lake, and of the blue mountains in the distance. We do not find, however, in one of his writings, that the glories of nature exercised the slightest influence on him; he was a thorough Peter Bell in that respect. Had Luther lived amid such scenery, how he would have revelled in it! how he would have recorded his impressions, and looked from nature up to nature's God! Nor do we find in Calvin's works any of those touching effusions to his family to which Luther is so prone, and we consequently cannot refrain from the suspicion that the following description, which we borrow from M. Jules Bonnet, is to some extent idealised:—

"The traits scattered through the correspondence of Calvin and his friends are those of the Christian wife devoted to all the duties of her calling. Visiting the sick, consoling the afflicted, greeting the strangers who rap at the Reformer's door; watching at his bedside during the days of illness, or when, though well disposed 'in all the rest of his body,' he is tortured by a pain which hardly permits him to do anything, and he is 'almost ashamed of living so uselessly;' sustaining him in the hours of discouragement and sorrow; and, lastly, praying in her chamber when riot parades the streets, and on all sides cries of death are raised against the ministers;—such are the cares which occupy Idelette's life. Her liveliest pleasures are listening to holy admonitions, offering Christian hospitality to Calvin's friends, accompanying him on his rare trips to Coligny or Bellerive, visiting at Lausanne Viret's wife, the pious Elizabeth Turtaz, whom she loves as a sister, and whose loss she will have to lament too soon. It is with her that Idelette goes to spend a few days in May, 1545, when Calvin proceeds to Zurich to plead the cause of the Vaudois of Provence, and suspend, by a solemn intervention of the cantons, the frightful massacre of Cabrières and Merindol. She returns to Lausanne for the last time in June, 1548, occupied with thoughts of causing no trouble to her hosts, and suffering from the reflection that she cannot do them any good offices in return for those which she receives from them. Idelette appears to us under a still more touching aspect in her maternal afflictions. In the second year of her marriage,

July, 1542, she had a son; but this child was soon taken from her, and she was supported in her trial by the evidences of sympathy which the churches of Geneva and Lausanne lavished upon her. A letter written by the Reformer to Viret initiates us into his sorrow and that of his companion. 'Salute all our brethren,' he says—'salute also thy wife, to whom mine sends her thanks for the sweet and holy consolations she has received from her. She would like to be able to answer with her own hand, but she has not even the strength to dictate a few words. In withdrawing our son from us, the Lord has dealt us a very painful blow; but He is our father, and knows what is fitting for His children.' Two years later, Idelette's heart was lacerated by a new trial—the loss of a daughter, who had consoled her solitude during a few days. A third infant, of which M. de Falais was to be godfather, was also taken from her. Idelette wept: the Reformer, smitten so many times in his sweetest affections, only found consolation in the feeling of spiritual paternity, which inspired him, at a later date, with the eloquent reply to one of his adversaries, Baudoin: 'God had given me a son: God took him from me again. Let my enemies see a shame for me in this trial! Have I not ten thousand children in the Christian world:'"

In the last sentence we find an apology for Calvin's reticence about all relating to himself and his household belongings. He felt as if the time he might devote to speaking about his family in the flesh would be stolen from that other family which Heaven had given him—the "ten thousand" who recognised him as father. He

was assuredly in error, for it would not have been lost time even for the ten thousand, or for his task among them. Had he been more the *man*, more weak as man in certain moments, he would have been the stronger in others, like Luther. But this error was that of self-denial, duty, conscience, and, better still, as his letters would prove, if necessary, that of a deep and immovable piety. Luther, who was no less pious, and on great occasions no less serious, knew how to laugh, and was fond of a laugh: the miseries of his youth did not destroy his stock of joyous and sparkling humour. Calvin suffered less in mind and conscience, but everything seems to have conspired only to show him the seamy side. Throughout his correspondence, we only find one instance in which he alludes to laughter, and then, significantly enough, he is obliged to write through his secretary, as rheumatism had settled in his shoulder. As a rule, however, with Calvin life was a vale of tears, through which man passed to knock at the portals opening on eternal felicity. This is shown by the letter to which we have just referred. Writing to M. de Falais, who had just had a son born to him, he says: "I am sorry that I cannot be with you for at least half a day, in order to laugh with you while waiting till the babe, which is crying and weeping, is induced to laugh too. For weeping is the first note to be struck at the beginning of this life, in order to laugh the more when we have left it."

Returning to Geneva as a triumpher, Calvin showed himself inexorable, and the code which he drew up would

have been regarded as intolerable among the New Hampshire Puritans, who hung the cat on the Monday for having moused on the Sunday. No wonder that the sturdy Genevese republicans kicked against the pricks, and we are not at all surprised to find a woman of the people replying, when a Lyonnese refugee praised the glorious liberty: "True liberty, quotha! We were compelled formerly to go to mass, and now we are compelled to go to the sermon." The struggle broke out again between the pastors and the Libertines, on the occasion of a female being summoned before the consistory, "on account of sundry enormous speeches." They were Anabaptist doctrines, which she, parrot-like, repeated after her husband, one Peter Ameaux, who was naturally indignant when the wife of his bosom was locked up for a few days. One evening, when heated by wine, he gave vent to the very natural remark: "Calvin was only a new bishop, worse than those of old; and the magistrates who supported him were traitors. The true religion was his, and that of Calvin was merely deception and tyranny." The consistory locked him up, and the council condemned him to appear at the town-hall and ask pardon of God and man. Calvin, however, in his unbending rigour, was not contented with this slight punishment, and had a trial of strength with the authorities, which terminated in Ameaux being condemned to do penance torch in hand. This arbitrary conduct on the part of Calvin led to some exacerbation; several Libertines, a few days later, disturbed him while preaching, but the erection of the gallows on the St. Gervais-square, *in terrorem*, put

a stop to that, at least for the present. The first blood shed was in the person of Jacques Gruet, an ex-canon, who was suspected of throwing into the pulpit of St. Peter's a letter full of insults against Calvin and his colleagues. The Reformer has been, and is still, upbraided for allowing such an iniquitous sentence to be carried out, and the sole excuse is to be found in the sanguinary temper of the age. Still it cannot be gainsaid that Calvin was a thorough tyrant, and actuated by an unbending pride, and his utmost efforts tended to crush the opposition of the patricians, for which the clerical authority offered him ample power. Shortly after the execution of Gruet, he came into collision with his old friend Amied Perrin, whose wife, the daughter of one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens, was summoned before the consistory for giving a ball, in defiance of the ordinances. Shortly after, Perrin was sent to France to negotiate a commercial treaty, and on his return was no little surprised to find that his wife had been banished, with her father, to Pregny, in Berne. Naturally outraged in his feelings, the husband braved the council and consistory, fetched his wife home, and, bursting into the council-chamber, declared that he had done the state such services that it ought not to punish his wife and relations. A counter charge of treachery was brought against Perrin, a very useful resource in those days, and he was deprived of the captaincy-general of the city. At this his friends among the Libertines protested, and the dispute grew so hot in the town-hall that swords were drawn, and threats were uttered against Calvin.

On hearing of these, Calvin proceeded alone to the town-hall, and defying all danger, said, coldly and impassively, that he knew he was the primary cause of all these discords. If they insisted on banishing him he would go; and if they wanted once again to try and save Geneva without the Gospel, they could do so. This resolute language produced its effect; a reconciliation was patched up between Calvin and Perrin, and a temporary truce was restored—temporary, as the following extract will show:—

"The calm was only on the surface. A year after the facts which we have recorded—and we can scarce believe that the whole of 1548 passed away tranquilly—we find Calvin again before the council. He complains that certain citizens, Amied Perrin among others, abstain from the Lord's Supper; and he asks whether this is what had been promised. Do these citizens complain of him? If he wished, in his turn, to enumerate his grievances, he had assuredly no lack of them. The Libertines poured out the lowest insults upon him, and some gave his name to their dogs. When he passed along the streets, some whistled, and others shouted "*Calvin*" so that it should sound like *Cain*. They were not the chiefs who did this, but they inspired it, and, in any case, they did nothing to prevent it. Still, he wished to ask once again for a reconciliation, and that the Christmas Communion should not be profaned by enmities, or neglected on account of rancour. The syndics thanked him, and promised to do their best. A month later, the Libertines had manœuvred so cleverly that Perrin was first syndic."

Both parties hereupon prepared for the struggle, and Berthelier, son of the glorious political martyr of 1521, was put forward as champion of the Libertines. Summoned on several occasions before the consistory, he behaved in the most insolent manner, and eventually produced a dispute which threatened serious consequences. Excommunicated for various scandals shortly before the September Communion, Berthelier appealed to the council, which, overawed by his friends, quashed the decree, declaring that if in his conscience he felt able to communicate, he was at liberty to do so. Calvin, every hair bristling at the insult, declared that he would not submit to this overriding of the law, and that, as long as he lived, Berthelier should not communicate. The council, while maintaining its decision, begged Berthelier quietly to keep away from the church, but he was determined to try conclusions with the spiritual autocrat of Geneva. On the 3rd of September, Calvin ascended the pulpit at the usual hour, and noticed in the congregation an insolent band of Libertines. Paying no attention to them, however, he preached on the preparation for the Communion, and concluded: "For my part, so long as God leaves me here, since He has given me constancy and I have derived it from Him, I will employ it, whatever may happen, and govern myself according to my Master's rule, which is to me perfectly clear and notorious. . . . . As we are about taking the Holy Supper, if any one prohibited by the council approach this Table, it is certain that I shall behave as it is my duty to do." When the sermon was ended, he came

down from the pulpit and blessed the bread and wine. The Libertines rose from their seats and came towards him, but covering with his hands the sacred symbols, he exclaimed, "You can cut these hands and break these limbs. My blood is yours, shed it; but you will never force me to give holy things to profane men!" The "profane" were checked by this voice and these gestures: they looked at each other and around them. A murmur of indignation was raised, and had it not been for the sanctity of the spot, cries would have broken out. The Libertines hesitated for a moment, then turned and left the church.

Calvin fully expected to be banished for this boldness, and openly alluded to the fact in his afternoon sermon. "It was," he said, "perhaps the last time that he should address the people of Geneva. Firmly resolved not to do anything which was not in accordance with God, he would remain, so long as his voice could make itself heard; but if he were constrained to be silent, he would depart." He had taken for his text St. Paul's farewell to the Ephesians; he repeated to his weeping congregation the words, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord in sincerity," and went home to await the decree of banishment. But the decree did not arrive, and he soon saw, on the contrary, that his position had become better, for the people stood aloof from the Libertines, and Calvin knew exactly with whom he had to contend. For all that, the struggle was a fierce one, and the Libertines adopted the tactics of crying out against the foreigners who ruled the city. This led to a serious col-

lision in the end, and several of the Libertines were executed. Berthelier and Perrin would have shared the same fate if they had not sought shelter in the Bernese territory. With this heat of strength the Libertine party was broken up, and though they still continued to intrigue with the Duke of Savoy, they exercised no material influence over the Genevese. But in these nine years of skirmishing Calvin's strength and spirits began to give way. As he wrote to Wolff, in 1555: "It would be better for me to be burnt once for all by Papists than to be incessantly tortured by these people. Only one thing supports me in this rude service: it is, that death will soon give me my discharge." But the state of affairs will be best judged from the following extract:—

"Select any day during these nine years, and pay Calvin a visit at Geneva. You have come to see the Reformer, the man whose name fills Europe, and certainly you will find him; but do you know whom you will find also?—a man who is pursued by the most ignoble annoyances and irritated by the coarsest insults. Accompany him through the street, and you will hear the hisses of which he has told you. That dog which has just run between his legs is called to heel by the name of Calvin, and the dog obeys, for it is its name. On that bridge he is crossing, he is almost thrown down by three scamps, who pretend not to see him, just as Perrin's wife yesterday, while leaving the city on horseback, rode down another pastor and nearly killed him. Pass under his windows some evening, and it will be a marvel if you do not meet some intoxicated Libertine

shouting some insult to him, or singing some abominable couplet. Last Thursday, at the consistory, he was forced to endure the sarcasms of some man or woman, who, though sent to prison for the offence, has sworn to begin again; next Thursday he will hear the same, or worse still. And all this is only the accompaniment of graver occupations at home and abroad, the meditations of the author, the trouble of an immense correspondence, the fatigues of the pastor and the preacher, and the sufferings and agonies of the invalid, for we know what this tormented head suffered physically. We are attacked by a dizziness at the mere thought of all this, and yet we must think of it, if we do not wish to be unjust to the man whom his irritated nerves caused more than once to write or do things which we should have preferred unwritten or undone."

To all this must be added the painful isolation in which the death of his wife, in 1549, left him. In a letter to Viret, the Reformer expresses his feelings in a most affecting manner: "I have lost the excellent companion of my life, the wife who would never have left me in misery, or in exile, or in death. She was a precious help to me, for she never thought of self. I repress my sorrow as much as I can; my friends do their duty, but both they and I gain but little by it. You know the tenderness of my heart, not to say its weakness. I should succumb, if I did not make any effort over myself to surmount my affliction." Calvin, however, found strength to perform all the duties of his ministry, and his constancy amid his tears aroused the admiration of

his friends. But the remembrance of her whom he had lost was never effaced from his heart; though still young, he never thought of forming other ties, and he never mentioned the name of Idelette without a profound respect for her virtues, and a tender veneration for her memory. The loss of his companion, who had, in all probability, soothed his bitter feelings, and urged him to moderation in the moment of victory, appears to have brought out his natural moroseness in grim relief. At any rate, the melancholy facts connected with the names of Bolsec, Servetus, and Gentilis, were all posterior to the death of Idelette. It is now our painful duty to investigate these affairs, which throw a lurid light upon the character of Calvin as a Christian, and which have offered such copious materials to his opponents.

Jerome Bolsec had been a Carmelite at Paris; denounced for some sermons which smelt of the Reformation, he was compelled to fly, and sought shelter at Geneva. Here the opinions he expressed about predestination brought him into collision with the Company, but he was released on a promise of holding his tongue. Some time after he rose publicly in a church to attack the doctrine which was a stumbling-block to him, and a police lieutenant present carried him off to prison. The pastors resolved to hold a conference with him, and Bolsec defended himself very cleverly, and forced Calvin to defend himself, by developing the idea that the doctrine of predestination might lead to God being the author of evil. The end of the affair was that Bolsec

was banished from Geneva. In the whole matter Calvin seems to have behaved very tyrannically, and urged a severer sentence; and in a letter which he wrote to break off his old-standing friendship with Farel, who could not feel the same horror for Bolsec, he said, "I would sooner a hundred times be a Papist than be either a Bolsec or a Castalion." It is sad to have to record such bitter feelings on the part of a great man. Thirteen years after Calvin's death Bolsec took his revenge, by publishing an atrocious libel on the Reformer, in the shape of his "Life, Acts, Doctrine, and Death," which was welcomed with delight by the Romish Church." Luckily for the fame of the Reformer the charges contradicted themselves; as for instance when Calvin, that "great faster," as Ræmond calls him, was accused of being "an insatiable glutton, for whom the best bits were bought up at market."

We now come to the case of Servetus, of whom Bolsec, in the above-mentioned work, declares distinctly that he felt "no displeasure at the death of so monstrous a heretic." He adds: "Servetus was unworthy of conversing with men, and, for his part, he should be glad to see all like him exterminated, and the Church of our Lord thoroughly purged from such vermin." Hence Calvin's most ardent enemy declares that the death of Servetus appears to him just. Sad though the burning of Servetus was, it is not right to throw the blame exclusively on Calvin; it was the age that was in fault. All his friends, including the gentle Melancthon, all his enemies, his whole age approved of the deed, and were,

to a certain extent, his accomplices, and Calvin must not be judged by the ideas of the nineteenth century. And, after all, what is the funeral pyre of Servetus, when weighed against the thirty or forty thousand fires which the Romish Church kindled during the same century? Intolerance was the rule, and no mercy was shown the conquered in either camp.

Servetus, a Spaniard, born in 1509, was sent by his father to France, who was afraid that the Inquisition might lay its tender hands upon him, and from an early period entertained religious crotchets. He was a man of very considerable powers of mind, and in his first work against the Trinity, will be found a passage in which he distinctly lays down the theory of the circulation of the blood. After residing some time in Paris, he established himself as a medical man at Vienne, in Dauphiné. Thence he wrote to Calvin, explaining his pantheistic views to him thoroughly, and inviting him to join in a more complete restoration of Christianity. On this subject Calvin wrote, in 1546, his famous letter to Viret, which has been so often quoted against him, and in which he says, "Servetus recently sent me a large MS. of his reveries, telling me, with fabulous arrogance, that I should see astounding things in it. He offers to come here, if it pleases me; but I do not wish to pledge my word, for if he were to come I would never let him, so far as my authority has any weight, quit Geneva alive." This letter proves to us clearly after what fashion Calvin regarded the matter. If, on the one hand, it is painful to us to see him ready to urge the death of a man whom

he has enticed into a familiar correspondence with him, it, on the other hand, establishes a total absence of personal animosity. The threat carried out in 1553, dated from a period when Calvin could feel no personal hatred for Servetus, and hence he was enabled to say on the trial, with perfect sincerity, that he detested the errors but not the man.

Servetus, ere long, got himself into trouble at Vienne by his pantheistic writings, but broke prison, and resolved to go to Italy. By some strange accident he passed through Geneva, and as it was just at the period when the Libertines, under Perrin's guidance, seemed on the point of conquering, we may account for his delay of a month in the city by a hope that he might be invited to succeed the great Reformer. One thing is certain, the reports of the trial show an intimate sympathy between their cause and his, and then the death of Servetus became a political and social necessity as much as it was religious. Informed of Servetus's presence in the city, Calvin demanded his arrest and trial, and matters went on, so that Calvin was enabled to write to Farel a week after the arrest: "I hope that he will be sentenced to death, but I desire that he may be excused from the horrible part of the punishment." A resolution was carried, however, that the judges of Vienne should be asked for a report of Servetus's trial there, and the opinion of the Swiss churches taken. Calvin did not conceal the displeasure which the latter measure caused him: he remembered Berne and Basle counselling clemency to be shown to Bolsec, and he saw them already

saving Servetus. While the trial was going on happened the struggle in which Calvin staked his liberty, perhaps his life, against the exasperated Libertines. He might conquer, and in fact did conquer, but he might equally be defeated, and his defeat would be the salvation of the prisoner. Under these circumstances, Servetus changed his tactics, and boldly accused Calvin of heresy. Here is a specimen passage from his diatribe: "You know not what you are saying. You are a villain if you persist in condemning what you do not understand. Do you think you can deafen the ears of the judges by your single dog's bark?" But Calvin, even had he been as near his downfal as Servetus fancied, was not the man to make any change on that account in his conduct. He drew up a crushing reply to the charges brought by Servetus, which was sent, with the prisoner's memorial, to the united Swiss churches. Still there was a difficulty, for, in the midst of the serious complications, the council of Geneva was not at all desirous of securing Calvin a victory which might entail others. The Reformer saw through this easily, and his letters to his friends at the period reveal a profound discouragement. More than once he expresses an intention of leaving everything in the lurch, and quitting Geneva. At last the answers of the eight Swiss churches arrived, and they were unanimous for death. Still the Libertines did not accept defeat, and Servetus's friends, Perrin especially, did everything in their power to save him. First they asked for his acquittal, which would have been the banishment of Calvin and the permanent victory of the Libertines;

and this was refused. Next they asked that the matter should be referred to the Council of the Two Hundred, in which Calvin had numerous enemies; and this was also refused. On behalf of humanity, we are glad to find, up to the last moment, Calvin urging death by the sword, instead of the stake, but it was denied him. Farel, however, who accompanied the wretched prisoner to death, behaved with unnecessary harshness. Unless the prisoner confessed his guilt, he refused to offer him the slightest Christian consolation; and, though he invited the spectators to pray for the hapless victim of intolerance, he would not do so himself: his sole anxiety was to harass Servetus, and draw from him some remark which might be regarded as a disavowal of his errors. Among the charges which have been brought against Calvin in this deplorable affair, is one that he ordered green wood for the pyre, in order that death might be slower; but even if Calvin had done so, of which there is not the slightest proof, it would have been an act of mercy, because the victim would have been suffocated by the smoke before the flames assailed him.

When Edward VI. ascended the throne of England, and the Reformed Church was definitively established in our country, Calvin entered into correspondence with the Regent Duke of Somerset, in which he explained the changes which he thought necessary to be introduced into England. When the young king was fourteen years of age, Calvin dedicated to him his Commentaries on Isaiah and the Catholic Epistles. A letter written in the following year assumed a most paternal tone. Calvin

dedicates to the faithful a short exposition of Psalm 87, hoping, as he says, "that you will take pleasure in it, and that the perusal may be of profit to you." The idea occurred to him one day when he was preaching on this psalm: "The argument seemed to me so suitable for you, that I was moved incontinently to write it down. 'Kings are in danger of forgetting the kingdom of Heaven.' Now, in the present psalm, reference is made to the nobility and dignity of the Church, which must so draw to it both great and small, that all the wealth and honours of the world cannot hold them back." The Church here is the Spiritual Church, holy and unspotted Christianity, the kingdom of Heaven. To be king is a great thing: to be a Christian, a simple subject in that other kingdom, is more, infinitely more. "It is, therefore, an inestimable privilege," Calvin goes on, "which God has granted you of being a Christian king"—king among men and subject of Christ. But to this privilege great duties are attached. The young king is aware of them, and it is for him "to order and maintain the kingdom of Christ in England." The task will, perhaps, be rude, but this psalm must serve him as consolation and buckler, and may God, the king of kings, make him "prosper and flourish to the glory of his name." During the reign of Mary, many refugees fled to Geneva, and Calvin asked for the use of one of the city churches for them. "Formerly," says the register, "the said English received other nations, and gave them a church; but now it hath pleased God to afflict them." One of the pastors of the refugees was John Knox, who was on very intimate terms with Calvin.

We have mentioned the most important events of Calvin's life. His latter years were employed in authorship, in establishing the Reformed Church of France, and giving encouragement to the martyrs, and to the foundation of a university in Geneva. He had now reached the end, but death could not seize him unawares; for even had he thought less of it as a Christian, the rude voice of his diseases would have kept him almost constantly warned. From his letters and those of his friends a melancholy chronology of his sufferings might be drawn up. He hardly ever enters into details; only one of his letters is entirely devoted to his sufferings; but it is a species of memoir which his friends forced him to write to the Montpellier physicians, whom they had consulted without his knowledge. He does not, like the stoic, say of pain that it is not an evil; but he never does it the honour of devoting to it a sentence, or half a sentence. Upon his rupture with M. de Falais, who had become the friend of Bolsec, he said: "I write the present to you as if preparing to appear before God, who is now afflicting me with a disease which is like the horrors of death before my eyes." Other times, the registers of the council supply us occasionally with some data. In January, 1546, the council is informed "of the illness of M. Calvin, who has no resources," and allots him ten crowns. Calvin refused them; and then they decided on buying with them a barrel of good wine, which should be conveyed to his house, and expressed a desire that "M. Calvin would take it in good part." Calvin accepted, in order not to offend Messieurs, but

he set aside ten crowns from his salary "to relieve the poorest ministers." In 1536, as he was growing very unwell, firewood was sent him; he insisted on paying for it, but the council refused. In 1560, it is again a barrel of wine, "because he had none that was good," says the register, and this time Calvin accepted. During his last illness he refused the three months' salary brought him: he had not earned it, he said, so how could he accept it?

This disinterestedness greatly struck his enemies, and this trait Pius IV. most especially referred to on hearing of his death. "What constituted the force of this heretic," he said, "is that money was never anything to him." Had Calvin's death been deferred much longer, he would have been forced either to accept the money of the republic, or sell the library and furniture, the sole fortune he would leave. He had never been able to make any savings; as he wrote to Viret, even in the best years he had a difficulty in making both ends meet, owing to "the great burden of visitors." But for two years, he added, provisions had been dear, and he had necessarily incurred some debts. "I do not mention this, however, to excite compassion. God is good to me, since I have everything I require for my desires." This did not prevent some people accusing him of avidity, and hence he said, in the preface to the Psalms, "If there are persons whom I cannot persuade, while alive, that I am not rich and saving, my death will finally prove it." A stranger, one day, rapped at his door, and he himself went to open it. The stranger could not be-

lieve his eyes, for he had expected to find a species of palace, servants, perchance courtiers. Calvin smiled at his surprise, and then it was his turn to be surprised. The stranger was no other than Cardinal Sudolet, whom he had treated so sharply in 1540, and the cardinal had expected to find a cardinal's train at the least.

Calvin had never entirely recovered from the violent quartan ague from which he suffered in 1559, and the following years saw all his maladies aggravated. Pains in the head, pains in the legs, dyspepsia, spitting of blood, difficulty in breathing, gout, and gravel, caused him one long suffering, rarely interrupted by a few days of relief. About the middle of 1563 the issue began to be no longer doubtful. A letter of the Bishop of London, written in June, shows us with what anxiety the progress of this alarming decadence was followed in foreign countries. The bishop conjures Calvin to work a little less, and to preserve himself for the Church, which still needs him so greatly. This counsel friends gave him daily, but he listened but little to them: for work, while aggravating his sufferings in the long run, served as a powerful distraction. Thus he continued preaching; but on February 6, 1564, a violent attack of coughing filled his mouth with blood; he was obliged to leave the pulpit, and the faithful understood but too well that he would never enter it again. The following weeks were terrible: he remained at times for entire days without taking any food, swallowing with great difficulty a little cold water. On March 10, the council ordered public prayers "for the health of M. Calvin, who

has been indisposed for a long time, and even in danger of death." On Easter Sunday he had himself carried to church to take the Communion, and the sight of his wasted form produced a greater effect than even the finest of his sermons had done. On April 27, he begged the magistrates to come to his house, and spoke to them about the future, and the next day he exhorted the pastors. He lingered on till May 27, "when it seemed as if he spoke more strongly and more at his ease, but it was a final effort of nature." At eight in the evening he expired, just as the sun set, and "the greatest light there was in this world for the Church of God was withdrawn from heaven."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day an immense procession of citizens and strangers accompanied him to the cemetery. The Church lamented its chief, the state its first citizen, and surest protector next to God. But Calvin had enjoined that all should be done "in the accustomed fashion," and this fashion, which has been maintained at Geneva almost to our day, was, that no monument should be raised over any tomb, no matter how illustrious the dead might have been. Hence earth alone covered Calvin's coffin, and he had no other official epitaph beyond this half line, written by the side of his name in the register of the consistory: "Allé à Dieu la Samedi 27."

Although inferior to Luther in many respects, Calvin was not the less a grand man, and has left a deeper impression than his great contemporary upon the world of Calvinism at home and abroad. Luther is surrounded

by a poetic halo: he lived and still lives in millions of hearts, attracted by his amiable and original personality. But we must bear in mind that Luther had not to create a people for himself: he was only the highest expression of the aspirations, ideas, and genius of Germany, and he had only to reveal himself in order to gain his fatherland over to his side. Calvin had not alone to conquer, but, in order that conquest might be possible, to transform. He wanted new men—not only new in the evangelic sense of the term, but also new as reproducing his own traits and genius. He had less power over hearts than Luther, but he marked souls with his seal, which may be recognised, after the expiration of three centuries, in all those who uphold his tenets. Calvin, in spite of his faults, is one of the noblest types of faith, serious piety, devotion, and courage. In our present religious vacillations it is useful to recal his memory, for never was there a man of whom it could be said with greater justice: "He was steadfast as if he had seen Him that is invisible."

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAVELS IN EQUADOR.

SINCE the beginning of the American war, French publishers have been particularly careful, and the number of works possessing a serious interest has been greatly reduced. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we greet the volume we have now under notice,* for it contains much original matter about a comparatively little-known land. As it is on the cards that the interests of the South American republics may be vitally affected by the settlement of the war between North and South, we ask our readers to investigate the present condition of one of them with the assistance of an intelligent traveller, who was certainly a Pole, and, in all probability, a refugee. As he, however, displays a reserve as to his antecedents, it will not become us to speculate on them.

When he resolved to visit South America, M. Holinski first proceeded to Guayaquil, a town situated about fifteen leagues from the sea on a river bearing the same name. Although this river is deep enough for ships of war to sail up to the town, from an artistic point of view

* L'Equateur: Scènes de la Vie Sud Americaine. Par A. Holinski. Paris: Amyot.

it offers no charms, being excessively muddy and of dirty red hue, like that which gave the title of *flavus* to the Tiber. All the streets debouch on the Moleçon, or quay, and, though very wide, they are unpaved, gasless, and traversed by no vehicles. The grass grows in them abundantly, and flocks of goats browse on it from morning to evening. But that is nothing unusual in America: cows to the present day graze freely in the spacious streets of Washington; very recently pigs went about various parts of New York, while the gallinazos—a sort of hideous vulture—settle down every night on the city of Lima, as if it were a battle-field covered with corpses. In the houses the upper story projects, and is supported on pillars, which thus form a portico for pedestrians. The rooms are generally large and airy, and people, as a rule, sleep in hammocks made of very flexible straw, and which have a well-merited reputation. Their price varies from one pound to eight, and, when carefully made, they will last fifteen years or longer. All ranks and all ages employ these hammocks; the very children have no other cradle, and could not have a better. It is a great favourite with the ladies, who swing idly in it, and fancy they are taking exercise, and now and then a lovely Creole girl may accidentally display her well-turned leg. Another manufacture of Guayaquil is Panama hats, which are known all over the world. The Havanese dandies will pay as much as twenty pounds for a superfine straw hat of this sort.

The traveller in Equador must be highly pleased with the society of Guayaquil, for if he hath but one letter

of introduction, he is soon invited by the ladies of the highest rank, who send their visiting-cards to his house. He at once finds himself at his ease, and treated with that graceful familiarity which the Spaniards call *confianza*. At the end of a week the Señor is dropped in addressing him, while he is permitted to call ladies and girls by the diminutive of their baptismal name: Mercedita, Dolorita, Panchita, &c. Nor is a stranger restricted to ceremonious visits or certain hours; he can call when he pleases, and is the more welcome the more frequently he visits. It is no longer the fashion at the tertullas to play the guitar—that symbol of the old Spanish gallantry—but every house of any distinction has its piano. It is surprising to find so many young ladies playing this instrument excellently, although there are no professors of music, and the science was introduced by some lady who paid an accidental visit to Peru. The want of the means of civilisation in Spanish America is very remarkable; thus, with a population of twenty-five thousand, Guayaquil had no watchmaker, while at Lima, during our author's visit, the sole dancing-master was an old native negro. In many towns, again, there is neither physician nor chemist.

The native dances have been proscribed with the guitar: the polka, waltz, and quadrille take the place of the piquant *amor fino* and the voluptuous *alzo che te han visto*. The stranger who wishes to see the latter dance will have to seek it in the circle of the ostrich egg-coloured houris. Fortunately for the traveller, the inhabitants of Guayaquil are wondrously hospitable, for

there is not a single hostelry in the town. M. Holinski resided for a month with a German merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation, and he declares that the only thing with which he can compare his treatment is his experiences in the tents of the Desert Bedouins. As there are only one hundred Europeans resident at Guayaquil, such an impost of hospitality would become burdensome were strangers more frequent than they are. Still Guayaquil must have a great future awaiting it, as it is the sole outlet of a country possessing vast mineral resources, and as large as the Spanish Peninsula.

On making his arrangements to set out on his journey across Equador, M. Holinski discovered that there were two modes of ascending the river: one in canoes, the other in a small steamer that went up as far as Bodegas. It was, unfortunately, a choice of evils, for the river was infested with pirates, which rendered canoes dangerous, while the steamer was a rickety, high-pressure boat, which might explode at any moment. By the advice of his guide he resolved on the latter course. In a region like Equador, the traveller may say *omnia mecum porto;* and M. Holinski's indispensables consisted of a mattress, a hammock, waterproof boots, two ponchos—one of striped calico, the other of red cloth—a mask of blue silk with glass eyes to protect the face against the Chimborazo wind, a saddle with two pistols, some pounds of chocolate, two bottles of brandy to correct the hardness of the water, candles, cups, plates, &c.

The steamer runs up to the small village of Bodegas, whence the journey is continued on mules. This village

is the depôt for merchandise coming from Guayaquil and provisions arriving from the interior. This exchange produces great animation during the dry season, and Bodegas resembles a fair; but when the wet weather arrives everything is at a stand-still, for the water is six feet deep in the streets. The houses, which are built on substantial pillars, are separated from each other like small isles, the inhabitants communicating by boats, though some build rafts to act as floating houses, decorated with flowers and trees. The first thing M. Holinski had to do on arrival was to hire his cattle, consisting of two saddle horses and two bâts. This is cheap enough, for each horse costs but six francs as far as Guaranda, a three days' ride. The general food along the road consists of roast fowl, boiled eggs and potatoes—in every way preferable to the native messes, the basis of which is pork and pimento.

On leaving a place called Guiabal, our traveller passed for two or three leagues through a torrent gorge, covered with pebbles and large stones. This portion of the route presented a curious meteorological phenomenon, for it rains there every day in the year. The houses, scattered at great distances from each other, bear the generic name of Aiza-Aqua, or the walk in the water, and no title could be more appropriate, for M. Holinski was compelled to pass a stream in which his horses were imbedded to the girths seven or eight times. Beyond this place the country gradually rises, and you ascend from the *tierra caliente* to the *tierra fria*, which by its temperature recals pleasant recollections of Europe.

The general halting-place for travellers is what is called a *tambo*—that is to say, a house in which, as in the khans of Asia, shelter is afforded, and nothing more. The landscape, however, is magnificent, although the traveller feels depressed by the wretchedness prevailing among the inhabitants, and which M. Holinski attributes to the fact of the government being oppressive, although ostensibly liberal. But the same is the case throughout all the South American republics, and may be considered the privilege of republics everywhere.

On reaching Guaranda, M. Holinski had to engage fresh cattle to carry him to Quito, and found that the price was raised to twenty-five francs. This comparative dearness, however, is due to the length of the journey and the passage of the Chimborazo, which is considered very wearying. The road across the mountain is comparatively good in the dry season, and the horses were able to cover six leagues in less than three hours. The Arenal is the culminating point of the road, which rises on this sandy plateau to a height of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this spot the Chimborazo springs up in a single peak, and attains a total height of twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty feet. Although this peak can no longer be regarded as the loftiest of mountains, it still remains a majestic and admirable work of nature. In the months of July and August there blows on the Arenal a wind which is powerful enough to hurl riders from the saddle, or dash them, with their donkeys, mules, or horses, to a distance solely determined by the inclination of the

ground, and they may esteem themselves fortunate if they only escape precipices. A mound, surmounted by a clumsy cross, covers the remains of numerous victims of the blast, and every year new bodies are added.

But the cold also adds to the deaths: the thermometer, when M. Holinski crossed, indicated 5 deg. Réaumur, and this was considered very mild, although it must be a dangerous trial for the traveller who has so recently left the *tierra caliente*. Yielding to intoxication for the sake of keeping the cold off is almost sure to be fatal: thus, an Englishman could not refrain from drinking half a bottle of brandy to the health of the Chimborazo, and died on the spot. Crime also occupies its place in the mournful chronicle. An English gentleman belonging to a mercantile house in Lima set out to visit the great mountain with his servant: his muleteers led him astray and assassinated him. Some fifty piastres he had displayed induced the crime. On this occasion, however, justice displayed a far from ordinary activity; the malefactors were detected and shot at their native place. The four leagues of road between Tiopullo and Machacha are the favourite region of the bandits, and a cross by the way is said to indicate the resting-place of two hundred murdered men. Only three months before M. Holinski passed through this gorge, two couriers had been murdered and robbed of four thousand piastres. The police, however, declined to interfere on this occasion, not because they did not know the criminals, but because they belonged to an honourable family.

On approaching Quito, the wretchedness of the population grows more and more visible, the huts become worse built, their clothes more ragged, and their faces more suffering. According to geographers, M. Holinski fancied the city would appear as a vast mass of houses and churches, situated amid snow-clad peaks; but this is not the case. The capital of Equador presents itself in a fragmentary fashion among the emerald hills that surround it, and is scattered about ravines. As there is no hotel in Quito, M. Holinski was compelled to seek furnished apartments, and, after two hours' searching, found a ground-floor consisting of three rooms. The mistress of the house furnished them in his presence: she added to his own mattress and wraps, a wooden bedstead, a sofa, three chairs, a carpet, a mat, and a washstand. From these rooms he was driven by a cholic, produced by the dampness, and he hired a large handsome room for five piastres a week. If it be difficult to procure a lodging at Quito, it is not the same with food. In addition to fish, brought from Guayaquil on mules, the market is abundantly supplied with meat, game, and vegetables. A mulatto or Indian woman can also be hired as cook for two piastres a month.

Going up and down, down and up, is the fate of the inhabitants of Quito. The streets will not allow the use of vehicles, hence persons must go about afoot or on horseback. The principal streets open on to squares, among which the Plaza Mayor is the handsomest. Some of the churches contain fine pictures, and to one of these

churches—that of the Dolores de la Virgin—a curious history of the sixteenth century is attached, which we venture to quote for its novelty.

CAPTAIN FERNAND SUAREZ had taken into his service an Indian, discarded by his relatives and repelled by all on account of his ugliness, which was comparable to that of the Fiend. He felt pity for the unfortunate man, had him christened, and taught him to read and write. Ere long the attachment of the master to his servant became so great that he treated him like his own son. The Indian, whose name was Cantuna, loved his benefactor as he would have done a tender and affectionate father.

Reverses of fortune fell on Suarez; crushed with debt, no other resource was left him but to sell his house, and then die in want. On seeing the captain reduced to this extremity, Cantuna said to him:—

"You have no need to sell your house, merely have a subterranean vault made. I will go there alone with the proper implements for melting metals, and supply you with enough gold to satisfy your creditors, and let you live in opulence; but, on two conditions, my excellent master."

"What are they, my son?"

"That you will not divulge to a soul that it is I who supply you with such wealth, nor will you try to discover whence I obtain it."

Suarez, convinced of the religious principles and probity of Cantuna, believed him no more capable of

committing an action contrary to the law, than of forming a compact with Satan. He accepted the conditions, and swore to observe them scrupulously, in the presence of an image blessed by the Pope. He thought, too, that since so much mystery was wanted, it would not be wise to call in workmen to make the vault.

"Let us make it ourselves," he said to the Indian.

Both set to work, and the job was soon finished. After his first solitary visit, Cantuna brought up a mass of molten gold, worth more than 100,000 piastres (20,000*l.*). Everybody was amazed at seeing a ruined man not only get rid of his embarrassments, but display extraordinary munificence to monks and beggars. The respect with which he inspired all classes, however, checked the comments of the crowd. It was not so after his death. Cantuna, who became the heir of his master's fortune, surpassed even him in his pious donations and alms. Public curiosity insisted on knowing the source of such generosity, and the Indian, compelled to have an explanation with justice, answered as follows:—

"Yes, I confess it; it was I who gave gold to Suarez and many others. The treasure is inexhaustible, but it costs me dear. I have signed a compact with the Fiend in my blood, and I obtain from him the power of giving such lavish bounty."

Such a confession, it might be supposed, would have brought the Indian before the Holy Office, but the pious use he made of his gold was taken into consideration. The Franciscans, whom he peculiarly favoured, protected him, for they feared the loss of a splendid income.

Still they exhorted him to break his impious compact; but he was too wise to do so, as he felt sure that when his money stopped, the monks would have no hesitation about sending him to the stake.

Cantuna braved, calmly and stoically, both aversion and pity. He laughed at those who declined his gifts, and told them they were wrong; to those who accepted them—and all the priests were of the number—he remarked that the demon groaned at seeing the fruits of his toil pass into pious hands.

Thus lived Cantuna, distributing publicly and secretly a goodly number of thousands. At his death, which created an immense sensation, the religious orders proceeded with reliquaries and conjurations to defend his corpse against the infernal powers. When the house had been sprinked with holy water all over, it was thoroughly searched; the vault was discovered, and in it lay piles of molten gold and Indian jewels, prepared for the crucible.

The latter explained the fable by which the Spaniards had been duped. Cantuna indubitably procured them from some unknown hiding-place. It was remembered that he was the son of Heralia, the puissant Indian chief who buried the rich treasures of the Incas. It was from this source, then, that Cantuna drew his immense treasures, and carefully melted them down, inventing a fable not to set the Spaniards on the right track.

Great was the sorrow of the Franciscans at not having suspected this fact sooner. They would have overwhelmed the dying man with promises and threats, in

order to become the legatees of the secret which the Indian bore with him to the tomb. His mode of acting, up to the last moment, led to the belief that the treasure of the Incas was far from being exhausted, but they sought for it in vain, and it has not yet been found. Still, the Franciscans thought themselves bound to rehabilitate Cantuna's memory, and secure his salvation, with a part of his money. They published the narrative and founded a church, specially intended for Indians, and devoted to the Virgin of Sorrows, for she was the Madoña whom Cantuna had ever most fervently worshipped.

A sketch of Quito would be incomplete without some notice of the lepers, or *los lazaros*, as they are called This frightful disease, which in our part of the world is only known in Norway and Andalusia, still exists in Asia, South America, and, before all, in Brazil. The hot land of Equador is tolerably free from the scourge, but its ravages are great in the spring atmosphere of the cold region, which through its purity, would seem to repulse every species of epidemic. According to the natives, leprosy is engendered by contact, and hence there is excessive reserve in the social relations. If a man's ears swell and his eyelids droop, he is declared leprous; should he be poor, he is thrown into some solitary den, where want and hunger soon shorten his sufferings; if rich, his family send him to the hospital of Quito, the only infirmary for the horrible malady, which is reputed incurable. Scientifically, however, it

is a moot point whether leprosy is contagious. Although Dr. Echeveria, who was of the contrary opinion, caught the disease after lying in the bed of a leprous person, to convince his *confrères* of their mistake; on the other hand, his wife and children have lived with him ever since, and have not displayed the slightest trace of leprosy. The disease, too, attacks all classes: the Marquis Larria, one of the richest men in Equador, was rendered a frightful object by it. Not wishing to lose the pleasure of society, he had a glass cage made in his salon, which, while concealing him from his guests, enabled him to take part in their conversation. It seems as if the leprosy in South America is something fearful: not only do the features lose all human aspect, but the noses and lips are destroyed. In some cases hands and feet drop off, without any sensible pain, but through a slow and regular ulceration.

The squares of Quito are adorned with fountains, but the majority of them do not play, although nothing could be easier, as there is such an abundance of water. Unhappily the numerous gulleys running down the streets are not under police supervision, hence washerwomen employ them for lavatory purposes, while all the filth of the houses is poured into them by the careless servants. The *bolsiconas*, or grisettes, of Quito, may also be seen washing their feet in the *acequias* of the most frequented streets. The Spanish title is derived from the word *bolsa*, a purse, which these young ladies have in their petticoats, and this class comprises all women who earn their livelihood, and who wear the

same uniform. It is simple, but coquettish: over a substantial petticoat is a long silk or calico skirt, covering the chemise, but not entirely concealing it; and over the shawl again a piece of cloth, called a *rebozo*, which is drawn over the head. The striking contrast of colours forms the originality of the costume; and their numbers give a liveliness to the city, which would appear dead without the *bolsiconas*.

The public amusements of Quito are not extensive, consisting only of religious processions and masquerades of the Indians. The latter are vestiges of social life from the time of the Incas, but have been so often described that we will not dwell on them. As the police system is bad, thefts are frequent, but murders are rare. Only three took place at Quito in 1860, while at Guayaquil they amounted in the same year to thirty. This speaks in favour of the inhabitants of the *tierra fria*, and probably the atmosphere in which they live, softens down insubordinate passions. The delicious climate of Quito—the realization of perpetual spring—allows bathing to go on in running streams all the year round, and this is fortunate for the inhabitants, who do not possess a single establishment for warm baths. Thus far the physical wants of the population of Equador, and now for their moral aspect.

Throughout the whole of Equador, public education being under the auspices of the priests, is only the maintenance of ignorance. The catechism forms the basis, and there ends the instruction of the immense majority of the inhabitants. The Indians, pure-blooded or half-

bred, rarely possess the advantage of learning to read or write. A few legends of saints are taught them, and these are their religion. The ancient policy of the Conquistadors prevails with respect to this unfortunate race. A capitation tax of three piastres presses on each individual, and is paid in substitution of military service, but does not exempt from the *corvées* of war times. Moreover, contrary to the laws of the Republic, speculators profit by the poverty of parents to secure the domestic services of young boys and girls, and sell the agreement again at a profit. These are the deplorable vestiges of the old odious *repartimientos*—a disguised slavery, against which the Indians know not how to protest.

Quito possesses a public university and library. The latter comprises some fifteen thousand volumes, obtained from the old Jesuit monastery; but the taste for reading does not distinguish the Equadorians. Throughout the country there is not a single bookseller, though mass-books and the romances of Alexandre Dumas and Paul de Kock may be purchased at the linendraper's shops. The few persons who are not satisfied with such literary pabulum, order their books direct from Paris or Lima. That Lima, the South American Parthenope, should be a source of light to Equador, proves the intellectual prostration of the country. Pious publications issued by the Jesuits, political diatribes, and reprints of conservative articles, are the sole symptoms of mental activity to be found beyond the Chimborazo. The only paper that appears is the *Nacional*, which is the official journal

of the government, and merely reprints ministerial decrees.

Quito, on the other hand, is the only city in the New World which has for a long time possessed a real school of painting. Another art that exists, though it can hardly be said to flourish, is wood carving. The Indians, or half-breeds, specially attend to this, and generally carve virgins, crucifixes, and other notabilities of the calendar. Still, their art is not very far-fetched, and they generally ought to write under their animals what they intend them for. The cheapness at which these articles are sold explains their mediocrity; but, if properly encouraged, the sculptors of Equador would make their figure in the world, for the Indo-American race has a minute patience like that of the Chinese, and in certain branches of art, patience is almost genius.

The greatest scourge of Equador is the mode of recruiting the army, which is done in the most brutal and arbitrary manner. The artizans are dragged from their work, and the labourers from their fields, and neither youth nor strength determines the selection. The recruiting officer will spare the bachelor for a few crowns, and pitilessly seize the father of a family too poor to ransom himself. At each enrolment, the mountains and forests are filled with men escaping from the uniform: they are tracked, hunted down, and led back, chained like wild beasts. The pay of the soldiers is small, so small that it is hardly sufficient to support them. This pay, owing to the bad state of the finances and

the want of faith among the employés, is delayed, clipped, and sometimes embezzled. Threatened with death by starvation, as are their families abandoned to the mercy of Providence, these soldiers are compelled to exchange their military outfit for a morsel of bread. Sell all they can, and then steal—such are the extremities to which harsh necessity drives them. Dragged by violence or surprise from home, the recruit impatiently awaits the moment to return. In vain has a terrible punishment been established to keep the troops under the flag, for five hundred blows of the lash—applied in such a way as to produce death frequently—punish desertion. In spite of so terrible a code, more worthy of Austria or Russia than a Republic, the desire of escape predominates over fear, and becomes contagious. The military leaders, in the midst of a civil war, are anxious to finish their campaign, for they run a risk of being left alone to face each other. The first company sent from Quito against Urbina, consisted of three hundred men when it started; a week later, it was reduced to two hundred. The deserters, breaking up into bands, beg, plunder, and kill. The passive humour of the inhabitants, on one occasion, allowed twelve of Bolivar's veterans to go from Guaranda to Bogota, plundering towns and villages. On reaching the capital of New Granada they were loaded with plunder, and might, perhaps, have had to account for their conduct, had not a general amnesty been announced just at the moment.

There is one thing, and perhaps only one, to be said

in favour of the Spanish republics, that they declared liberty and slavery irreconcilable. Buenos Ayres, the first province to free itself from the mother-country, was also the first to break the chains of the slaves; and Chili followed this example. The pentarchy of Central America acted in the same way, although in Mexico the emancipation was accomplished suddenly and without any indemnity to their owners. In spite of the example and efforts of Bolivar, slavery was kept up in Old Colùmbia; but New Granada, Equador, and, lastly, Venezuela, cleaned themselves from the hereditary blot. In Peru, although a constituent congress abolished all involuntary serfdom, the religious brotherhoods and a few planters went on buying and selling negroes and mulattos, until General Castilla put a stop to this scandalous abuse. At the present moment, Spanish-America, divided into some fourteen or fifteen republics, is all but purged of the iniquity about which Brazil is beginning to blush, and of which the United States alone are the apologists and propagators. Bolivia, which still possesses a few slaves, will ere long efface this vestige of colonial barbarism.

At any rate, the South Americans are exempt from the absurd prejudice against colour, by which the North Americans dishonour themselves in the eyes of humanity and sound reason. In all the Spanish republics, blacks and mulattos are admitted on a footing of equality by creoles of European blood, who regard them as being far more more civilized than the native Indians. Everywhere the Africans have adopted the manners and cus-

toms of a superior education; their sympathising nature impels them to become amalgamated with the whites, whose virtues and vices they speedily assume, and the blacks and mulattos are regarded as the best soldiers of Equador and Peru.

From all M. Holinski tells us of Equador we do not see much prospect of any speedy amelioration. The inhabitants seem steeped in ignorance and sloth, and the constant *pronunciamientos* check any attempted progress. There is, however, a chance that the dissolution between North and South may induce the latter republic to try and extend its influence, and in that case, no finer chance could be offered than the occupation of a territory which seems only to require a proper infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood, in order to become one of the most prosperous countries in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MODERN BABYLON.

IT is not surprising that M. Eugène Pelletan, in publishing a new volume on the much-vexed question of modern life and manners in Paris,* should forget the old, but very meaning adage, that "it is an ill bird that befouls its own nest." M. Pelletan, be it remembered, like most men, has a pet grievance of his own. While editor of the *Journal de Dimanche*, he was so weak-minded as to institute comparisons (which are always odious in France, especially in print) between the freedom of the press existing in Austria and in his Fatherland. For this heinous offence he straightway found his way to Sainte Pélagie, and the volume we have now under notice appears to have been the result of his incarceration. When we add to these facts that M. Pelletan is a virulent Protestant, who would make his fortune on the Exeter Hall platform, we have said enough to explain why it is that he has an overflow of gall in the ink which he employs to pen his diatribes against Imperial Paris.

M. Pelletan, for the sake of greater freedom of expres-

* La Nouvelle Babylone. Par Eugène Pelletan. Paris: Paguerro.

sion, and possibly in order to produce a more marked contrast, places his diatribes in the mouth of a country lawyer, who, having sold his business, resolves on a trip to the capital, which he had not seen since his salad days. His reminiscences, however, were of a valuable nature for the purpose of comparison, if we may judge from the following extract, in which the ex-notary describes what he saw in Paris during his hot youth:

"Thirty years ago I was a law-student at Paris, and helped to draw Chateaubriand in triumph on leaving M. Ampère's lectures; I lost a skirt of my coat at the first representation of 'Lucrezia Borgia;' and, lastly, I saw one night at the Café Procope the publisher Renduel mount on a marble table, cross himself, and read, in a loud voice, 'Les Paroles d'un Croyant.' It was just after the July days, at the moment of that magnificent new life of literature which was called at that day the school of romanticism, and should have been called the school of inspiration, for at that time the esprit poured from the source both over the poet and the crowd, as much to create as to understand. At that time France quivered. France thought, France dreamed—dreamed as much as she thought, shall I confess it?—of her glory; for what is dreaming except sending the mind ahead to take possession of the future? The idea was in the air, and any one who liked could inhale it at his window. A man needed only to take up his pen in order to have talent. A new soul was given simultaneously to science and to poetry. Genius spoke, and youth listened; the audience received enthusiasm, and gave it back to the

master; and in the midst of this current of intellectual electricity, each man, whether small or great, felt the level of his temperature raised one degree. . . . . Each day had something to say for itself at the tribune. Royer Collard was exhaling the last sigh of his eloquence. Béranger was magnificently delivering the funeral oration of the past. Thiers threw into the debate his phrases prompt to reply. Guizot draped himself in his speeches with the majestic attitude of a Roman orator. Odilon Barrot was sounding, with a grave voice, the tocsin of the opposition. Dufaure laid his finger on the question, and everything was said: all that was left was to vote. The whole of Europe listened to these words, and these words, though now forgotten, if we were to search for them, would assuredly be found everywhere around us—in the quivering of Hungary, in the victorious chants of Italy, and in the groans of Poland, that sublime corpse which is ever in a state of resurrection. At the present day Poland again rises from her tomb, pale and bleeding, as in the hour of the murder; she removes the folds of the winding-sheet from her bosom, she points to the last wound in her chest, and says to the conqueror, 'Strike again!'"

The great advantage of the constitutional government was that men combated with talent, which compelled their adversaries to double their talent in turn, and thus the standard of polemics, and consequently of opinion, was raised on both sides. As our author epigrammatically observes, "Talent elevates, and medocrity lowers: as the press is, so is the nation." The comparison, how-

ever, which Pelletan suggests between the Paris of 1830 and that of 1860, as regards literature, admits of no contradiction :

"Each day supplied its masterpiece: Lamartine was bidding a magnificent farewell to poetry in his 'Jocelyn,' and placing his foot on the first round of the ladder. Victor Hugo had passed from the militant to the triumphant epoch: he reigned over youth, and gazed at the horizon with a forehead already illumined by a prophetic ray. Had he foreseen exile? Auguste Barbier was branding with a searing-iron the worship of the sabre and the traffic in consciences. Musset was pursuing his muse through the flowering lilacs bareheaded, like a Bacchante. Béranger was humming a last ballad to the little hat, and placing his popularity in the savings bank. Lastly, at the very bottom or at the very top, Chateaubriand, standing on his rock, was casting his great shadow over the plain in the setting sunlight, and sadly watching it melt away in space. A young woman arrived from the heart of Berri, who was destined to glorify the name of George Sand, and preach love in a language of fire, then drink from Medea's cup, and assume a second youth. Balzac was regarding through a microscope the infinite littleness of the human heart. Merimée, affected by a secret passion for brigandage, was dashing off some story about an assassination. Eugène Sue was speaking to nerves, while waiting till he should speak to the loftier feelings of his generation. Charles Nodier was expiring like an autumn day in a melancholy smile. Jules Janin was writing with a

humour and grace which made one really believe that he had neither father nor mother, that he was born one day of an improvisation, of a puff of wind and fairy who wished to have a child on that occasion only through curiosity."

It is only natural that a man who remembered these glories, and who had not visited Paris for thirty years, should feel anxious to compare the present and the past. Such, in fact, is the fundamental idea of the volume, and no better plan could be selected by a writer who bore a malice against the existing régime, both political and social. M. Pelletan, speaking through his country notary, makes his first assault on the re-edification of Paris, which he says is justified by the government on the ground that the invention of steam has rendered Paris the hotel of Europe. In keeping up this character marvels of architecture have been performed, the smoking obelisks of trade have been erected in all the faubourgs, and Paris has drawn around it the military screen of its victories; it has inscribed in all the squares its contradiction of ideas, as if anxious ever to keep these absurdities before the French; it has raised in one place a column displaying the power of an individual standing upon a spiral of victories; and in another square a column to serve as the perch for the genius of liberty, who ever seems to be taking his flight into space, but always remains tied by the leg. But to let our author have his spiteful say:

"France loves palaces even in profusion, and builds so many that it does not know to what use to turn them.

A palace has been built at the Louvre, and antiques are lodged in it; another in the Rue de Bourgogne, and the legislative corps is lodged in it; another at the Bourse, and time-bargainers are lodged in it; another at the Tuileries, and a court is lodged in it; another at the Hôtel de Ville, and M. Haussmann is lodged it it; another at the Luxembourg, and the senate is lodged in it. In addition to all these palaces, Paris also raises to the sky its countless cupolas: a dome at the Pantheon, to shelter the demand of dust for immortality; a dome at the Sorbonne, to cover words; another at the Invalides, to cover wounds; another at the Val de Grace, to cover diseases; and another at the Institute, to cover compliments. . . . . It seems as if, from all time, destiny has wished to make of Paris a city of pleasure and expense. When a man has the spleen, no matter in what language, he signs his peace with existence here; when he wishes to dine agreeably, he enjoys his repast at the Palais Royal. Hence the trains have poured into Paris such a mass of foreigners, that it was wise to form a breach right through the town, in order to facilitate circulation."

Our author has, then, no objection to offer to the prolongation of the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Strasbourg; nor has he any fault to find with the cleansing of the Carrousel and the completion of the Louvre. Less than thirty years ago we can remember the latter place as a fair-ground, under the very windows of royalty, covered with booths, slates, planks, wooden shoes, old iron, engravings, bird-cages, parrots, dogs and cats, and guinea-pigs and squirrels, incessantly twirling

round in their cage. When we were in Paris last, we found in the place of this menagerie an enormous palace, and in front of that palace a Zouave on duty, in his short knickerbockers, with his elbow resting on the muzzle of his rifle. Unfortunately, our author objects, the example of the Boulevard de Strasbourg and the completion of the Louvre have led to the idea of having boulevards and Louvres everywhere. The result is, that the worthy inhabitants are living in a sort of camp. In a room of the Hôtel de Ville a man sits studying the map of Paris, and every now and then thrusts in a black pin, like a general who is meditating a strategical operation. A new boulevard has just occurred to the fertile imagination of M. le Préfet, and the next morning, on awaking, you receive a printed note, politely requesting you to pack up and be off. If you have not a registered lease, no compensation is made you for improvements you have introduced in your apartments; and though through an act of pure munificence three months' rent is granted you, it is only enough for moving and the injury done to your furniture.

"The hapless man then finds himself in the street in search of a domicile. But the movement of urban strategy which has turned him out has, at the same time, turned out a whole quarter. He must outstrip a tribe expatriated like himself, wandering about like him, with their heads in the air, with their eyes seeking bills of lodgings to let. If the fairy of his cradle has placed a million under his pillow, he can still retain a hope of settling his family in some corner of Paris, for apart-

ments at seven or eight thousand francs a year are yet to be found with a little good will. But if the humility of his budget compel him to set aside a thousand francs at the most for his rent, he can reckon on an Odyssey in a perpendicular line, from the first to the fourth floor, far more terrible than Ulysses's tour round Ithaca. He will beat up all the districts of Paris, ascend every staircase, visit all the fifth floors, ransack all the sixth floors, interrogate all the garrets, and from all these ascents into the clouds he will bring back the painful conviction that the unhappy man who is so disinherited by Heaven and his fellows as to have only seven or eight thousand francs income or salary, has lost the right of living in Paris, and must pitch his tent in the suburbs. But in that case he must add the omnibus charges to the rent, and after due reflection, he prefers to pay a higher rent, and save the deficit out of his food, in order that he may at any rate have the consolation of remaining in the vicinity of his occupation and his acquaintances."

The result of the alterations, according to our author's showing, is that, while the income derived from the houses of Paris amounted, in 1840, to 100,000,000 frs., it now exceeds 200,000,000. It is, in reality, a tax of 100,000,000, which the lodging population pays annually for the metamorphoses. We are afraid that we must agree with our author in thinking this rather too high a price to pay for English squares and hothouse plants that pine in the lukewarm sun of Paris. But if this be bad, worse remains behind, and the new style

living, says M. Pelletan, has led to a frantic luxury, and a realization of the reign of Sardanapalus. He is ready to allow that luxury, to a certain extent, has a right of citizenship, owing to the circulation of capital which it produces, but he does not consider that a reason for deifying it. At the time when Louis Philippe reigned, there were in the capital of the civilized world fine houses; fine carriages, grand liveries, and pretty women arranged for show in the Opera balcony. But if luxury then had its place in France, it only had its place, while at the present time nothing else is seen, and luxury reigns everywhere, like the first personage of the state and the hero of the conversation. In former times, at any rate, people deigned to recognise the superiority of intellect, but now they only care to enjoy and dazzle: the man of the world may have gone to school in his youth, but it was only because he made too much noise in the paternal mansion. After he has taken his bachelor's degree, however, he considers it derogatory to continue his mental development. A little old man at twenty, very dry and staid, with wrinkled morals, a thorough sceptic as regards all the belief of the age, buttoned up against any aspiration, and well guarded against any audacity of the head, he considers that the son of a rich father has amply paid his debts to God and man when he has chosen a first-rate tailor, is able to ride, breakfasts at the Café Bignon, dines at the Café Anglais, sups the Lord knows where, and studies Gavarni in nature in the Breda Quartier. He may accept a diplomatic appointment, because it permits him to

travel at the expense of the state, and, after a while, gives him the right of wearing all the colours of the rainbow in his button-hole. After spending a portion of his patrimony, he marries the first heiress he comes across to re-establish the balance, caring little whether she be maid or widow, known or unknown. From this moment he will study Gavarni as in the past, but he will accompany his wife to church, and gallantly carry her missal for her. Such is the picture M. Pelletan draws of the French gentleman of 1861; but he is not a whit more merciful to the fairer sex, as the following extract will show:

"As for the woman of the world, once she is married, the best proof she thinks she can give of a brilliant education is, to affect the same indifference as the shepherdess who knits stockings while watching her flock. After all, what are poetry, truth, morality, good or evil, peace or war, the progress or decadence of humanity? a matter for yawning or a headache: a fashionable lady has no time to lose over the page of a book or in intellectual conversation. In winter she is obliged to visit and be visited, receive and be received, and divide herself, evening after evening, in the four corners of Paris; at the most, she reads in bed a chapter of a realistic romance to soothe her nerves, which have been excited by music or gone to the help of slow-arriving sleep. Then, at the first song of the nightingale, she must go into the country, travel in Switzerland, emigrate to Italy, return to Aix, Plombières, Cauterets, Biarritz, Royan, or Trouville, and, in that summer carnival which

is called sea-bathing, majestically display on the beach some new thing in costume, such as the flaming hood of the valley of Ossau, or Garibaldi's red shirt. When a woman gives up thinking, she digs an abyss, which she at once seeks to fill up with dresses, and all those exquisite spider-webs which are produced by the bobbins of St. Etienne or Lyons. Thus she displays on her person and round her person those dreams, or rather nightmares, of fashion, which are like the eruptions or efflorescence of a diseased imagination upon the surface of the epidermis."

M. Pelletan has a theory that the spirit of a nation may be judged by its style of dress. Thus, during the Fronde—"a glorious epoch entirely confiscated to the profit of Louis XIV., by an historic robbery which has remained unpunished"—people dressed soberly and in dark colours, but so soon as Louis XIV. had installed at Versailles "a policy of oppression and bombast, hypocrisy and arrogance," dress became deceitful: men heightened themselves at top and bottom by means of perukes and red heels, while the ladies wore masks and paint. "A full-blooded Poitevine, of the name of Montespan, invented the large-skirted dress to extend her divinity in space and to conceal her condition." The Regency improved on Madame de Montespan by inventing baskets; and, with history in hand, M. Pelletan declares that, "the more an age loses the life of thought, the larger becomes the domain of the petticoat." We can guess from this his opinion of the fashion of the day. But he confines himself to a com-

plaint that modern rooms are not adapted to serve as coach-houses for these enormous female circumferences. But there is a worse side of the question than this: our austere censor affirms, that when a woman grows fond of display, she seeks to please, and from coquettishness to gallantry there is only the distance of the opportunity. "However firm a woman's foot may be, it will slip one day or the other, and it has already slipped mentally; it is not the intention that is lacking, but the boldness." Luxury, by making a display of a woman, soon strips her of every feeling of modesty. The facile duchesses of the Regency ended by choosing their lady's-maids among their lacqueys; footmen fastened their stays and tied their handkerchiefs. In the nineteenth century M. Pelletan asserts that there are milliners who wear a beard—men, real men, men like Zouaves—who, with their solid hands, take the exact dimensions of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, dress them, undress them, and make them turn round before them like the wax-dolls in the hairdressers' windows:—

"There is in the Rue de la Paix an Englishman who enjoys a popularity among the world of flowers far higher than that of any Lenten preacher. It must be confessed that this Englishman has created a new art—that of pinching in a lady's waist with a precision hitherto unknown. . . . A perfect gentleman, always clean shaved, always curled, with a black coat and white tie, and cuffs fastened with gold links, he officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who bears the fate of the world shut up in a drawer of his brain. When he tries a dress on a

living doll of the Chaussée D'Antin, he feels, measures, and marks with chalk the defective folds in the dress with the deepest contemplation. . ... At times he plants a flower here, or tries a bow of ribbon, in order to judge the general harmony of the toilette. During this operation the new Eve in course of formation, motionless and resigned, silently lets the creator complete his creation."

The elegant dames of Paris, amazed by the grand manner of these milliners in trousers, have ended by believing that the one who could make a dress so well was the right one to put it on. Hence, on the night of any grand ball, there is a regular row of carriages drawn up before his door, and the ladies are admitted one by one to the professor to hear his verdict. We are bound to add that he is polite enough to offer his fair customers refreshments; and while they are waiting for an audience, the ethereal petites maîtresses of the Parisian salons lay in a stock of strength for the polka by eating any amount of pâté de foie gras, and washing it down with Malvoisie. Still, this son of Albion, like all great artists, has his caprices. He certainly dresses all ladies, but he prefers abundant females, previously padded by nature. He finds that they do more honour to his talent, and bring him more in evidence; hence he reserves for them all the attentions and ingenious flatteries of his profession. As for the light-baggaged beauties, reduced to the volume rigorously indispensable not to be a pure spirit, he consents to dress them, it is true, but feels no heart in it, and only does it as a conscientious duty.

"Heaven guard me from trying to throw any dis-

credit on the talent of the English artist, and still less on his person. He has a profession, and exercises it honourably; he keeps a commercial establishment, and seeks to attract customers. That is his right, his duty, for it is a question with him of prosperity or ruin. But what are we to think of his clientèle, the aristocracy of the Stock Exchange—virtuous, I will allow, and perhaps steeped in devotion, but, after all, so forgetful of themselves and their husbands, as to go at night to settle, tête-à-tête with a man-milliner, the perilous problem of the gaping of a corsage, and abandon to this vintager the power of arbitrarily deeming to what degree the leaf shall cover the cluster of grapes. And after that, people say that the Englishman shall never reign in France! why, he reigns over the *fine fleur* of France, and does so at the base of the Vendôme column."

After all, though, there would be no great harm in the wealthy classes squandering their money in finery, if they did not afford such a pernicious example to the middle classes. Now-a-days, the twenty-thousand-francs-a-year man must ape his betters by giving a set dinner. No longer, as in olden times, does he invite his equals to a neat dinner of soup, an entrée, a joint, salad, a pudding, cheese, and dessert; he must have a bouquet of Cape heaths blended with gardenias; half a dozen glasses of all sizes, arranged by height, like organ pipes, for all the wines, more or less apocryphal of Christendom. The bill of fare is religiously deposited on each napkin, so that the guest, duly warned beforehand of the culinary contingent, may save his energies for his favourite

dish. As a rule the dinner must be composed of fish, game, Russian caviare, York ham, Pithivier's pâté, truffled pheasant, &c. But the dish of dishes is a guest who has an order, a celebrated name, or eminent functionary, in order to excite the envy of the other guests. After all, though, this failing is common to all human nature, and Mr. Thackeray has shown it up, perhaps *usque ad nauseam*, when describing the feasts given in Russell and Bloomsbury squares. Then, again, M. Pelletan complains that the old-fashioned soirée has been knocked on the head; once on a time people used to meet for a general gossip round the fire, but now the bourgeois would consider himself disgraced if he had not a body of opera-singers to deafen his guests. The result of all this is a sheaf of writs, and a sale by order of the sheriff. It seems to us that Paris has only just reached that stage of ostentation and living beyond one's means which has been the curse of England during the last thirty years, and has now attained unexampled proportions.

When the broker is put in, the victim has two resources to fly to: he either seeks a government appointment, or else turns his attention to time-bargains on the Stock Exchange. M. Pelletan is ashamed to say it of his country, that a portion of France regards the state as a universal uncle from America, whom destiny holds in reserve, to set on his legs every man who has devoured his patrimony:

"The solicitor for a place is neither a will nor a person, but a defaced coin, withdrawn from circulation; he is

the man of another man—the man of a protector and a protector's wife; he takes madame's letter to the post; he looks after her sick dog. Madame has passed her sixtieth year, but to him she is only twenty, like the sexagenarian duchess of the Regency. He accepts the fiction, and has neither opinion, nor human respect, nor any sort of prejudice. A valet condemned to crawl before another valet, who has one aiguillette more; he receives a rebuff and smiles; he is answered no, and he smiles; he is kicked out of the ante-room, and still smiles; he has, in short, a smile stereotyped on his face. When he begins to be doubtful of himself, he orders his wife to take his place, and she, still young and pretty, tries to soften by her suppliant tender glance the bronze forehead of bureaucracy. The Arab has an admirable proverb: "If a man, of whom you want anything, is mounted on a donkey, say to him, 'What a fine horse you have there, monseigneur!'" This proverb, from the first to the last word contains the whole art of making one's way. In the world of protection you must always take the ass for a horse; you must always scent the wind of the moment; go to confession under the Restoration; enter the National Guard under the July monarchy; be president of a club during the Republic; and always have a flexible back, and walk with your body forming a hoop."

We certainly recommend that admirable interpreter of *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, Mr. Phelps, to migrate to Paris, and give lectures in the art of booing, for we have not the slightest doubt but that he would make a rapid fortune.

If we turn to the literature of the Second Empire, we find our writer shaking his head worse than ever. He allows, it is true, that the French are not fond of reading, but adds, in their excuse, that everything has been done to discourage them from reading. As he says, "Take the four or five hundred laws relating to printing, publishing, and book-hawking, and you will see that a sanitary cordon has been carefully established, so as to prevent intellect communicating with intellect without the permission of the state." Still, the French are very backward, and the upper classes are quite as bad as the lower. M. Pelletan describes an enormously rich marquis living in the country, whose entire library consisted of one dog's-eared volume of the Waverley novels, which he kept for those visitors accustomed to take a portion of reading before going to sleep. Not that he despised intellect, but he could not believe that a book was an article of consumption, any more than the river that passed under his windows, or the wind that whistled through his trees. Even in the heart of Parisian aristocracy, the woman most anxious to pass as witty has no library; if she wants to read, she will have a book from a circulating library. Here is a case in point:—

"You know, by reputation at least, that little duchess, that pretty, wearied face, that wife of a duke, in a word? Hers was a vaporous, ethereal nature, lost in a cloud of muslin. She lived between heaven and earth, walked hardly an hour a day, and did so with a languishing undulation of the body, and the graceful awkwardness of a swan upon land. The rest of the time she reclined

in an Asiatic attitude, with her head on her elbow, and dreamed, and what she dreamed at night the star repeated to the rose. Well, this elegant patrician, who, with her ermine delicacy and sensitive epidermis, would have shuddered at the thought of receiving a letter otherwise than on a silver waiter, and from the gloved hand of her major-domo, busily turned over with her sylph-like fingers the pages of a hired romance, still impregnated with all the perfumes of the masked ball, and annotated by drunken hands in the style of the guard-room. And she did not do so through meanness, for she thought nothing of spending a bank-note on a new dress."

From such considerations M. Pelletan is led to declare that the present age resembles the Roman who had the following epitaph inscribed on his tomb: "Staberius rests here; he was born in poverty; he left three hundred million sesterces; he never consented to listen to a philosopher; keep your health and imitate him." The present French generation has only one remark on its lips: "Let us amuse ourselves and laugh at ourselves: *cras enim moriemur;*" which means, being interpreted, "After us the deluge."

The present form of literature has produced, in the first place, the romance of Bohemia. Of this style M. Pelletan declares that it drags youth into the sewer, describes an irregular life, and poetises vice for the sake of vice, first simple vice and then experienced vice; it lives at the cook-shop, sleeps on a street bench, dies in the hospital, and receives on the road the cross of honour.

And yet, our author adds, "Peace to its memory, for it was perhaps worth more than its destiny." Next we have the cavalier romance, which cocks its hat on one ear and goes straight to the point. What does it care for invention, conception, poetry, truth, or analysis of character? Its only anxiety is to show that it can produce four hundred pages of wit without breaking down It is a number of the *Charivari* in a volume. It is read without fatigue, it is laid down without regret, it is begun again at any page with equal pleasure, for at every page you find the same whipped cream and the same way of humbugging the reader. Lastly, we have the realistic romance, that is to say, the romance has been vulgarised under the pretext of realism. Still, if art has a reason for being realistic, it is to say, perhaps, something that differs from the reality. In that case, what is the use of writing or reading it? You need only put yourself in the care of a detective and take a turn down Whitechapel way. Here is a bit in which M. Pelletan speaks the truth, careless whom he may offend :—

"A school in the likeness of the age seeks talent in scandal. A disgusting romance has reached its fourteenth edition in less than a year, and are you aware through what inspiration of genius? Through a night-scene shown the reader by the aid of a keyhole. If my wife (N.B. the notary is speaking) had dared to read this romance during my absence from home, I should demand, on my return, the re-establishment of divorce. The romance of the alcove no longer even satisfies the

excited imagination of our generation. Progressing from debauch to debauch in literature, the idle classes have come to consume a little fermented literature, printed on fine paper and delicately bound in pink: the history of love, the history of the Montespan, the Pompadour, and the Dubarry: the courtesan on the throne, the royalty of the courtesan. Madame Mégador employs the leisure hours of marriage to describe to us her public life, while Madame Rigolboche surrenders her person to us with a photograph in support, as a justificative document. What can we say after this of the personal romance, that literary monster, half chimera, half reality, called 'Elle et lui,' or 'Lui et elle,' or 'Elle,' quite short. 'I had a friend,' a physician used to say; 'he died, and I dissected him.' A woman has loved a man: the man dies, she dissects the man's heart under the pretext of a romance, and casts it as food to the public. Next comes a second woman, who asserts that she triumphantly drove out with the same man in a *fiacre* on the Place de Carousel, without even taking the trouble to let down the blinds. By what name can we call such a literature, which is a sort of pleading for a judicial separation between two lovers?"

Painting fares no better than literature at the hands of M. Pelletan, and the misfortune is that what he says is incontrovertible. According to him, the artist no longer tries to display idealism, what he cares for above all is the "*coup de brosse*," called in the slang of the studio the "*ragoût*." The painter, now-a-days, only invokes the muse of inspiration in order to produce exaggerated

details—the infinitely little—such as a grain of dust, a coat-button, a table-leg, a shoe-buckle, or a flash of sunshine falling through the vine of an arbour on the forehead of a toper. As for the subject, he cares little, provided that it serves as an excuse for all this: it may be a man smoking, or drinking, or gambling, or looking, or telling a story. Now, as men of course did all these things more picturesquely in the eighteenth century than at present, the subject invariably wears a peruke, a frill, knee-buckles, and powder on his coat-collar. Sometimes, however, the artist wishes to prove that he has imagination, and will paint for instance a picture called "Une Confidence." On this head our author is extra satirical:—

"The dessert is on the table, the servant has left the room, the door is shut, the bottle is empty, and the last peach is forgotten in the Japanese plate. It is the hour of the bottom of the glass, of jollity, of the unbuttoned waistcoat, of the secret on the lips, and the heart on the sleeve. A young man, fair as youth, dressed in pink, the pink of thought, the pink of hope, is reading to his bottle companion a love-letter, and in the candour of his happiness he bends his body over the table, and stretches his neck across the table, as if to dart the sacred fluid into his friend's ear. But the other, impassive, cold, with a forehead of bronze, his hand under his chin, and a finger on his eyelid, listens to the perusal of the burning page with the accumulated phlegm of experience. He seems to be saying to himself: 'I, too, have received a prodigious quantity of these protes-

tations, and these oaths on musked paper. The marchioness wrote so; and the duchess wrote even better, for she had a great lady's incorrigible hatred of orthography. I, alas! believed in the marchioness in my salad days, and then I pretended to believe the duchess; and, lastly, the flower-girl at the corner; but the flower-girl alone kept her word; it is true that she died of that act of heroism. Now, I only believe in all the thrusts I have given or received on account of these fickle fidelities."

Even more severe is M. Pelletan on the Ledas in the abbreviated attire of the swimming-school. Unfortunately, his outspokenness forbids any quotation, but we quite agree in his strictures upon Alcibiades in the house of Aspasia or Phryne in the presence of the Areopagus. Alluding to the latter picture, he remarks: "After the orgies of youth we have the debauchery of old age: what will painting leave us henceforth to respect?" But photography is even worse than painting in Paris, where it appears that Lord Campbell's act is invalid; but M. Pelletan warns you, as a friend, never to look into any stereoscope you come across, for you can never tell into what improper society you may drift.

What we have quoted is tolerably strong, but is nothing as compared with M. Pelletan's onslaught on the "*caboulot*." This mysterious word signifies an establishment in which are sold plums preserved in brandy, and lemons in a state of fœtus kept in spirits of wine, the whole crowned by an almost-dressed female,

beautiful with the diabolical beauty of Astarte. "She likes to laugh, she likes to drink like a song of Béranger; she has a plump arm and a well-turned leg, still like a song of Béranger," (whom, by the way, our author holds in special disgust); "and she laughs and she sings, and she serves and she clinks glasses; and the *caboulot* has multiplied like Abraham's race, so that the prefect of police has been good enough to remark that it depraves youth."

Another horror of M. Pelletan's is tobacco, and he denounces it with even greater virulence than did James I. If Michelet says that "tobacco has killed the kiss," M. Pelletan is careful to add that it has closed the salon. Formerly, the guests, male and female, used to sit round the table, after dinner was over, and have a witty conversation; but now-a-days the gentlemen are anxious to rival the herring or Hamburg smoked beef. No sooner is dinner over than the guest grows melancholy, for he is longing for a smoke. The consequence is, that, as no respectable lady can convert her drawing-room into an estaminet, the young men soon make an excuse for leaving, and find their way to more indulgent society. The result, according to M. Pelletan, is, that "the *jeunesse dorée* take, every night, in some equivocal apartments, a practical lesson in cynicism, and, with a trabuco between their lips, learn contempt of self and disgust for women." Here is our author's concluding passage, which we especially recommend to the notice of the Anti-Smoking and Snuffing Society, or what be the name of the movement which boasts Dean Close at its

head, whenever they require an agreeable variation in their stock arguments:—

"It is not only physically that tobacco affects a man, but also morally: it destroys thought and paralyses action. Germany smokes and dreams; Spain smokes and sleeps; Turkey has been smoking for the last three hundred years, and has no longer the strength to stand upright: it remains the whole day lying on a divan. Now, Toussenel says somewhere, 'A vertical people will always conquer a horizontal people.' Youths, take care of yourselves: if you do not throw away your cigars, France may disappear in smoke."

We must glide discreetly over the chapter which our author devotes to the Lorettes: he certainly gives some fabulous reports of their luxury and ostentation, but he has only obtained them at second-hand, and we are inclined to doubt their authenticity. He describes Pompeian villas, which cast that of Prince Napoleon into the shade. As a rule, we accept these stories always with a pinch of salt, for we believe that they are merely spread abroad to heighten the value of the article. Here is an anecdote, however, which we may quote without offence:—

"One of these women was asked how she managed to reconcile the claims of all her admirers. 'I follow the plan,' she replied, 'of a certain captain of a slaver whom I know. He was a light-haired, curly-headed man, with a woman's face, and blue eyes, as gentle as a tomtit, and with a stereotyped smile on his face. I asked him, one day, how he had managed to gain the four

hundred thousand francs we were spending together, without falling into the hands of the cruisers.' 'In a very simple way,' he replied. 'When I had embarked a cargo on the coast of Senegambia, I divided it into three parcels: in the first I put the pick of the merchandise; in the second, the next quality; and in the third, the refuse. After that I heated three irons, and branded the fellows on the shoulder with the number one, two, and three, according to their quality. Of course, every now and then some scoundrel protested against this numbering system, but I always managed to maintain authority by the cowhide. Whenever an English frigate chased my brig, I began by throwing overboard No. 3 to lighten the ship; and if the frigate stuck to me, No. 2 followed them into the sharks' throats." 'I behave,' the lorette continued, 'like the negro captain, who is now a boarder at Clichy. I number these gentlemen, and classify them by order of merit: of course, you understand, according to their solvency. The banker before the marquis, the marquis before the officer, the officer before or after the dramatic author, and whenever I see any danger on the horizon, I lighten the ship by throwing over No. 3, and then No. 2, and when I have succeeded in appeasing my Samuel Bernard by this holocaust, I again spread my kindnesses over the whole world.'"

And here we are compelled to stop: not through lack of matter, so much as of space. In conclusion, we may state that our analysis of M. Pelletan's work is mild rather than otherwise, for we have been unable to do

more than hint at many of the charges which he brings against the society of the New Babylon. We are of opinion, however, from our personal knowledge of Paris, that his statements are to some extent exaggerated; that is to say, while we allow that everything he urges as regards immorality in every branch of French society, literature, and art, is perfectly correct, M. Pelletan makes the mistake of supposing that he has discovered something hitherto unknown, and, therefore, paints everything in the darkest colours. After all, every capital is to a certain extent a sink of vice, and we do not believe that Paris is any worse or better than London. The only distinction is that we obstinately shut our eyes to the truth, and when unpleasant rumours ooze out about the doings in the Haymarket, we hypocritically point to Exeter Hall as a moral compensation. Still, it is a curiosity, at a time when all the English papers are alluding to the gagging of the press in France, to find such a book as the "Nouvelle Babylone" allowed to circulate, and we have given it this notice, in order to prove that, in spite of the abuse lavished on M. de Persigny, he is not quite so bad as he seems, but permits a book to be published which, if the French nation were really discontented, as we are taught to believe, might produce most dangerous consequences.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.*

M. XAVIER EYMA is one of the few Frenchmen who thoroughly understand what they are writing about when they treat on the difficult question of American manners and institutions. He has written a large number of volumes already about America, marked by good sense and modesty, and the one we have under notice is not the less notable at the present moment, when the temporary successes of the North have induced the Abolitionists once again to raise their war-cry. Of course, there is no Englishman who does not feel desirous of that abolition, but we all object to making a pretext of abolitionism to excuse the horrible and unjust war now going on in the United States. M. Eyma's volume contains several striking tales relating to negro affection and hatred, but these we will pass through merely to draw our own conclusions from them as to the present state of slavery, and the possibility of its eventual eradication.

Slavery granted, the black code must necessarily exist, and hence the Abolitionists have fought tremendously against a phrase without exactly knowing what they

* Les Peaux Noires. Scènes de la Vie des Esclaves. Par Xavier Eyma. Paris : Michel Levy.

were talking about. The black code has not accorded the master any extraordinary power over his slave, but it is society which has armed him with all possible penal severity against the negro, who is culpable of crimes which the human conscience, philosophy, and religion excuse in countries remote from the social medium in which the law reigns. The black code, on the contrary, imposes duties on the master, defines and limits his powers and his rights. It is not against the black code that the slave revolts, but against slavery. Slavery has humiliated, degraded, and subjugated a human race; the law has taken the negro while in that condition, and covered him with its protecting buckler by preventing abuses, though ever keeping him in a condition inferior to that of the white man. Slavery has made the negro the property of the white man—an active, intelligent property, and, consequently, susceptible to all the passions of the free man and of the slave. Were there not an equally protective law for both, the master could commit as many crimes on the person of his slave as the slave could on his master.

All Slave States have their black code, which is everywhere the same, and inspired by the same spirit. With but slight exceptions, the same reciprocal obligations existed in the United States, South America, and the West Indies. There was the same omnipotence on one side, the same submission, degradation, and humiliation on the other. That our readers may form an idea of these laws, we will extract from the black code of one of the Slave States the principal regulations:—

"The black code guarantees slaves the enjoyment of the Sunday; still the master may compel them to work on that day by paying them an indemnity of four shillings. This regulation, however, is not applicable to domestic servants, drivers, slaves employed in the hospitals, or those who carry vegetables to market.

"The black code ensures the slave a barrel of Indian corn per month, a pint of salt, a cotton shirt and trousers for the summer, flannel shirt and trousers, and a cap, for the winter, and a piece of ground to cultivate. Infirm, aged, and blind slaves must be fed, clothed, and taken care of at the master's expense, under a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each infraction of this regulation.

"The master cannot evade the duty of supporting his slaves, by allowing them a day a week to work on their own account.

"Children under ten years of age cannot be sold apart from their mothers.

"Slaves are prohibited from possessing anything, selling anything, having weapons, or sporting, without their master's permission. They cannot prosecute or be witnesses at any trial, criminal or civil.

"Any slave met on horseback without his master's permission may be arrested and punished with twenty-five blows of the lash.

"No one can strike a slave in the service of another master under a penalty of twenty-five dollars; still, any person meeting a slave beyond the limits of his master's plantation is authorized to arrest, punish, and even kill him in the case of resistance.

"Everybody has a right to fire at a runaway slave, or at one who, when ordered to stop, refuses.

"Any one wounded by a runaway slave, while trying to seize him, receives an indemnity from the State, or, in the event of his death, it is paid to his heirs.

"Every owner of a runaway slave has the right to seek him, or have him sought for, by white persons, on the plantations of other owners, without their permission, excepting in the interior of the house or any place closed with a key.

"Any master who ill-treats his slaves, or refuses them food and clothing, is taken, on the declaration of one or more persons, before a magistrate, and sentenced to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars for each offence.

"Free men of colour who fail in respect to a white man, attempt to stand on an equal footing with him, or insult or strike him, are punished with imprisonment according to the gravity of the offence.

"Any slave accused of a crime is tried within the three days following the charge by a tribunal composed of three or five free persons; but neither the owner of the slave, nor any of his relatives to the fourth degree, can be a member.

"Any man of colour, free or slave, is capitally punished for the crimes of arson, poison, assassination, or outrage on a white woman.

"Any free man of colour who helps a slave to escape is condemned to two years' hard labour and to pay the value of the slave; if he cannot satisfy the latter penalty, the former is doubled.

"Any slave who voluntarily wounds his master, his mistress, or their children, is punished with death.

"For a slave condemned to death the owner receives from the government of the state three hundred dollars.

"Any master who favours the escape of a slave arrested for crime is liable to a fine of two hundred dollars; if the crime be one that may entail capital punishment, the fine is raised to a thousand dollars.

"Any slave convicted for the third time of striking a white person is punished with death.

"A master accused of treating his slaves barbarously is liable to a penalty of from two hundred to three hundred dollars.

"Any slave who denounces a plot or an incurrection is rewarded by receiving his liberty.

"No slave can be liberated before the age of thirty, and he must have always behaved himself properly, and not been condemned for running away, theft, or any other crimes during the four years preceding his emancipation. Any slave, however, who has saved the life of his master, mistress, or any of their children, is exempt from these conditions."

We have said that this code was the same everywhere, save in the details; we will mention one detail that sets the seal on the slave's humiliation before the white man: it is an old colonial law which prohibited the negroes wearing shoes. At a later date, when this law was repealed and fell into disuetude, the negroes had grown so accustomed not to wear shoes, that on highdays and holidays they put them in their pockets.

The protection assured the slave by the black code is so thoroughly the general law, and has so penetrated the hearts of white men, that any infraction of the obligations imposed on the masters easily arouses public indignation. Here is a circumstance in support of our statement:—

In 1837, a lady resided at New Orleans, who occupied the highest rank in Creole society, and both she and her family were treated with the utmost respect. The event that hurled her from her position occasioned such a disturbance and scandal, that it will be unnecessary to conceal her name: she was a Madame Lalaurie.

A fire broke out at her house one night. In the midst of the confusion, and when people were beginning to despair of mastering the fire, the report spread that a building the flames were beginning to assail contained slaves, and they must be extricated. M. Canonge, judge of the Criminal Court, and whom zeal had brought to the fire, asked Madame Lalaurie for the keys of the building: the lady began stammering frivolous excuses, and finally declared that there were no slaves in the house. On the judge insisting, Madame Lalaurie refused to give him the keys. A too-well founded suspicion crossing M. Canonge's mind, he, with the help of bystanders, broke in the door. A horrible spectacle was visible: seven slaves were lying in a dark close room, with chains on their feet and hands, and were still living corpses, lacerated by blows, with bleeding shoulders and swollen limbs. One of these wretched men declared that he had been enduring these tortures for upwards of

five months, and that he had seen more than one of his companions die by his side.

So soon as Madame Lalaurie saw that her crime was discovered she thought of flight, and, strange to say, her other slaves aided her escape, while the people were searching the house for the purpose of making her expiate her crimes. Madame Lalaurie succeeded in reaching New York, where she was joined by her husband and son. She embarked for France, under a false name; but during the voyage, one of the passengers, who suspected the truth, questioned the lad, who in his simplicity revealed his mother's name. From this moment not one of the passengers or crew spoke to her again.

A similar occurrence took place at Martinique, in 1822, and had the same results for the culprit as in Madame Lalaurie's case. Like her, he was compelled to leave the colony, taking with him the public hatred and indignation. Such attempts, however, are exceptional, and the punishment they provoked permit a doubt whether crimes of a similar nature imputed to white men in Slave States have remained unpunished. Hence it is with all reservation that we relate here a few melodramas that borrow their verisimilitude from the black code we have just quoted. We do not deny that the crimes are possible, but we contest the existence of impunity and public indifference to infamous deeds that sheltered themselves behind a law possessing an exaggerated elasticity.

The Northern and Western States of the Union are the home of the Propaganda against Southern slavery.

The American papers in the service of emancipation perform their mission admirably: for instance, they carefully avoid importuning the public by philosophical discussions and the exposition of doctrines with which their readers are thoroughly impregnated. They are far more clever, and have a model in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's celebrated romance, which is so admirable in many respects. They make proselytes by a skilfully-arranged recital of facts, which are generally false, but adapted to the unhappy life of the slave. Truth to tell, Mrs. Stowe's book is a clever and ingenious reproduction of a multitude of little stories scattered over the American newspapers. It is a book, in short, in which the authoress, in behalf of a cause which is gained in public opinion but opposed by the slave-owners, has falsified the character of the negro, imagined impossible cruelties, and exaggerated and misunderstood the existing relations between master and slave.

Here is one of the terrible dramas to which we alluded, and which we read in an American paper. We are unable to say, though, whether the paper in question was inspired by sundry passages in Mrs. Stowe's romance, or whether the latter was acquainted with the circumstances, and cleverly worked them up.

The scene is laid at Wilkesbarre, in Pennsylvania. One morning, the assistant marshal, Roscoe, escorted by three Virginian slave-hunters, stopped at an hotel in the little town, and the party comfortably sat down to breakfast. They were waited on by a young mulatto, of the

name of Bill, whom they knew to be a runaway slave from Louisiana.

This Bill was a tall, handsome young man, with an intelligent countenance, and he had so little African blood in his veins, that at the first glance he might be taken for a white man. It was to this he trusted to insure his flight, and to believe himself in perfect safety at Wilkesbarre. Bill, who had no reason to suspect the strangers, was conversing familiarly with them, when he suddenly felt himself caught round the neck.

The handcuffs had already been thrust over one wrist, when, by a desperate struggle, he succeeded in freeing himself from his adversaries. In spite of the slight prospect such an unequal contest offered the poor mulatto, he succeeded in getting out of the room, where they had tried to confine him. He rushed out of the house, covered with blood. A few paces from the hotel was the river, and Bill threw himself into it, saying to the few persons who tried to prevent him—

"Let me alone. I would sooner be drowned than fall again alive into the hands of my old master."

His adversaries, who followed him closely, twice fired a volley at him from their rifles, but fortunately not one of the bullets struck the bold swimmer. The slave-hunters crossed a bridge, and went to wait for their prey on the other side of the river, and at the moment when the fugitive was going to leave the water, they levelled their guns at him, and ordered him to surrender.

"No," Bill shouted, "I would sooner die."

This answer, given in an energetic voice, was greeted by a new discharge, and this time one of the bullets struck the unhappy fugitive in the head. He leaped up in the water, his face covered with blood, and, in spite of the pain, found in his despair fresh strength to try and escape his enemies.

This scene had attracted a considerable crowd of spectators to the river bank. The sight of the bleeding wretch heated heads and hearts, and some persons, going up to the slave-hunters, indignantly upbraided their conduct. The latter thought it advisable to withdraw a little distance and consult as to what they had better do.

Bill, not seeing them any longer, supposed they had gone off, and, not feeling strong enough to remain any longer in the water, approached the bank. When he was assisted to land, he was so exhausted that he lost his senses, and for some moments was supposed to be dead.

"Well," one of the hunters exclaimed, "our chase is over: a dead nigger is worth nothing in the South."

Poor Bill having, contrary to all expectation, given some signs of life, a coloured man of the name of Rex, taking him in his arms, prepared to carry him home. But the Virginians, informed of the resurrection of the fugitive, returned, pistol in hand, threatening to kill any man who attempted to rob them of their prey.

This menace dispersed the crowd, and Bill was on the point of falling into the hands of his enemies. Although seriously wounded, and scarce recovered from his

emotion, the wretched man did not hesitate a moment in throwing himself into the water again, and sought a refuge on one of the small wooded islands that studded these waters, stained with the blood of a man whose sole crime was seeking liberty.

The five slave-hunters, whom Bill's resistance exasperated, displayed remarkable energy. Scattered on either bank with shouldered rifles, they tried to discover the fugitive's hiding-place among the shrubs. One of them was preparing to unfasten a boat in which to explore the river, when Bill, showing himself at the end of the island on which he was hidden, shouted to him with the exaltation of despair:

"Come if you dare; but I swear that we will both find death at the bottom of the river."

This affecting scene had lasted about two hours: the crowd had again congregated, a shudder of indignation ran along the ranks of the spectators of this horrible man-hunt, and the most timid felt courageous. The Wilkesbarre justice of the peace, who had hitherto calmly surveyed this monstrous tragedy, which his presence seemed to encourage, ordered the hunters to withdraw.

The energetic attitude of the magistrate aroused the crowd, who uttered threats of death. The marshal and his men were obliged to beat a retreat, while poor Bill, taking advantage of the confusion, quietly drifted with the stream, and landed lower down. There he found assistance, and during the night was conveyed to Canada, where he at length found liberty.

A great deal has been said and written about the slave trade, and it has been assimilated with piracy. We will only ask one question. Was it more humane to leave negroes, who were prisoners through the chances of war or rapine, to pine away in barbarous slavery than to lead them by expatriation to the sight of a civilization, by which they have, unhappily, not been allowed sufficiently to profit? Slavery for slavery, the second was more human, more rational than the first. Remember, too, the words of one of the first missionaries, when Europeans, and with them slavery, were established in the colonies:

"We may say of the negroes that their slavery is the foundation of their happiness, and that their disgrace is the cause of their salvation, since the faith they embrace in the isles places them in a condition to know God, and to love and serve Him."

Still we are bound to add that the trade, as it was carried out, was a monstrosity, against which the spirit of the age revolts, even in the Slave States. To give an idea of this trade we will transcribe the following narrative, almost word for word, from the Californian paper, the *Evangelist*, of about two years back:

At this moment there is in the Tomb's prison a man declared guilty by a jury of having taken part in that infamous traffic, which our laws justly rank with piracy. Even though Mr. Smith, as a foreigner, protests against the right the American courts have arrogated in condemning him, he does not contest the truth of the facts that occasioned his trial. The following is a résumé

of a conversation one of his friends has just held with him:

"Most of the American vessels," said Captain Smith, "that go to the African coast to fetch slaves to carry to Cuba and Brazil hail from New York. They also start from other ports. Philadelphia fits out four or five a year on the average, and Baltimore one or two. In 1853, New York sent off thirty-five a month. Once the cargo has been discharged the vessel is destroyed, in order to get rid of proofs."

"But how do you manage not to arouse suspicion when you are starting?"

"We make our preparations with the least noise possible, and only ask for our papers at the last moment. It is on leaving port that we incur the greatest danger; not that we are afraid of a visit, which would lead to nothing, but the number of the crew is always larger than the vessel requires, and we are anxious lest the attention of the authorities should be drawn to the fact."

"But how do you get rid of the English cruisers on the African coast?"

"When we are empty, we do not trouble ourselves much about them. The English officers come on board, and, as we sail under the American flag, they have no right to search us. We show our papers, and that is all. These gentlemen, who do not fail to suspect the truth, growl, mutter, and then go away."

"But suppose you have a cargo, what do you do then?"

"That is rather more difficult, but we have more than

one way of getting out of the scrape. So soon as the cruiser comes up, we send all the negroes down into the hold; we close the hatches, and when the officers come aboard we show our papers. If the niggers keep quiet, all is well; but, if the officers suspect the truth, they remain aboard an hour or two sometimes. In that case the niggers, who are choking, make a row, and it is all up with us."

"And are you punished?"

"Not always. We often succeed in making our escape. From the moment we declare we are American citizens, we must be taken before an American court. Now, sooner than make this voyage, the cruisers prefer fining us a pound a head for each negro captured, and let us go."

"Were you never caught?"

"Only once. We were well out to sea, far from the coast, and the weather was very calm, so we had no chance of escape. So soon as the English cruiser came in sight, I began thinking of the way to get out of the scrape; eventually, I threw overboard every barrel of water but one, and what I expected occurred. For some motive or other the commandant of the corvette did not take us with him, but placed aboard us a prize crew of twenty men under a lieutenant, who had orders to take us—I forget where. Being obliged to touch on the coast to procure water, the lieutenant, who was sailing in these parts for the first time, was compelled to take me as pilot. 'Do not attempt to escape,' he said, as he gave me the charge of the wheel, 'or I

shall blow out your brains.' I proceeded towards a part of the coast where there is a great number of slave depôts. So soon as my ship was sighted, the sea was covered with boats, for she was well known; but, by the lieutenant's orders, they all withdrew. But I had found time to let several persons I was acquainted with know in Spanish who I was and what was up. Hence, as soon as night set in, they came in great force and recaptured us. As for our English crew, after providing them with a good boat amply supplied with all necessary to take to sea, we hinted to them that they had better be off."

"How many negroes did you carry each trip?"

"On my last voyage I had six hundred and sixty-four, as I was going to Brazil; had I loaded for Cuba, I should have taken eight hundred."

"How did you treat them?"

"At the beginning, we are stern with them, in order to establish our authority; but at the end of a week or two, our rigour is relaxed. During the night the niggers lie on their side, for if they lie on their backs there would not be room for them all."

"Do many die?"

"Too many to please us. The first thing done in the morning is to inspect the cargo, and throw overboard the dead and those in a desperate state."

"Are your profits large?"

"On my last voyage to Cuba, the expenses amounted to thirteen thousand dollars, and my cargo was worth two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. On our

arrival, we fell into the hands of the agents of the Captain-general Pezuela. He did more to repress the slave trade than all his predecessors put together, and had he remained much longer in Cuba I would not have answered for his life. From time immemorial the private abode of planters had been sacred, and no one dared enter it; but Pezuela respected nothing, and had recently disembarked niggers seized wherever he knew them to be hidden.

"At last you were caught for good?"

"Yes, my mate betrayed me: he was a fellow with no heart. Certain wrinkles in his face ought to have at once aroused my distrust. Before taking a man with him a slaver ought to read his character merely by his face and temperament. Once at sea, a captain is only master of his ship so long as he has in himself more nerve and vigour than his entire crew, for he cannot reckon on the support of the laws, but solely on his personal strength. My villain of a mate played me a trick for which I ought to have killed him. We were between Martinique and St. Domingo, when we all at once sighted an English steamer. My mate, who at first thought, like myself, that it was a man-of-war, gave orders to tack. In a second, I perceived the danger of such a manœuvre, which might induce the steamer to chase us, and I at once gave orders to lay her on her course again. Thanks to my boldness, we got out of the scrape once more."

"Are you not tired of such a life?"

"During my last voyage, I thought once or twice

about giving up a sea-life for ever. I meant to sell my vessel, retire into the country, marry, and have honest children. But disposing of my vessel was not an easy matter, and while I was arranging it, the authorities got wind of it, and stopped me."

The pirate, who seemed very agitated, and had not once left off walking round his narrow cell, here suddenly stopped. After a moment's silence, he continued:

"Give me a vessel fitted out to my liking, with a crew of twenty fellows picked by myself, and——"

"Well, what?"

"And I will begin again.'

Although slavery is unanimously condemned, it still appears to have a wondrous vitality. When the internecine war in America broke out, everybody believed that the knell of slavery had rung, for the North had risen in its might to crush out the peculiar institution. But it was speedily discovered that the republicans were loth to inscribe abolition on their banners, and that, in reality, the fight was as between Free Trade and Protection, rather than an earnest effort to get rid of slavery. However, in whatever way the American war may terminate, there is but little doubt that it will entail the abolition of the peculiar institution within a given time, for the Confederates are quite willing to get rid of their negroes. It is rather a startling comment on human wisdom, that a small portion of the money already expended by the rival nations in fighting for supremacy, would have sufficed to purchase the freedom of all the

slaves in America. This is proof positive that slavery is not the motive of the war, though it is positive that the war will pave the way to abolition. How this will come about we have not space to discuss."

THE END.

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